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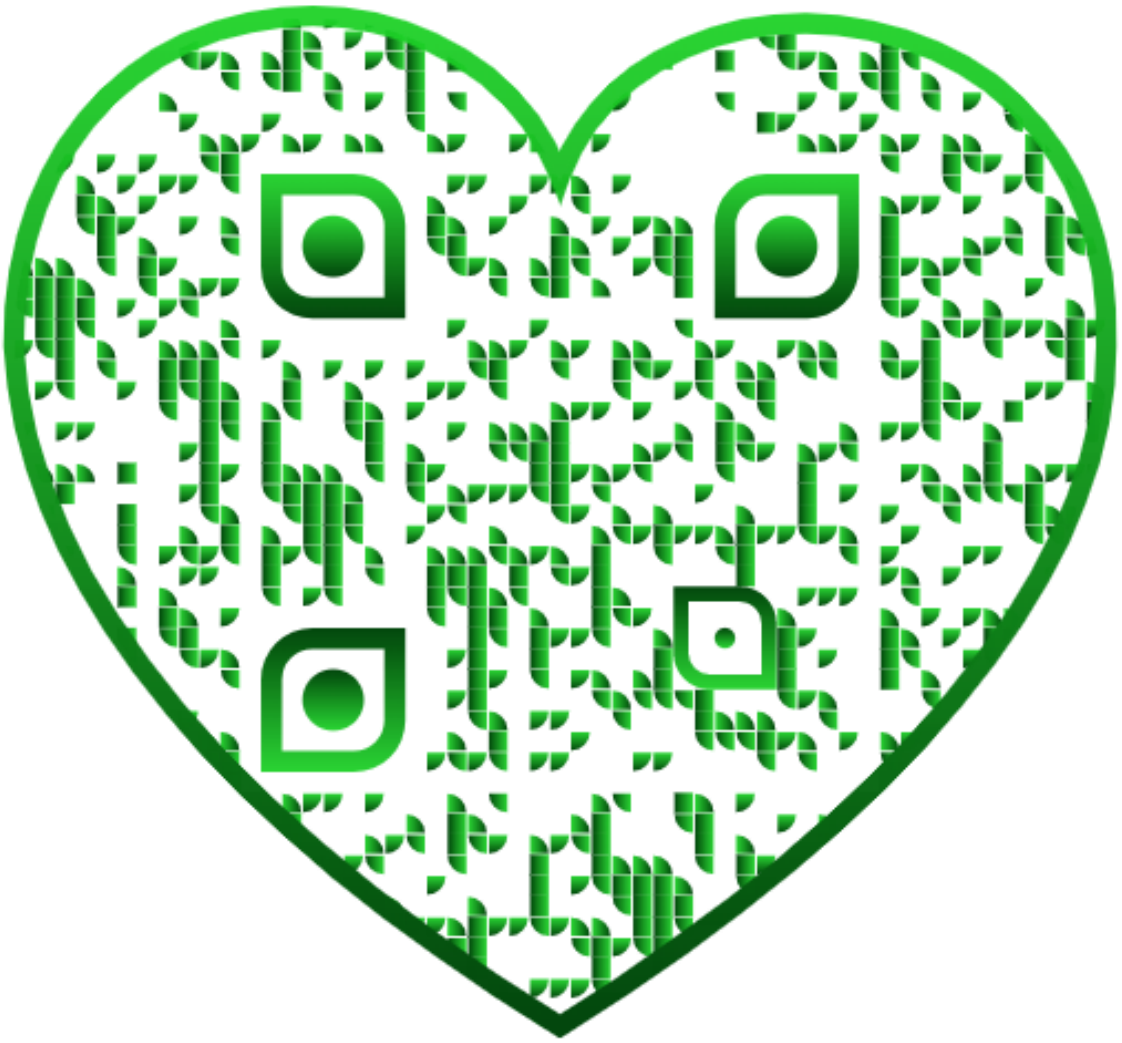
UFO ABDUCTIONS

TRUE CASES OF ALIEN KIDNAPPINGS

EDITED AND WITH COMMENTARIES BY

D. SCOTT ROGO



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True Cases of Alien Kidnappings

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INTRODUCTION:

THE UFO ABDUCTION SYNDROME— A MULTIFACETED MYSTERY

D. Scott Rogo

The UFO mystery is an issue that has finally come of age. Although these puzzling craft have been populating our skies for hundreds of years, only recently have such terms as "flying saucers," "close encounters," and "extraterrestrial life" become firmly entrenched in the vocabulary of popular culture. What few people realize is that the UFO mystery is composed of several components. This anthology will be devoted to just one of them—accounts by and about people who have been "abducted" by these mysterious vehicles and their equally bizarre occupants.

Many ufologists have long (and erroneously) believed that UFO abductions are rare events. The first "authenticated" case ever to receive wide publicity wasn't reported until 1961 when Betty and Barney Hill, an interracial couple from New Hampshire, announced that they had remembered such an experience while reliving a close UFO encounter under hypnosis. The case was fully documented by John Fuller, a talented investigative reporter, in his book *The Interrupted Journey*, which appeared in 1966. This abduction case, until relatively recently the only one of its kind ever subjected to public scrutiny, was reported close to twenty years after the UFO phenomenon first came to public attention, with a worldwide UFO wave that saturated the United States in the late 1940s. There *were* a few other abduction cases during the 1960s, but UFO "contact" and "abduction" cases were a subject most ufologists shied away from, and subsequently few such cases were ever officially placed on record.

There were several reasons for this unfortunate state of af-

fairs. To understand why, one must understand a bit about the history of the UFO controversy in the United States.

The general public only became aware of the UFO mystery in 1947, when a mass wave of sightings spread over the country. Everyone, it seems, was seeing balls of light, metallic discs, and cigar-shaped space craft flitting through the skies. During this time, though, there were only a few "occupant" sightings—cases in which the witnesses actually saw occupants inside the UFOs or lurking about UFOs that had landed. The rarity of such reports immediately made them suspect, and it was therefore easy for students of the UFO mystery, already on guard about their scientific credibility, to dismiss the reports as due to malobservation or storytelling. In fact, one major UFO organization during these early years had a policy of automatically dismissing "occupant" reports as unworthy of investigation!

This attitude only changed during the 1960s when such cases became more numerous and better attested. The Lonnie Zamora case of 1964 was one of these, alerting the UFO public to the core validity of this dimension of the UFO enigma.

The incident occurred on April 24 in Socorro, New Mexico, while Zamora, a local police officer, was pursuing a speeding car out in the desert south of town. During the high-speed chase he found himself distracted by a blue flame streaking through the air, and a loud sound that seemed to emanate from the direction of an old dynamite shack. Zamora decided to drive over to the shack and, en route, encountered an object which he later described as egg-shaped and resembling a car standing on end. Two figures the size of young boys were standing by it. Zamora drove a little closer, but the figures disappeared and the object took off before he could get a better look at it. When a fellow officer arrived on the spot moments later, all that was left was a patch of burning brush and a badly frightened police officer. Zamora's credibility helped substantiate the authenticity of this case, and threw new light on the likelihood of occupant cases in general.

Of course, the Zamora case was not the first of its kind. Contemporary cases of human interaction with UFO occupants go all the way back to 1897 when they featured prominently in a wave of UFO sightings that continued throughout the United States for about a year. But few ufologists, not to mention the general public, were made aware of these cases.

Another rash of occupant sightings was reported in 1955. In one case, a family in Kelly, Kentucky, was besieged by a group of alien intruders who lay siege to their rural farmhouse. The beings, seen for a period of several hours by most of the family, were small creatures with rounded heads, huge eyes, and dangling apelike arms. Cases such as this, despite their melodrama, didn't receive the public attention given more impersonal "flying saucer" stories about mysterious objects in the sky. They just didn't sound credible to the general public of the 1950s.

The other reason why abduction events were poorly reported during the early years of ufology was because of the confusion in the public's mind between "abductees" and "contactees." Shortly after the public became aware of the UFO enigma, our country was literally overrun by a host of opportunists who attempted to gain publicity by claiming that they had interacted with UFO occupants, had actually ridden in their space ships, and had been given long (and usually verbose) messages to reveal to mankind. The stories circulated by these "contactees" were usually ridiculous and the evidence they produced in support of their claims—such as photographs and artifacts purportedly given to them by the beings—were usually easily exposed as fraudulent. The slur these contactees cast on the whole topic of human-alien encounters was so great that ufologists ignored stories told by apparently sincere individuals, who had been actually abducted by UFO occupants or who had experienced other sorts of close encounters with them.

Times have changed. Today ufologists are realizing that the abduction syndrome is every bit as genuine as any other aspect of the UFO mystery. Many of them have now publicly acknowledged that (a) these abductions do occur and have been occurring for years, and (b) they are probably more frequent than anyone had originally believed.

Probably the most interesting aspect of the abduction syndrome, especially cases reported from the United States, is the "sameness" that typifies so many reports. This is why the phenomenon can be labeled a "syndrome." Although abduction reports come in all modes and guises, a prototypical pattern underlying them can be found in cases occurring from the 1950s to the present. The typical abduction scenario goes something like this:

The witness will be driving along some lonely and deserted area when he becomes aware of a UFO, either following his

car or hovering at the side of the road. This is usually all the witness will consciously remember. After making his initial observation, he will often "black out" and will only come to about an hour or so later with no conscious memory of what has taken place during the interim. In the following weeks, though, he may begin to realize that something extraordinary has happened to him. He may start having dreams of a UFO abduction, or develop odd obsessions and compulsions. These stressful developments will eventually encourage him to seek help from a ufologist, or perhaps a psychiatrist; and these professionals will usually suggest that hypnotic regression back to the scene of the encounter would help the witness remember exactly what happened to him. Under hypnosis, the victim will invariably recall how he stopped his car after seeing the UFO and watched helplessly as alien beings came out of the craft and forced him into it. He will go on to describe how he was subjected to a medical examination or shown a series of visions before being returned to his car—with the admonition that he forget all that had transpired. After his encounter and his recollection of the event, the witness might also experience further mental contacts or even visitations by UFO entities for years to come. Often they will appear right in his home through a process of materialization.

Of course, not all abduction witnesses undergo blackouts. Some survive the ordeal with a complete memory of what has happened to them. Several such incidents will be presented in Part I of this volume.

The Hill case mentioned above follows this basic scenario so closely that it will serve as a good example of a "typical" abduction report, and will also introduce the student of UFO lore to the vast complexities inherent in trying to explain these cases.

The date of the Hills' abduction was September 19, 1961. It was late at night, and the couple was driving along a deserted road in New Hampshire when Betty noticed a light in the sky which gradually grew larger and approached their car. After stopping the car and looking at the object through a pair of binoculars, Barney decided that it was a commercial plane and continued on his way. The light kept following their car and Betty eventually could make out its discoid shape. She was also able to determine that the object was dotted by a series of windows on its side. Finally, the car stalled. Barney got out, grabbed the binoculars, and then started to walk toward a wooded glade at the side of the

road, hoping to get a better look at it. By this time the UFO had stationed itself by the woods. Through his binoculars Barney could see several occupants inside the craft looking directly at him. He was especially unnerved by their long, narrow eyes. The sight so horrified Barney that he ran back to the car and tried to drive away. As he did so, a beeping sound overtook the couple.

The next thing the Hills could remember was driving about thirty-five miles down the road. The UFO had disappeared, and the Hills were later able to determine that two hours had vanished from their lives.

After returning home, Barney continually (and inexplicably) denied that anything strange had happened that night. Nonetheless, the Hills found themselves undergoing a psychological nightmare over the next several weeks. Betty, in particular, suddenly became subject to recurrent nightmares during which she dreamed that she had been abducted by a UFO. Barney began suffering from headaches and other symptoms of stress, while a circle of warts mysteriously formed around his groin. Eventually, bowing to the pressures caused by these symptoms, the Hills visited Dr. Benjamin Simon, a psychiatrist known for his use of hypnosis on victims of amnesia. Simon eventually regressed the Hills separately and had them relive their UFO encounter. Even he was surprised by the story they proceeded to tell.

The couple recalled that after Barney had run back to the car, they had tried to drive away but found their path blocked by a group of dark, mysterious figures who now appeared on the road ahead of them. They stopped the Hills and escorted them from their car to the UFO. The beings were smallish, but humanoid, and had slit-like mouths. Once aboard the UFO, the couple were separated and each was given a medical examination. Betty was placed on a table and checked for pregnancy by having a needle inserted into her navel. This operation caused her intense pain, but one of the aliens stroked her and the pain vanished. Nail cuttings were taken as well. Barney was placed on a different table where a device of some kind was placed over his groin. The aliens were also quite fascinated by his false teeth, especially when they discovered that Betty's (real) teeth were not also removable!

After her examination, Betty was able to hold a conversation with one of the aliens and was even shown a star map, which, according to the being, represented a route the UFO

was following. (This map was later to become a key issue in the case when an Ohio schoolteacher, Mrs. Marjorie Fish, discovered that it matched an actual star configuration comprising two stars known as Zeta Reticuli.) Betty also asked the aliens if she could take something from the UFO as proof of her experience, but they refused the request. Then they escorted the Hills back to their car after instructing them to forget what had happened to them. Betty, though, swore that she would never forget.

Since the publication of John Fuller's book in 1966, Barney has died and Betty has been subjected to a number of mysterious and psychic events. Poltergeist phenomena have been plaguing her home since the incident,[1] clocks will be found unaccountably set back, electrical devices continually malfunction in her presence, and she has found herself followed by mysterious strangers. These experiences were revealed by Betty Hill only recently, during a set of lengthy interviews which she granted to Dr. Berthold Schwarz, a New Jersey psychiatrist and UFO researcher. (These interviews were subsequently published as a series of articles by Dr. Schwarz that appeared in the *Flying Saucer Review* in 1977 and 1978.)

Of course, it has also been argued that the Hills recalled only an imaginary episode while undergoing hypnosis. In other words, critics have charged that the Hills, since they expected that they had undergone an abduction experience, conveniently conjured one forth when Dr. Simon regressed them. This theory, however, cannot explain many aspects of the case. It cannot explain peculiar marks—found by the Hills on their car after returning home—which caused a magnet to deflect, nor can it explain the fact that UFO activity has been independently noted in New Hampshire on the night of their experience. Nor can it account for the fact that the Hills' report is so similar to many other cases of alleged UFO abduction.

[1] A poltergeist is a type of haunting that disrupts a house by moving objects around, making loud noises, and producing other bothersome displays. Most parapsychologists agree that poltergeist manifestations are caused by the witness himself, by unconsciously using mind-over-matter abilities. The cause of the disturbances is an attempt by the witness to resolve frustration and traumas buried deep in his mind. For more information, refer to my previous book, *The Poltergeist Experience* (New York: Penguin, 1979).

So it really does appear that the Hills had some sort of interaction with beings from a UFO after their initial sighting. How can we explain the Hills' ordeal and similar reports of UFO abduction?

To many readers of this book, the question may seem almost rhetorical. For years most students of the UFO mystery assumed that UFOs and their occupants are extraterrestrial, perhaps visiting our planet from some distant galaxy or solar system. Such an explanation could easily explain the bare facts of the Hill case: this unfortunate couple was captured by the denizens of another world who were interested in studying biological life on Earth. One noted UFO researcher has even suggested that UFO abductees may be analogous to the wildlife that ecologists trap and tag for study and future surveillance. And, of course, such a theory can also explain the star map Betty Hill was shown.

While this type of explanation is favored by most students of the UFO enigma, it will strike the seasoned ufologist as superficial. To begin with, there really isn't much evidence that the UFO phenomenon has anything to do with life in outer space at all! This may seem an amazing and absurd claim. It deserves further explanation.

When the UFO phenomenon burst onto the cultural scene in the 1940s, the general public (as well as many ufologists) merely took it for granted that these objects were visitors from outer space. This is an *assumption* (and nothing more) that is still being made today by many scholars of the UFO field. But it may be a mistaken one. The UFO mystery has been with mankind for a long time, and each culture had its own special explanation for it. Back in the sixteenth century, for example, UFOs were believed to be manifestations created by the gods, and their occupants were believed to be heavenly emissaries. This view was held because it was consistent with, and dictated by, the cultural beliefs and expectations of that era. In 1897, when this country was the focus of a major UFO wave, zeppelin-like flying machines were seen wafting through the skies and some of them even landed. Many people allegedly spoke to their occupants and, on occasion, were invited aboard.[2] Yet none of these witnesses be-

[2] For more informatoin on the UFO wave of 1897 see Jerome Clark and Loren Coleman, *The Unidentified* (New York: Warner, 1977).

lieved that the machines were other-worldly craft. Witnesses merely assumed that they were the secret work of amateur inventors. This belief was adopted prima facie because it was socially accepted. Even the UFO occupants themselves made a similar claim!

The point I'm trying to make is simple but important. Each age interprets the UFO phenomenon differently. The way we interpret it today is merely a product of cultural fashion and may be no closer to the truth than any explanation that previous generations and cultures have devised. Simply speaking, we have *no* idea what truth lies at the heart of the UFO mystery.

We must keep this fact in mind as we probe UFO encounters and abduction reports in general. The UFO mystery seems to actually *mold* itself to fit into any culture. Today we believe that UFOs and their operators are of an extraterrestrial nature not because there is any evidence to this effect but simply because it is culturally acceptable to us.

The real nature of the UFO phenomenon may be infinitely more complex. For instance, if Mrs. Hill's abductors were denizens of some distant planet, why has she suffered psychic attacks and poltergeist manifestations ever since? These are phenomena produced by the hidden recesses of the mind, not by creatures from another world. The extraterrestrial hypothesis cannot explain this facet of the abduction syndrome.

It cannot be denied that Betty Hill's star map indicates that her abductors really were entities from another solar system. The authenticity of this map has been used in support of this theory by not a few ufologists. But once again, the validity of the map may be as superficial as the extraterrestrial hypothesis itself.

The most complete report on the star map was made, as mentioned above, by Marjorie Fish. After questioning Betty Hill about the map, she arduously built models of several stellar configurations revolving around stars—within fifty-five lightyears of the sun—capable of supporting solar systems. She eventually discovered a configuration resembling the Hill map revolving around two faint stars known to astronomers as Zeta 1 and Zeta 2. Marjorie Fish thus concluded that the Hills were abducted by aliens from Zeta Reticuli, and both Marjorie Fish and Betty Hill gained an added note of credibility when the results of the former's work were published in *Astronomy* magazine. Many ufologists feel that Marjorie

Fish's work is the final word on the Hill case and its extraterrestrial connnotations.

But there are two sides to any controversy, and the Fish-Hill interpretation is no different.

A more perceptive study of the Zeta Reticuli theory has been made by Jacques Vallee, an eminent contemporary ufologist, in his recent book, *Messengers of Deception*. As the title indicates, Vallee does not believe that the UFO mystery has anything to do with extraterrestrial life at all. In fact, he begins his analysis of the Hill map by showing that the configuration suggested by Marjorie Fish may have only an artifactual resemblance to the original map. In other words, he believes that if one looks long and hard enough, any set of points (which was all the Hill map essentially showed) will have a physical analog somewhere in the galaxy. The parallel between the Hill map and the Zeta Reticuli configuration, suggests Vallee, may well have resulted from pure chance.

After making this point, though, Vallee goes on to voice an even greater objection to taking the Hill map at face value. "An important, even a crucial, fact seems to have escaped the attention of those who have examined Betty Hill's drawing," writes the UFO expert. "*Her map is not drawn to scale*! The size of the stars—if the Fish interpretation is correct—does not correspond to their brightness. The distance between the two stars of Zeta Reticuli, in particular, is exaggerated to the point where the map would be useless for navigation." To Vallee, the meaning of these discrepancies is obvious. The map Betty Hill was shown was not a route her abductors were following. "If the map is real," he points out, "it must have been placed there for Betty Hill to see, not for the pilot to use!"

Vallee is arguing that the map was a clever bit of misinformation deliberately given to Betty Hill so that she would come to an erroneous conclusion about the nature of her experience. This theory is pregnant with staggering implications. Not a few ufologists, among them Vallee himself, are currently proposing that UFO occupants may be *deliberately* programming their human observers with false information in order to hide their true nature. This idea isn't too farfetched when one realizes that military intelligence agencies on this planet do the same thing. It is normal for the military to leak false information to foreign governments in order to hide its plans and operations. We have come to believe that UFOs and their pilots come from outer space, they suggest, simply

because that is precisely what the UFO intelligence *wants us to believe*. And indeed there are cases on record where UFO abductees have been provided with incorrect information and predictions quite deliberately. The cases of Patrolman Herbert Schirmer and the scientifically trained victim of the Dapple Gray Lane encounter, which are related in Part II of this anthology, are cases in point.

A similar type of "smokescreen operation" has been apparently going on for years. My favorite case of this nature is the Gary Wilcox encounter of 1964. Although not an abduction, this episode aptly illustrates the often deceptive nature of the UFO mystery.

The incident occurred in Newark Valley, New York, where Wilcox worked as a dairy farmer. He was out spreading manure over a field when he spotted a shining UFO hovering near some woods that adjoined the pasture. Curious, he rode up to the object on his tractor, and two human-looking men appeared by the UFO, holding trays filled with samples of the local flora. They wore metallic suits so the twenty-eight-year-old farmer couldn't actually see their bodies. The beings then engaged in a lengthy conversation with the stunned witness, who thought that perhaps a joke was being played on him. They told him that they were from Mars, asked about the nature of his dairy work, and made a series of predictions about our space program. They seemed uninformed about agricultural work and according to Wilcox, "they did not seem to know what cows were either." Wilcox promised to leave a bag of fertilizer for them, but the ufonauts didn't seem willing to wait around for it. They entered their UFO at the end of their conversation with Wilcox and launched away. Wilcox, nonetheless, returned to the area later on and left a bag of fertilizer for the aliens. The next day he found it gone.

What is one to make of this case? The whole incident was painstakingly investigated by Dr. Berthold Schwarz, who employed his dual talents as psychiatrist and UFO researcher as he probed into the incident. He was able to show that Wilcox was not insane, was not prone to telling tall tales, and had a good reputation among the local townsfolk. Yet the information he was given by the aliens was totally false, since of course we now know that there is no evolved life on Mars. Neither did the aliens' predictions ever come about. However, at the time of the Wilcox encounter, many people *were* entertaining the idea that Mars might be the home of advanced life-forms and was perhaps the source of the UFOs that were

being seen throughout the world. So it is apparent that, during their conversation with Wilcox, the ufonauts *deliberately fed the witness the very information he expected to hear or which would sound credible to him.*

This case has an obvious bearing on the nature of UFO abduction cases in general. One must never assume that the information abductees are given by their alien kidnappers represents anything more than a smokescreen. The ordeals and experiences the abductees undergo may be only an elaborate facade used by the aliens to mask their real nature, goals, and point of origin.

The fact that UFO abduction cases may represent a much more complex mental and physical experience than meets the eye is exemplified in another incident that occurred during the 1960s, but which has only recently come to light.

The drama was enacted on the night of January 25, 1967, in the rural Massachusetts home of Mrs. Betty Andreasson, a housewife with seven children. The abduction couldn't have occurred at a worse time. These were trying days for Mrs. Andreasson. Her husband had been severely injured in an automobile accident and this left her to care for her several pre-teen children alone. The only support she had came from her oldest daughter, Becky, aged eleven, and from her immigrant father, Waino Aho. That January night was a typical New England winter's eve. It was cold, snow was still patching the countryside, and fog had begun to engulf the old farmhouse that the Andreassons had converted into their home. Most of the children were silently watching television, and the whole area became strangely quiet when the lights in the house began to flicker mysteriously. They finally went out totally, and outside an odd pink light could be seen shining into the house through the kitchen window. The Andreassons rushed to see what was causing the light.

It was Mr. Aho was first saw the aliens. As he looked through the window he saw what he later described as a group of "Halloween freaks." They were small, wore odd "headdresses" like "moon men," and seemed to hop like grasshoppers. But that was only the beginning of the experience. After returning to the living room to be with the rest of the family, Aho as well as the entire household found themselves paralyzed. When they came to, they realized a considerable time-period had elapsed. They didn't know exactly what had happened, but over the next several months both Betty and Becky Andreasson began to regain some memory of an alien

invasion that had taken place in their home. Finally, in 1977, Betty Andreasson and her daughter underwent a series of hypnotic sessions, during which they recalled exactly what had happened to them after they had been placed in suspended animation. The records of these sessions have now been made public by Raymond Fowler, one of the original investigators of the case, in his book, *The Andreasson Affair.*

Under hypnosis, Betty Andreasson recalled that after seeing the light, a group of alien beings entered the house by materializing through the closed door. They came in one after another like ghosts walking through a wall. They were short, with large, round, hairless heads, slanted eyes, slitlike mouths, and gray skin. They wore dark blue uniforms. An "aura of friendliness" seemed to radiate from the beings, who began to communicate telepathically with Mrs. Andreasson. Little Becky saw the beings too, since during this time she spontanteously slipped out of the paralysis and got a good look at them. But when the intruders realized what had happened, they reinstituted their control and the girl blacked out again. Betty Andreasson's first response to the aliens was to ask them if they wanted some food!

Betty Andreasson next found herself being escorted to the UFO by the aliens, who floated her through the still-closed door of the house to a UFO positioned in an open area behind the building. While aboard the craft the startled housewife underwent a lengthy series of physical and metaphysical experiences at the hands of her abductors. She first noted that she was in a bubble-shaped room but was then escorted into yet another chamber; here she was placed on a platform where a white "cleansing" light was showered over her. After this episode, she was clothed in a special garment and given a medical examination. This included the insertion of a long silver needle into her navel. The aliens also apparently removed something from her nasal cavity with a similar instrument.

After undergoing the medical examination, Betty Andreasson recalled a fascinating descent into an unknown realm, almost as if the aliens were showing her the byways of their own world. It was as if she were being taken on a psychedelic voyage where she underwent several visionary and near-mystical experiences. First she was placed in a tube filled with an odd liquid; then she was guided down a tunnel where she saw several macabre lemur-like creatures; and finally she was confronted by a dazzling light so intense that she felt she was

burning up. It eventually resolved itself into a vision of a huge phoenix being consumed and reborn as a worm.

After these metavoyages, Betty Andreasson was told she must forget what had happened; then she was returned to her home.

This case resembles the Hill case in many respects and follows the prototypical abduction syndrome outlined earlier in this chapter. The mysterious light, the time-lapse amnesia, the fleeting memories of an abduction, and the efficacy of hypnosis in helping the witness recover these lost moments are all constant features of the abduction syndrome. However, the Andreasson case is stronger than the Hill case from an evidential standpoint for a host of reasons, mainly because Betty Andreasson's daughter Becky and her father actually saw the aliens before the abduction took place. So we have independent testimony as to the reality of the aliens. During the ordeal, the aliens even gave Betty Andreasson a thin blue book, which she retained afterward. Becky also saw the book during the weeks following the abduction, even though Betty Andreasson had an intuitive feeling that she had to keep the book secret. Unfortunately, it later vanished from the house and never reappeared.

Betty Andreasson's UFO experience did not end, however, with her abduction. Several years later she was witness to another alien visitation in her home. It was late at night and she was lying in bed with her husband when she heard the sounds of someone rummaging around the room. When she turned her head in the direction of the noise, she saw a "being of light." It was about four or five feet tall and of normal proportions, but it didn't seem to have any substance. It was formed totally of light, and bolted down the stairs when it sensed that it had been seen. Becky, too, seems to have become UFO-prone as a result of the experience she shared with her mother. In 1975 she had a similar "nocturnal visitation." Subsequent research has indicated that both Betty and Becky have had a long history of these visitations and other types of psychic encounters. Evidence also suggests that Mrs. Andreasson may have had another abduction sometime earlier in her life, which she has so far not remembered at all.

It is difficult to explain the Andreasson case on the old-fashioned extraterrestrial hypothesis. Such a theory *can* explain the UFO, the initial abduction, and Betty Andreasson's examination at the hands of the aliens. But it cannot explain why they subjected her to a series of visionary experiences,

which she sensed were related to her deep Christian religious beliefs. In fact, Betty Andreasson has come to believe that her abductors were emissaries of God and had nothing to do with alien life-forms. She feels that her experience was given to her so that she could learn from it.

And this insight brings us right to the heart of the abduction syndrome. In their book, *The Unidentified,* veteran UFO researchers Jerome Clark and Loren Coleman summarize a great number of UFO abduction stories and come to a startling conclusion. In a sense it is similar to the one Mrs. Andreasson has reached. They show that many of these narratives contain age-old *symbols* and religious messages, which are quite pertinent to the victim's life, or are of concern to the culture in which he lives. In other words, Clark and Coleman argue that UFO abductions are similar to visionary journeys during which the victims are subjected to a series of ordeals meant to impart cosmic truths in symbolic terms. The whole UFO abduction as such is merely an elaborate stage setting used to camouflage the fact that the victim—far from being abducted by outer space beings—is being forced to confront some secret aspect of his own self!

UFO abductions may not, then, be alien kidnappings. They may only be *tools,* which some advanced intelligence (maybe even our higher self) is using to help us evolve, or to educate us about metaphysical principles. This theory, by the way, is not only promoted by Clark and Coleman but is shared by a number of other ufologists.

The fact that UFO abduction reports often contain deep spiritual meaning is typified by the Andreasson case. In fact, Betty Andreasson's whole experience seems to be a jet-age version of an occult "initiation by fire and water," during which she was symbolically cleansed and reborn, rather than an alien encounter. She is deeply religious and so, even before her encounter, was probably subconsciously preoccupied with the idea of spiritual death and rebirth. Her religious faith must have been severely tested by the crisis she was forced to face after the accident that incapacitated her husband and saddled her with enormous familial responsibilities. Her UFO abduction may then have been a symbolic descent through chaos, perdition, and spiritual rebirth. Betty Andreasson has become even more religious as a result of her abduction, even though her rebirth experience was not presented in Christian symbolism, but through a set of ancient archetypal images relating to spiritual rebirth—the descent into water,

being consumed by fire, and the vision of the Phoenix in self-immolation.

It also seems to me that the aliens actually *told* Betty Andreasson, at the onset of her experience, that they had come to offer her spiritual enlightenment. (This fact has been conveniently ignored by the researchers who initially studied the case.) When she was first confronted by the aliens, she offered to cook some food for them. They replied that they could only eat burnt food. (This could be a symbolic allusion to the "burnt offerings" of the Bible.) And when Betty Andreasson started to cook, the beings imparted a message to her. "But that's not our kind of food," they made it known. "Our food is tried by fire, knowledge tried by fire. Do you have any food like that?" After receiving this message Betty Andreasson showed the aliens a Bible, and they in turn gave her a small book.

For what purpose would aliens from another solar system engage in such seemingly meaningless and cryptic conversation? This little episode can be explained if we accept the idea that Betty Andreasson's experience was a drama beamed down to her by some greater intelligence so that she could learn from it. The timing of the abduction, right after her husband's accident, would also indicate that it was meant to impart certain spiritual truths to her. Betty Andreasson didn't exactly have an alien encounter, she had a religious revelation couched *in terms* of a UFO experience!

Like Betty Andreasson, who has had UFO and paranormal experiences both before and after her 1967 abduction, the people who have these amazing adventures do not seem to be chosen at random. They tend to be people with either a long history of possessing psychic abilities, or they seem to develop psychic capabilities as a result of their experience. To put it bluntly, being especially psychic makes one UFO-abduction-prone! Even Betty Hill has admitted that after her abduction she was the object of psychic attacks. Several other abductees have subsequently become full-blown poltergeist victims.

Consider the well-known Casey County abduction, which occurred in Kentucky on the evening of January 6, 1976. There were three abductees—Louise Smith, Mona Stafford, and Elaine Thomas. At 11:15 P.M., they were driving together near the town of Stafford, when a UFO approached their car. It was huge, with a row of lights around it, and soon took physical control of the car. The next thing the

women could consciously recall was entering Hustonville, eight miles from where they had first spotted the UFO. They then proceeded on to their home in Liberty, where all the witnesses discovered that they had curious burn marks on their bodies. The case eventually came to the attention of the Arizona-based Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, one of this country's most active UFO investigating agencies. Under its auspices, the witnesses individually underwent clinical hypnosis and dimly recalled an abduction experience. Since this episode, *all three witnesses have complained of poltergeist manifestations in their home.* This case was investigated on behalf of APRO by Dr. Leo Sprinkle, a psychologist at the University of Wyoming, and has been detailed by Coral and Jim Lorenzen, the founders of the organization, in their recent book, *Abducted!* The reader is referred to this excellent work for more details on the case.

An even stranger case in which the witnesses' psychic abilities may have precipiated a UFO abduction occurred in Pascagoula, Mississippi, in 1973. This case, perhaps the most celebrated incident since the Hill report, generated such wide publicity at the time that it doesn't require any lengthy summary. The basic facts of the case are fairly typical of UFO abduction cases in general, although the primary victim never underwent a time lapse after his initial sighting of the UFO. He remained painfully awake throughout his ordeal.

It was October 11, and Pascagoula was rife with UFO activity that night. Several witnesses had seen the mysterious craft and the small town seemed to be in the midst of a virtual UFO siege. Oblivious to these aerial invasions, two local residents—Charles Hickson, forty-four, and Calvin Parker, nineteen—decided to go fishing on a Pascagoula River pier near a shipyard. In the dead of night the fishermen were distracted by an odd buzzing sound that suddenly filled the air. They turned around, hoping to discover the source of the sound, when they saw a pulsating light in the sky, which became larger and larger as it approached them. Hickson and Parker were paralyzed with fright when the light turned into a UFO and landed near the dock. Their terror mounted when three silvery, robotlike creatures "floated" out of the craft, approached and seized them, and glided them back to the UFO. Hickson retained consciousness during the whole incident, but Parker collapsed in a dead faint upon being seized. Once aboard the UFO, the men were separated. Hick-

son was placed above a platform where an eye-shaped contraption snooped over his body like a hound dog sniffing at a tree. After the examination was completed, the men were escorted back to the dock and the UFO instantly vanished. At that moment, according to Hickson, it felt more than anything else as if his mind had "come back to normal."

Only later, when investigative reporter Ralph Blum initiated a followup of the case, did intimations about Hickson's psychic history come to light. Blum held several interviews with Hickson while preparing a book dealing primarily with the Pascagoula case (published in 1974 under the title *Beyond Earth—Man's Contact with UFOs*). During these interviews Hickson admitted that he had been plagued all of his life by inexplicable experiences. Watches, for instance, would often malfunction when he tried to wear them, no matter what their make or mechanism. This is a problem about which many psychics complain. Calvin Parker, who suffered a nervous breakdown after the experience, has now reappeared on the public scene with a related claim. Although he still does not recall what happened to him after he blacked out, he has found himself gifted with psychokinetic abilities since recovering from his breakdown. He made this assertion to Allan Hendry, a chief investigator for the Evanston, Illinois-based Center for UFO Studies.

Does the possession of psychic abilities serve as some sort of beacon to the UFO intelligence? Or is the UFO abduction experience a *form* of psychic phenomenon akin to the appearance of an apparition or the creation of a materialization? Investigators of the abduction syndrome are now beginning to face these possibilities.

This, then, is the multifaceted mystery of the UFO abduction syndrome. It seems to be a prototypical experience, but one that is individually molded for each witness. These are not chance occurrences, either. They seem to focus on people undergoing life crises or serious problems, and seek out those who have faculties beyond the range of the five senses. Far from being structured by some supercivilization from space, UFO abductions seem to be masterminded by some cosmic intelligence linked to life on this planet—perhaps some Universal Unconscious that seems clearly aware of our thoughts, lives, and actions, but which only interferes with our lives under certain rare and yet-to-be discovered circumstances. This

intelligence seems to be *sending* us the UFO mystery and the abduction syndrome for a specific purpose.

The nature of this intelligence and the purpose behind the UFO mystery in general will serve as the topic of discussion in the last chapter of this book.

PART I

Waking Encounters

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

D. Scott Rogo

The UFO abduction syndrome manifests itself in two primary guises. Predominant are so-called time lapse cases of the sort just described in the previous pages. Rarer, but no less intriguing, are "waking" experiences, during which the witness retains total consciousness while undergoing his or her terrifying ordeal. Four such cases are included in Part I.

The study of waking UFO abductions is of extreme importance to us for two reasons. First, it is interesting to compare the experience of these hapless victims to those reported by witnesses who have had time-lapse encounters. Sometimes the two sets of witnesses will report very similar occurrences, indicating that both waking and time-lapse abductions represent equally genuine aspects of the UFO mystery. Second, we don't need to rely on hypnosis or any other psychological tool to get to the root of the experience. Hypnosis, while a useful tool, is also a capricious one. Many critics of the UFO field have pointed out that ufologists may be accidentally manufacturing time-lapse cases by the use of this technique. They argue, for instance, that people such as Betty and Barney Hill underwent a fugue state only after seeing (or thinking they saw) a UFO, during which time they drove about aimlessly until popping back to their normal state of mind.[1] They only "remember" fanciful abduction scenarios, these critics claim, because they have been led to expect such recollections by the ufologists investigating their cases.

This theory is not easy to refute, and will be discussed in

[1] A fugue is short-lived amnesia usually brought on by stress or trauma. It can last anywhere from a few hours to several days.

more depth in the next section. Suffice to say that it cannot explain the experiences reported in Part I. These cases represent the strongest evidence amassed to date that the UFO abduction syndrome is real and surprisingly common.

Perhaps the most famous recent instance of a conscious UFO abduction is the Travis Walton affair, the first case included in this section. The UFO establishment was stunned when the case came to light in November 1975. It stood in striking contrast to the basically unverifiable accounts of witnesses who usually report that they were abducted from their car for an hour or so in the dead of night out in some secluded area of the countryside. The Walton abduction took place on a sunny midafternoon in some forested land outside Heber, Arizona. Walton, one of a group of several young men hired by the U.S. Forest Service to clear out some overgrown acreage, was abducted by a UFO that appeared right in front of *all* of them. The six complementary witnesses later took polygraph (lie detector) tests and told how Walton had run under the UFO to get a better look at it and had been "zapped" by a blue beam of light emitted by the mysterious craft. They drove away in fright, and when they returned both their comrade and the UFO were gone. Walton himself reappeared five days later, confused and frightened. He told how he had been abducted by the UFO and its occupants, and refused to retract his story even when questioned by law enforcement officials and ufologists.

The chief importance of the Walton case is that five of the six onlookers passed the polygraph test with flying colors. (The sixth witness's results were inconclusive.) While polygraph examinations are not foolproof, perhaps here we have a case of "safety in numbers." Walton himself eventually took two lie-detector examinations. He failed the first, probably because of the stress he was under at the time, but passed the second. Needless to say, the case soon became a *cause célèbre* among UFO enthusiasts and their detractors. Readers interested in the political shenanigans that the case engendered might wish to consult Coral and Jim Lorenzen's write-up on the case in their book, *Abducted!* This report offers a pro-and-con analysis of both the evidential aspect of the case and the attacks on it by the many UFO debunkers who threw themselves into the fray with a bravado that would put most professional military men to shame. Bill Barry, whose article is reprinted in the upcoming section, has himself written a book on the case, *Ultimate Encounter*, which covers some of

this same ground. Finally, Travis Walton has written his own version, *The Walton Affair*, which contains his answers to the critics.

The Walton case is instructive to the ufologist for two other important reasons. It is quite clear that Walton remembers only a portion of what happened to him while aboard the UFO. His story can account for only a few hours of what was apparently a five-day ordeal. The case, then, proves that abductees tend to block out (or have had erased) what occurs during their experiences. This makes traditional time-lapse cases more credible in general. Secondly, the Walton episode illustrates a point made at the beginning of this chapter: Sometimes the waking experiences of an abductee will match in uncanny detail the experiences of someone who has had a time-lapse encounter.

The Walton case took place in Arizona on November 5, 1975. Walton described his alien kidnappers as "short, maybe five feet, with large domed heads—very large, bald." He added that they had "enormous brown eyes . . . no eyebrows and their mouths and ears and noses seemed real small." What Walton didn't know was that seven months before—on April 13—a more conventional time-lapse abduction had taken place in nearby New Mexico, apparently by the same, or at least similar, aliens! The case had not yet been made public by the witness or by the investigators studying it.

The victim was Sergeant Charles Moody, a fourteen-year veteran of the U.S. Air Force. The abduction occurred at night in the desert, where he had driven to observe a forecasted meteor shower. As he was dutifully watching the sky, a UFO approached his car. Frightened by the strange turn of events, Moody tried to drive away but his engine wouldn't start. He then heard a humming sound and felt himself becoming numb. That's the last thing he remembered until he came to an hour later.

Several weeks passed before Moody began to recall what had happened during that lost hour. By this time he had contacted Jim Lorenzen of APRO and was keeping him informed of any developments in the case. Moody sought the help of a neurosurgeon he knew who instructed him in the art of autohypnosis; by the end of September, scattered memories of the occurrence had begun to return. He wrote to Lorenzen in October, after even more memories had surfaced, and explained that he now remembered that several aliens had approached him from the UFO, tranquilized him,

and taken him aboard their craft. The aliens, he reported, "were five feet tall and very much like us except their heads were larger and hairless, their ears very small, eyes a little larger than our, nose small and the mouth had very thin lips." This description is almost identical to Walton's.

Were Walton and Moody kidnapped by the same beings, or were their experiences designed by the same intelligence? And if so, why did Walton remain conscious during a portion of his experience while Moody underwent a time lapse?

The next two cases included in Part I are reported from Brazil, a hotbed of UFO activity for years. The first describes how a rural bus-driver, Antonio La Rubia, was abducted by robotlike entities. This case is certainly more cryptic in nature and purpose than the type of abductions so often reported from the United States. Even Coral E. Lorenzen, who has certainly investigated a good share of such cases, concludes her commentary on the episode by stating, "by any standard this is a strange and incredible story, even as close encounters of the fourth kind [UFO abductions] go."

Following the La Rubia case is a report on the weird experience of Antonio Villas Boas by Gordon Creighton, one of England's top scholars in the UFO field. This case, well known to all UFO buffs, is one of those instances where sexual overtones cloud the entire affair. A rather explicit sexual encounter between an alien and the abductee takes place. It is a type of episode hitherto unheard of in the annals of this country's UFO research. Yet the case rests on extraordinarily good evidence.

The uniqueness of these Brazilian cases serves as yet another aspect of the UFO phenomenon in general and of the abduction syndrome in particular: *that the nature of the UFO experience seems to be partially determined by the culture in which it manifests.* In the Introduction I pointed out that the UFO phenomenon has changed its appearance over the years. It *also* seems to be adept at molding itself differently in each country and culture in which it appears. This is especially true of human-alien encounters, more popularly known as "close encounters of the third kind" or CE IIIs. Ufologists have been aware of this for years. Allan Hendry, a prominent American investigator, refers to it pointedly in his encyclopedic *The UFO Handbook:*

> It is true that UFOs are reported all over the world, even CE III experiences, but don't be misled that the re-

ports are the same from nation to nation . . . South American countries produce CE III encounters that are especially vivid; the entities, often more animalistic or "ugly" than those reported in North America, are reported to behave more aggressively towards South American humans. Alleged conversations are less ambiguous in nature as well, with the UFOnauts clearly stating their different planetary origins, or missions to save mankind. British UFO researchers once spoke disparagingly of the lack of CE IIIs among *their* UFO reports; then these suddenly spring up in abundance in the early 70s. There are CE III cases in Australia, but their researchers note the lack of contact, time lapse, and abduction cases among them.

Hendry's remarks are quite similar to some comments once made to me by Jerome Clark during a phone conversation. Clark pointed out that UFO abductions and other "high strangeness cases" (where psychic and bizarre psychological and physical anomalies play a role) had never been reported from some countries. But as soon as researchers there became aware of them, he said, similar cases started appearing in these countries as well—yet another indication that the UFO phenomenon is being generated, in part, by human thought.

Certainly the strange case of Antonio La Rubia, the busman abducted by robotlike creatures, doesn't seem to be anything of an extraterrestrial confrontation. During his abduction, and after being subjected to a routine examination, he was forced to watch a series of movielike projections. These consisted of tableaux, put on for his personal benefit, which primarily depicted scenes of himself in various situations. While the meaning of La Rubia's kidnapping is still unknown, it is hard to understand why entities from another planet would abduct him just to show him home movies! What the case *does* suggest is that the aliens wanted to make La Rubia confront certain aspects of himself, his past, and his future. This theory is in keeping with the idea that the UFO experience and abduction encounters are "beamed" down to us, so to speak, for the purpose of personal self-revelation. It might also be noted that such incidents (where abductees have been forced to watch projections of this type) have been reported from around the world. Compare Ann Druffel's report on the "Dapple Gray Lane" encounter (see

Part II), which features a similar scenario, to La Rubio's story.

The meaning of the Villas Boas case is more obscure. No one has figured it out! Yet this episode does fit into a pattern of sorts. UFOs do seem to be interested in human sexuality. The aliens who kidnapped the Hills, for example, tested Betty for pregnancy while they likewise focused their attention on Barney's groin. The aliens who abducted Betty Andreasson, according to Raymond Fowler's interpretation of the case, were concerned about the woman's relatively recent hysterectomy.

There are also cases on record where UFO abductors have (deliberately?) concentrated on witnesses engaging in alternate sexual lifestyles. In 1978–79 for instance, Ann Druffel and I studied a series of related UFO abductions and close encounters reported from Southern California. Most of the close-knit group of witnesses were practicing, or experimenting with, gay lifestyles. These cases are outlined in our joint book, *The Tujunga Canyon Contacts.*

Ann Druffel became so intrigued that she eventually theorized that UFOs are basically an interdimensional and spiritual phenomenon whose purpose it is to guide our evolution. This theory is reminiscent of some of Vallee's ideas.

"The main theme which seems to run through countless UFO cases today is the same as in the days of Cro-Magnon man and the early Israelite nation," writes Mrs. Druffel. "That is, UFO entities seem interested in man's evolution and his procreative abilities. Without reproduction, nothing can evolve. UFOs seem to be looking after man's continuing evolution."

Mrs. Druffel goes on to point out "That the UFO entities are continuing their interest in our procreative abilities is undoubted. In many of the classic and best documented cases the entities seem concerned, or at least curious, about our ability to reproduce ourselves." Druffel has reached the conclusion that the basis of the Tujunga epidemic was the aliens' interest in studying the alternate lifestyles of the individuals involved.

My own reaction to the Tujunga case is somewhat different. If the UFO phenomenon is somehow a reflection of human thought and seems to echo human concerns, one might *expect* it to take on a sexual dimension. Sexual concerns can cause stress, especially to those with alternate lifestyles, due to both psychological and societal factors. The powerful emo-

tions, stresses, and traumas that we are continually experiencing over our sexual identity may cause the UFO phenomenon to reveal itself. As pointed our earlier, the abduction syndrome primarily manifests itself in victims in the throes of life crises.

Perhaps the case of Antonio Villas Boas isn't so farfetched after all.

The final case reported in this section is not an example of a true abduction, but of a "car-napping." Many instances on record report that automobiles were controlled by UFOs. And there are also cases on file, such as this one reported from Rhodesia by reporter Bill Faill, where a car was taken over and manipulated while the minds of the victims were simultaneously controlled. The curious thing about this episode is the aura of the "supernatural" that pervades it, similar to the psychic and psychological aspects found in more conventional abduction reports. The fact that the victims "saw" scenes through the window of the car of a countryside that *couldn't have existed* is a testament to the ability of UFO occupants to manipulate the human mind and allow it to perceive only that which they want it to. Hypnosis was eventually used on the primary witness, who recalled several bits of information that had been psychically imparted to him during his experience. The value of these data is suspect since the victim may well have made it up unconsciously in response to leading questions asked by the hypnotist. In fact, this case will serve as a good object lesson on how hypnosis should *not* be used during a UFO investigation.

The witness did admit that at one point he felt as if his "mind" had been lifted into the UFO. This characteristic, which will be explored further in Part III, suggests that the abduction syndrome is just as much a mental experience as it is a physical one.

KIDNAPPED!

Bill Barry

BILL BARRY is an investigative reporter who has been following the Travis Walton story since it first hit the presses. His book on the incident Ultimate Encounter, *appeared in 1977.*

It happened in Indian country, high in the rocky timberlands of the Sitgreaves National Forest, 156 miles northeast of Phoenix—a rugged, desolate pinewood mountain range of primeval beauty. This is the ancient home of the Apache and Navaho and Hopi, all steeped in misty centuries of sacred lore that tells of mysterious spirit creatures who journeyed down from the skies. They winged their way on engines of clouds that flashed. And sometimes they departed on ships of rocks, carrying away human warriors they had taken from the tribes.

Mike Rogers had a Forest Service contract to thin out 1,277 acres of scrub. His crew consisted of Travis Walton, Ken Peterson, Alan Dalis, Steve Pierce, John Goulette, and Duane Smith. Three men cut with roaring chain saws, and three followed behind, piling the debris. Rogers supervised.

On November 5, 1975, he was behind on his contract. So the crew worked until last light, about 6:00 P.M. They were bone-tired when they finally stopped and climbed into Rogers's crew-cab International truck for the ride home to Snowflake, a small Mormon settlement town thirty miles north. Rogers drove, Peterson and Walton sat beside him on the front seat, and the four others sat in the back.

They were moving slowly at about four miles per hour over the old, hump-backed logging road, joking about going swimming in Snowflakes's heated indoor pool. The night was clear and crisp; the temperature, in the mid-forties. The truck had gone only about 100 yards when Alan Dalis leaned out

from the backseat passenger window and said: "What the hell is that out there?"

Light was glowing inside the thicket of jack pines that they were passing. To Travis Walton, the glow first looked like the sunset, even though it was not seen on the western horizon. Smith thought that it might be a crashed airplane hanging in the trees. Somebody said, "Maybe it's a hunter's camp, a fire, headlights."

The truck came around a small bend. To the right was a clearing. Three slash piles (logging debris) were in the clearing, which was all lighted up. Suddenly, all the guys sitting on the right side of the truck stopped talking, and somebody blurted: "Stop the truck!"

Travis Walton had already opened his door, jumped out, and was running into the clearing. Mike Rogers cut the engine, leaned to his right to see out the window, and there it was: hovering 15 to 20 feet above one of the slash piles, about 100 feet away. It was glowing milky yellow, almost the color of hot molten iron coming out of a blast furnace. Its structure was about 20 feet in diameter, an oval, 8 feet from top to bottom, with a milky white dome on top.

It hung motionless and silent, below the tallest trees, not near the trees. During the first seconds nobody said a word. They just stared at the object, dumbstruck.

Abruptly, Mike realized that Travis was walking directly toward it. That just looked like a dangerous thing to do. So he hollered: "Hey, what the hell are you doing?" Then the others yelled: "Travis! Get the hell away from there . . . Come back from there!" Some of them heard a high-pitched beep, like the warning bell on an airliner when the captain switches on the seat-belt sign. Travis stopped at the slash pile. The object hung just over the opposite side. He stared straight up into its golden-glowing underside. It was smooth, without ports or hatches, without bolts or rivets. It looked like a hugh light bulb. It was beeping.

And then it made a louder noise. It rumbled, as if it were coming alive. And then it moved. Travis dropped to his knees, hiding behind a log sticking out of the trash pile. The rumble grew louder, like a turbine generator winding up to full power, rising in pitch. The object was spinning slowly, rocking, wobbling, gaining speed as if it were going to take off.

The guys were all screaming at Travis to come back. They could feel the rumble now. Travis glanced at the truck,

started to stand up, as if he were going to get the hell out of there. Suddenly, a beam of brilliant light blazed out; *it* blasted the whole area bluish white.

Peterson and Dalis saw the shaft of light streak out of the craft's bottom and hit Travis in the head and chest. He shot straight up, one foot off the ground, stiffened, his head thrown back, his arms and legs flung out, his whole body silhouetted in sharp light, and he was hurtled backward and banged to the ground ten feet away, just as if an explosion had gone off in front of him.

The guys were screaming at Mike: "Get the hell out of here! Get out of here!" He was already hitting the gas pedal, mashing it to the floorboards, and the truck careered down the humped road, bucking berserkly. Pierce was wailing. Dalis was trying to hide behind the front seat. The others were shouting and praying aloud. Mike was just trying to get them out of there, fleeing in a blind panic, so scared that he could hardly see, his fingers and feet numb, nausea flooding into his stomach and throat.

"Is the damn thing following us?" he screamed. All he could see in his jouncing rearview mirrors was wildly bouncing light. He was sure that the thing was right on their tail, and he was driving like a maniac to get away from it, oblivious of the way he was speeding. He couldn't even see the road. Suddenly, a huge pine tree loomed up in the headlights. He swerved the wheel, missing the tree, and the truck came to a jerking halt, straddled crossways on a bulldozed-up mound of dirt.

Nobody could see *it*. It wasn't following them. They sat frozen, wordless, catatonic. Mike was ready to take off again if he saw even a glimpse of it. Just ahead was the rim road, the way out of the forest. They had gone about a quarter of a mile.

Nothing happened; so they all climbed out of the truck. Dalis was running his mouth at 100 miles an hour, making absolutely no sense at all. Pierce was crying and wouldn't respond to any questions. They stood there in a hubbub of words, screeches, a complete hysterical turmoil, utterly confused and terrified.

Kenny Peterson had a blank look on his face. Kenny, twenty-five, and Mike, twenty-eight, were the older, surer, most respected members of the crew. Kenny finally exclaimed: "What in the hell are we doing? Do you realize that

Travis is still back there? We just ran off and left him. What in the hell happened to him?"

For the first time Mike realized what they had done. "We'll have to go back and get him," he said. But Pierce, Smith, and Goulette flatly refused to go back. Nor would they wait where they were, alone, either. They pleaded with the others to drive out to Heber and get the sheriff. Mike and Kenny said that they were going back. Travis could be hurt, or he could be lying there dead. They were going to find out, one way or the other.

As Mike got to his door, he saw a flash of light take off from the woods behind them and disappear into the black sky. He was sure that was *it,* sure that it was gone. It just lifted straight up and Pfffft! it was gone—a streak and a blur and then empty sky.

They drove back to what they thought was the spot. Many of the clearings looked the same. They drove in slowly, shining the headlights on the slash piles. Kenny had the flashlight out, shining it around. There was no sign of Travis.

"We'd better get out and look around," Mike said. They argued a little about getting out of the truck. Finally, Mike got out and the others followed. They stayed close together, searched all around the slash piles, then circled up through the woods to the ridge, searched the ridge, and then traced back again. They found no sign of Travis, no tracks, no blood, no clothing, nothing. They kept looking for about half an hour. Mike broke down. Travis was his best friend. He fell to his knees, crying.

Then they drove out of the woods, down to the nearest town, Heber, to get some help. About 7:45, Navajo County's deputy in Heber, Chuck Ellison, got their call. He summoned the sheriff, Marlin Gillespie, in Holbrook, forty miles away. Gillespie hurried over with his undersheriff, Ken Coplan.

All the witnesses told the same story. They were all upset. One was crying. *If they're lying,* Ellison thought, *they're damned good actors.* So Sheriff Gillespie decided that they'd go back and search some more with flashlights and a spotlight. But they found nothing. Near midnight Mike said: "We'd better tell his mother."

So he and Deputy Coplan drove over to her isolated ranch at Bear Springs, about eleven miles east in the woods. Mary Walton Kellett was preparing to move back to her house in Snowflake for the winter. She was alone, and when she heard the car drive up, she came to the door with a gun. Mike

looked as if he were having a nervous breakdown; she knew that something was wrong.

"Have you seen Travis?" Mike asked.

"Why no, not since I saw him in town last time I was there, a few days ago. Why? What's wrong?"

Mike told her the story. She had him repeat it again. Coplan didn't like her reaction or, rather, lack of reaction. She didn't cry, wail, scream; she showed no visible reaction at all. That looked suspicious to him.

"Let's go to town," she said. "I'll have to tell the children."

There were six children, all grown. She had raised them by herself, after her husband had run off with another woman. In order to support them, she had operated a fifteen-room boarding house and an answering service in Phoenix. Then she raised five foster children, three of them Apache sisters, until illness struck her down, leaving her partially crippled. She was part Cherokee, stoic in the face of trouble, stronger in spirit than many of the mountain men were. She was a doer, not a crier. Hysteria only got in the way of doing what needed to be done.

Her older son, Duane, was asleep in his suburban Phoenix home when the phone rang. Minutes later, he was driving hell-bent for Snowflake. It is a rugged drive: through the empty desert, into the rocky buttes, climbing ever higher into timber country, over snaky hair-curve roads with falling-rock zones on one side and straight-down mountain plunges on the other. The road finally emerges onto the high plateau named Mogollon—a frontier of vast, rolling prairie, harsh, isolated, brooding, both beautiful and forbidden. The elevation pops the ears at 6,000 feet. And on a clear night, you can see forever across the endless skies. In these skies people have watched strange and mysterious lights for years.

Named for its Mormon founders (1878), Erastus Snow and William Flake, Snowflake is a dusty *Last Picture Show* town. The town marshal is Sanford ("Sank") Flake. The resident Navajo County deputy is his brother, Glen Flake. Their families control ranches, The Emporium, The Feed Bag restaurant, and a few other holdings in a town that is only a couple of blocks long. One full square block is occupied by the Mormon Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints, which is hewn from huge slabs of coppery-tinted rock. Nearby is the town's biggest business—the Snowflake Union High School campus and stadium, home of the Lobos.

A block off Main Street is farm country: horse ranches,

cattle, pigs. There is a feed mill and a lumber mill. Some 4,000 people are spread about the surrounding countryside. The men wear cowboy hats and cowboy boots. In the evenings they drive their pickup trucks back and forth on the darkened main street. The next full towns are twenty-seven and thirty-five miles away. At night the wind whistles across the bare winter earth, chilling the graybeard grasses. Woodsmoke curls up from every chimney. And very late the baleful wail of a southbound freight echoes through the silence.

It is a lonely place.

Duane arrived before daybreak and took charge for the family. That morning Sheriff Gillespie mounted a full-scale search. During the succeeding days fifty men on foot scoured a two-mile square area; then horsemen expanded the area; four-wheel-drive jeeps were used and, finally, a helicopter. No trace of Travis Walton was found, and there was no sign that any craft had landed at the "abduction" site: there were no broken branches, no ground burns, no pod prints, no significant radiation.

Three days later word finally leaked to the outside world. One of the first outside investigators to arrive was Fred Sylvanus, director of the Arizona Regional UFO Project. The project is based in Phoenix, which is the home of a number of respected UFO experts.

Sylvanus tried to interview Mike Rogers, but Duane Walton excitedly interrupted Mike's description of the UFO: "I saw one almost identical to what they describe," Duane said. "I saw it for a period of almost thirty minutes in broad daylight, about twelve years ago at one o'clock in the afternoon, about eight miles from this location right here. And it followed me around these woods for about thirty minutes, and it was never more than 200 feet from me at any time."

Duane was six foot three inches, about 240 pounds, a boxer and a horseshoer, quick of mind and tongue. "Pushy" is what some people call him. His interruptions were beginning to irritate Sylvanus. But the investigator's alarms went off when Mike said that Travis ran right under the craft, and Duane blurted: "Travis and I discussed this many, many times at great length, and we both said that we would immediately get as directly under the object as physically possible .. . . We discussed this time and again. The opportunity would be too great to pass up, and at any cost, except that of death, we would make contact with them. And whoever happened to be left on the ground, if one of us didn't make the

grade, we'd try to convince whoever was in the craft to come back and get the other one. He performed just as we said we would, and he got directly under the object, and he's received the benefits for it."

Sylvanus, a veteran UFO investigator, smelled a rat. "Unusual" previous interest in UFOs forewarned of tainted stories. Although Sylvanus suspected a hoax, Sheriff Gillespie more and more suspected murder. There had been bad blood between some of Rogers's workers, especially between Travis and Alan Dalis. Travis could have been killed during a fight, then buried, and the entire UFO story could have been concocted to conceal the murder.

Two factors nagged his theory: he had seen possible UFOs himself; so the story was feasible, if not probable. And a conspiracy of either hoax or murder seemed unlikely for this mixed-bag crew. Both Mike Rogers and Ken Peterson were known as utterly trustworthy, straight arrows. Steve Pierce at seventeen was still a boy and not personally close to anybody in the crew. Dwayne Smith was from Phoenix and had been on the job for only three days. This was not a close, tight-knit group by any means. And their stories all remained the same.

On Monday they were given polygraph tests by Cy Gilson of the Arizona Public Safety Department. He asked each of the six witnesses four basic questions: (1) Did you cause Travis Walton any serious physical injury last Wednesday afternoon? (2) Do you know if Travis Walton was physically injured by some other member of your work crew last Wednesday? (3) Do you know if Travis Walton's body is buried or hidden somewhere in that Turkey Springs area? (4) Did you tell the truth about actually seeing a UFO last Wednesday when Travis Walton disappeared?

Gilson reported: "Each of the six men answered no to questions 1, 2, and 3. And they each answered yes to question 4. The test results were conclusive." Five of the men were telling the truth. "The polygraph examinations prove that these five men did see some object that they believe to have been a UFO, and that Travis Walton was not injured or murdered by any of these men on that Wednesday. If an actual UFO did not exist, and the UFO is a man-made hoax, five of these men had no prior knowledge of a hoax. No such determination can be made of the sixth man, whose test results were inconclusive."

The sixth man was Alan Dalis. Gilson said: "He was obviously agitated. He was belligerent. He was the only one of

the six who wouldn't cooperate. I couldn't make heads or tails of any part of his test." Unknown to Gilson, Dalis was an accused burglar and most fearful of being asked something in relation to his secret life. Months later he was convicted of armed robbery and jailed at the Arizona State Penitentiary. At this time, authorities say, he confessed to everything he had ever done in his life but stuck absolutely to his UFO story.

Meanwhile, Town Marshal Sank Flake publicly announced his opinion: "I think the whole thing is a hoax, set up by Travis and his brother, Duane, to make some money. I believe the other kids did see something, but they were hoaxed, too. What they saw was an inflated rubber raft, or something like that, all lit up and hung in the trees to look like a UFO. Travis set them up, telling them stories about UFOs; and when he had them ready, it happened."

Duane Walton said Flake was prejudiced because the Waltons were not descended from original settlers. They were a high-spirited family and had had some scrapes in town. Travis had been a wild teenager whose IQ tested out to genius in high school.

Meanwhile, Flake was heaping fuel on the fired-up rumors that the whole Walton family was obsessed with UFOs: "They talked about it all the time. His mother told me she saw them all the time. She saw a whole fleet of them flying in and out of her ranch one night. She said she just sat there on the porch and watched them." The press jumped all over the accusation. The Waltons were UFO buffs. Therefore, they reasoned, the abduction story was a hoax.

Marshal Flake did not tell the press that he had once been chased by what he thought was a UFO: "I was just a kid and working the [late] shift at the lumber mill. Just before dawn I was driving home with a friend when we saw this light rise up over the trees on the ridge behind us. It seemed to follow us, and it scared the hell out of us. We raced home to wake up our families. It followed us all the way. But it was just a star, I'm sure. I'm convinced it was just a star."

Flake explains the many UFO sightings he's heard about as "just things that happen everywhere, all the time. But they're just stars, or people are mistaken about what they are seeing. A lot of people around here believe in them, though. And that's what Duane and Travis took advantage of."

Sank Flake's brother, Deputy Sheriff Glen Flake, began as a disbeliever. Teamed with Ken Peterson, searching the ridge,

he tried to kid Ken out of the story, saying, "Come on, where'd you hide the body, heh?" But Kenny was as serious as a hen laying an egg. "He didn't want to kid about it. He was concerned, and he was definitely looking for the missing Travis." Glen became a believer. But events were about to confound his belief. Five days after the disappearance, about midnight, the phone rang in Grant and Allison (Walton) Neff's home in Taylor, three miles outside Snowflake. Grant, Travis's brother-in-law, answered. "This is Travis," a strained voice said. "I'm in the phone booth at Heber. Get Duane and come and get me."

TRAVIS WALTON'S STORY:

The slash pile stopped me from getting directly beneath it. It was glowing this yellowish-white golden color, like a hugh light bulb. . . . A sound was coming from it, not very loud, like beep-beep-beep. Then I heard Mike, or somebody, holler, "Get away from there!" And I looked around at them. When I looked back at the craft, it suddenly made a real loud noise, and it started to move, like it was coming alive, kind of an erratic spin-type movement. I jumped down behind this log, and I made up my mind right there. I was going to get the hell out of there.

I stood up, and as I turned to go, I just felt this . . . electric shot, and a blow, like I'd been hit with a baseball bat. It all happened very fast. Then I went out.

I don't know what happened after that, but when I woke up, I was lying on my back. There was a light about three feet above me. . . . I couldn't focus my eyes, and I had a lot of pain, in my head and chest mainly, but all over. I kept going in and out.

When I regained consciousness, I could hear movements around me. So I looked and saw these creatures standing there. I just came unglued, became hysterical. They were short, maybe five feet, with large, domed heads—very large, bald. They had these enormous brown eyes—oh, man, those eyes—they just stared through me. They didn't have any eyelashes, no eyebrows, and their mouths and ears and noses seemed real small, maybe just because their eyes were so huge. They were wearing loose coveralls, orangish-brown, tan.

I jumped up, screaming at them, and this thing fell off

my chest. It was like a thick plastic strap that went halfway around me. When it hit the floor, it rocked back and forth. A light came from beneath it, but there weren't any wires or tubes in it. When I jumped up, I hit this one creature on my right, pushed him back, and he fell real easy into the next one. They had this white, marshmallowy skin, and their bodies were real light-weight.

I couldn't stand up very well. I staggered back against the wall. There was a shelf on the wall, and I grabbed this clear tube from it and tried to break the end off it for something sharp to defend myself with. It was too light for a club. They started toward me, and when that tube wouldn't break, I just lashed out at them with it, screaming stuff like: "Get away from me! What are you? What's going on here?"

I was just hysterical. They stopped and kind of thrust their hands out, like they meant no or stop or something. They didn't try to attack me or anything. Then they all just turned and walked out, hurried out. Shoo! they were gone.

This room was really hot. The air was so wet and heavy I could hardly breathe. And my mind was just raging the whole time. I felt like I was burned, inside and out, and I ached all over, too, like I'd been crushed. . . .

Anyway, after a couple of minutes, I went to the door and looked down the way they had gone. It was a curved hallway that went right and left. I couldn't see anybody. They had gone right; so I went down to the left. I just took off running and went right past another door. I wanted to find a way out, but I was just hysterical. That's the one thing I had in my mind: get out of here. I was claustrophobic, frantic. But I finally got hold of myself a little and told myself to check out the next door. I ran up to it, on the right, and it was open; so I went in.

It was just a round room with nothing in it, except a metal chair sitting on one center leg in the middle of the room. It was high-backed, and I was afraid there might be someone sitting in it. So I kind of sidled along the wall, until I could get a look into the chair. And a real funny thing happened.

When I got closer to the middle of the room, it got

darker. And when I stepped back, it got lighter again. When it got darker, I could see the stars—through the walls, the ceiling, the floor. Everywhere I looked.

There was nobody in the chair. On the right armrest, there was a panel of buttons and a small, green screen with black lines across it. The left armrest had one lever on it. I wanted to find a way out of there, and across the room there were some rectangles on the wall, like they might be doorways, just cracks really. I thought if I pushed the right buttons, I could open the doors. So I punched a couple of the buttons, and nothing happened. Then I moved the lever . . . and the stars started moving all around; the lines on the screen moved. The stars stayed in their same patterns. They just moved all together, on the ceiling and through the walls.

It was upsetting. I didn't know what was going on. But I quit doing that. I was afraid I would really mess something up. I could really hurt myself. Then I heard a sound. I turned around, and there was a man standing there, near the door. He was a man just like a human being—not exactly Caucasian, but like a dark, evenly tanned Caucasian. He was big, over six feet, built heavy, and he was wearing tight-fitting blue coveralls, with a helmet over his whole head.

He motioned me over to him with his right hand, and I ran up to him, screaming stuff like: "How'd you get in here? How do I get out? What is this?" I thought he was American, just people, as far as I could tell. This helmet on his head was like a clear bubble, flattened on top, and it came down to his shoulders. There weren't any wires or hoses or anything on it. He didn't answer me; so I thought maybe he couldn't hear me.

He just kind of smiled, tolerantlike, and he took me by the arm and led me out of there. I thought, *I'll go with him, and maybe we'll get someplace where he'll take that helmet off and he can hear me.* His eyes were kind of strange, bright golden hazel.

We went down that hallway and through some empty place, kind of an air lock. I thought we were outside. The air just got cooler, fresher; it felt like out of doors. And the light was much brighter, like sunlight. I felt really relieved, out of that heat, and I could breathe again.

We were in this building, or larger craft, that had a

high curved ceiling. It was like a quarter of a cylinder on its side. The ceiling curved into one wall at one side, and there were three flat walls. There were two or three craft parked in there. They were shaped differently. They were rounded, oval, and saucer-shaped, but they didn't have any angles to them. They were smoother and shinier.

We went through that room and down the hallway to another room, smaller. There were some other people in there, two men and a woman. . . . They all looked like they were from the same family. . . . They weren't wearing helmets. Their hair was long, dirty blond.

The first man put me in a chair and went across the room and out a door without saying a word. I was talking to these others, asking them questions, but they wouldn't answer me either. They just kind of smiled at me. Their expressions hardly changed. Then the woman and one of the men took me by the arms and started to put me on a table. I was going along with it, but they wouldn't answer my questions, and I started to resist, yelling: "Hey, hang on there a second." I was getting hysterical again. They just smiled, tolerant, like I was misbehaving. They weren't mad or anything. They started to pull a mask down over my face, like an oxygen mask. I reached up to pull it off, and I went out. . . .

That's the last thing I remember till I woke up on the highway outside Heber. It was dark, and I saw one of those rounded craft hovering about four feet over the highway. I looked up just as a light went out, like a hatch closing, or just a light going out. And then it just shot straight up. I don't see how anything could move that fast without shrieking. It didn't make a sound. It was just gone.

I ran down to the phone booths at the gas station, and I called my brother-in-law because he was the only nearby one in the family with a phone.

Then I just slumped down in the booth, thinking about it. I couldn't get those eyes out of my head. They were big, glassy eyes, hardly any white in them, all brown. When they blinked, it was like shades on a window going up and down. I didn't want to look at them, and I couldn't avoid them either.

I was really tired and thirsty, but I didn't hurt so

much anymore. I just burned and ached a little bit. That's how Duane and Grant found me, stuffed down in that phone booth. They took me back to my mother's house in Snowflake. On the way somebody said something that struck me funny, something like how everybody had been worried about me. And I said something about how it had only been a couple of hours. And Duane said, "Travis, feel your face!" I had a real heavy growth of beard.

And he said, "You've been gone five days."

After stopping at his mother's house, Duane drove Travis to his own home in Glendale, a Phoenix suburb. Travis insisted on seeing a doctor. Bill Spaulding, of Ground Saucer Watch, sent them to Dr. Lester Steward, for medical help. But Steward turned out to be a hypnotherapist, not a doctor, and Duane took Travis back home.

Shortly thereafter, they received a call from Jim Lorenzen, international director of one of the most respected UFO investigating organizations, the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO). Lorenzen immediately arranged for Travis to be examined by doctors Howard Kandell and Joseph Saltz.

The medical examination determined that Travis was not suffering from any unusual physical injuries: he had allegedly lost from ten to fourteen pounds but might have received some nourishment during his disappearance. Dr. Kandell noted "a 2mm red spot in the crease of the right elbow" that could have been a puncture wound, not inconsistent with the thorn wounds with which woodcutters are normally afflicted during their work. The wound was healing and approximately one to three days old. Dr. Kandell stated: "His condition was not that of a man who had been wandering around the woods for five days, but the possibility could not be ruled out."

Late on November 11 Sheriff Gillespie questioned Walton: his story fitted exactly with the stories of the six witnesses. But Gillespie came away unconvinced. The *National Enquirer* and APRO assumed unofficial responsibility for investigating the case. The *Enquirer* paid hotel and test expenses. On November 12 Walton was placed under regressive hypnosis by Dr. James Harder, a University of California professor of hydraulic engineering and research director of APRO. Under hypnosis Walton exactly recounted his original story, with increased detail, and without the intense fear pre-

viously evidenced in him. Harder concluded that he was not lying; it was not a hoax.

On November 15 the *Enquirer* hired polygraph expert John McCarthy to test Travis. But the polygraph measures stress, not lies. And Walton was obviously suffering from intense stress already. McCarthy said that he would take that into account. His questions dealt with the UFO story and the possibility that Travis had lied to Harder and Gillespie. McCarthy reached this conclusion: "It was obvious during the examination that he was deliberately attempting to distort his respiration pattern. Based on his reactions on all charts, it is the opinion of this examiner that Walton, in concert with others, is attempting to perpetrate a UFO hoax, and that he has not been on any spacecraft."

However, Dr. Jean Rosenbaum, chairman of the Southwest Psychoanalytic Association and a court-recognized expert in the field, said the polygraph session was meaningless. Speaking for the half-dozen experts who had examined Walton at the time, he noted that "a comprehensive battery of psychiatric and medical exams was conducted on Travis Walton, and our conclusion, which was absolute, is that this young man is not lying, that there is no collusion involved. The [full test] results show he really believes these things, that he is not lying.

"He really believes he was abducted by a UFO. But my evaluation of the boy's story is that although he believes this is what happened, it was all in his own mind. I feel he suffered from a combination of imagination and amnesia [transitory psychosis]—that he did not go on a UFO, but simply was wandering around during the period of his disappearance. But I'm unable to account for five witnesses having the same story and passing lie-detector tests about it."

Subsequently, a whole new host of "hoax charges" arose concerning those tests. But by then the "facts" of the case had been mangled beyond easy redemption. Each "factual" error, distortion, misconception, falsehood, was automatically repeated in investigative reports and news stories. If the reporters had checked more carefully, they might have discovered how flawed some of this "evidence" was.

For example, "suspicious" statements allegedly made by Mary Walton Kellett "to troopers" at her ranch the night she was told Travis had disappeared were tracked back to Deputy Ken Coplan (the only "trooper" present). He denied that she had made the statements.

After laborious backtracking, Coplan was also identified as the original source for this story: before the "abduction" Travis had called a radio talk show and volunteered to be a guest. The talk-show host called him a kook. After the "abduction" Travis called again and said, "Now who's the kook?" Coplan said he did not know of any such talk show; he denied making the original statement—which, by then, had become "evidence" against Walton.

Despite Duane Walton's hyperactive statements to investigators about his UFO "pact" with Travis, a thorough investigation of the Waltons' previous UFO interest showed a normal interest, which is shared by approximately 100 million Americans.

During Mary Walton Kellett's polygraph test, she was questioned most pointedly about being a UFO buff. She denied this, and the test indicated that she answered truthfully. But the test also indicated "animosity" toward Sheriff Gillespie in that regard. "Sure," she admits. "He sat out there [at the search] and told me of two or three incidents when he had seen UFOs. Twice when he was out hunting in the woods. Once when he was escorting another car back to Holbrook. A lighted object ran the other car off the road. Later he came back, and the thing was still sitting there." (Both policemen and other witnesses confirmed hearing Gillespie tell the same stories.) "Then he turns around and calls me a UFO buff, and everybody in the press picks up on that, like we're all nuts, hallucinating or something like that.

"Gillespie's stories would have ruined him. He's got an elected job. He doesn't want to lose it by admitting that he knows there are UFOs. We have seen lights, lighted objects, and almost everyone around here has seen them. We don't discuss them much, and we don't claim to know what they are. . . . It certainly doesn't give us a reason for creating a hoax. We had no reason for that. And we sure don't have the money it would take to manufacture what all these witnesses say they saw."

The accusers charged that Travis plied the work crew with UFO stories, until they were ready to "see what he wanted them to see." But the witnesses deny this. Says John Goulette: "In the month and a half I worked on that job, it only came up once or twice. . . . Travis said that if he ever saw one out there, he'd try to communicate with it. . . . We saw what we saw, and it wasn't any story Travis had told us. It was real."

So the controversy swirls about the little town of Snowflake and its most notable (if not most respectable) citizen, Travis Walton. No one can prove that he was abducted by a UFO, nobody can prove that he was not. Officially, the police have closed the case: the Walton story is feasible but not probable. If it turns out to be a hoax, the hoaxers will be prosecuted for creating public mischief.

Walton and Rogers say that people explain the story according to their fields of expertise: the cops see it as a crime, a hoax; drug experts see it as a drug experience; the psychiatrists see it as something in the mind, probably rooted in childhood fantasies and/or deprivations (a temporary psychosis somehow shared by six witnesses). And Travis says: "The ideal UFO witness would have to be someone who was never in trouble, never saw anything mystifying before, never thought of UFOs, never spoke of them, never even heard of them at all. Maybe, just maybe, he'd be believed."

UFO ABDUCTION IN BRAZIL[1]

Coral E. Lorenzen

CORAL E. LORENZEN is a longtime veteran of the UFO scene. In 1952, with her husband, Jim, she co-founded APRO (Aerial Phenomena Research Organization), which is currently based in Tucson, Arizona. Together they have recently written two books on UFO-alien encounters, Abducted! *and* Encounters with UFO Occupants. *Both are published by Berkley Medallion Books.*

Until the morning of September 15, 1977, Antonio La Rubia did not believe in UFOs, but the 33-year-old bus driver has been forced to change his mind. He still has no idea what UFOs are or where they come from but he knows they exist because he had a terrifying encounter with some of the strangest UFO occupants ever reported.

The incident took place in Paciencia, Brazil, a small town 28 miles north of Rio de Janeiro, in a large dark football field 220 yards from the percipient's home. The episode, which Irene Granchi investigated for the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), is reported as follows:

On Thursday, September 15, at 2:00 A.M., Antonio La Rubia rose quietly so as not to disturb his sleeping wife and child, washed up and set out for the highway to catch the bus to his place of employment, the Oriental Bus Company. On his way to the highway he spotted, in a nearby field, an object, which he at first took to be a bus. But as he started walking toward it he suddenly realized he was looking at something totally outside his experience. The thing, whatever it was, was so large that it nearly covered the entire field.

Badly frightened, La Rubia took two steps backward and prepared to run. Just then an intensely bright blue light lit up

[1] First published in *Fate* magazine and reprinted here by permission.

the area: at the same moment three robotlike figures appeared near him.

La Rubia later told investigators the beings reached his shoulders (he is five feet five inches tall, the average size of the Brazilian male), so he figured they were four feet tall; however, the antennae which jutted out of the middle of their heads rose above La Rubia. Their heads were shaped like footballs and a band extended across the middle with what looked like a row of small mirrors in two shades of blue, one darker than the other.

Their bodies were stocky, their trunks broader than La Rubia's own (La Rubia is muscular but slender), and they had armlike appendages which he compared to elephants' trunks because they narrowed down to tips but were without hands or fingers. The tips of these appendages were as narrow as a normal finger, however. Their bodies were covered with a rough substance resembling scales. La Rubia thought this "covering" was actually the "skin" of the robots.

Their bodies were somewhat rounded at the bottom and culminated in a single "leg." All told, they looked so odd that the witness at first thought the beings were sitting on something although he soon realized this was not the case. The single "leg" ended in a saucer-shaped "platform." La Rubia compared this leg and platform to the stools used on ships and said their bodies seemed made of dull aluminum.

One of the robots stood in front of La Rubia, one at his side and the third at his back. He tried to escape but after the blue light came on he found he couldn't move. He flung his arms about but discovered he was a captive in what he described as an "invisible glass" or bell jar. Aside from his paralysis and an understandable uneasiness, La Rubia felt "normal."

Meanwhile the robots were floating above the ground. La Rubia noticed they were all of the same stature and appearance, the sole difference being that one of them was holding what appeared to be a hypodermic syringe. This being lifted its appendage and pointed the syringe at him, whereupon La Rubia moved with no sense of motion toward the huge object. As he approached the UFO he felt a tremor. He does not know how he got inside the object; he just suddenly found himself inside a white "aluminum" corridor. Beyond it was a transparent wall.

Two of the robots went one way, the third another. Looking back down the corridor La Rubia saw—through the

transparent wall—the field in which the object had been resting. He concluded that the craft had left the ground and was flying north.

As La Rubia was looking back and out, a bright blue light came on again. He discovered that he was in a large, circular hall. The light seemed to come from the ceiling, where it was a deep blue, and proceeded down the walls, becoming lighter and lighter until it almost blended with the aluminum color of the walls.

In this huge hall the witness saw a dozen entities on one side and another dozen or so on the other. They reminded him of children in a classroom, mainly because their single legs looked like seats.

During the entire episode so far La Rubia had been struggling and unable to speak. But as he tried to shout, his voice abruptly returned. He screamed, "What do you want? Who are you?" To his great surprise the little entities began to tumble all over the floor like tin soldiers. La Rubia assumed the sound of his voice had caused them to fall. When he shouted, the beings had all lifted their appendages to the tips of their antennae and held them. These tips resembled coffee spoons. They rotated at such great speed that only when the beings held them could La Rubia see what they looked like.

After the bright light came on again, La Rubia noticed a small, pianolike affair. A box of sorts, it measured about six inches, stood on two poles and rose to the approximate height of La Rubia's chest. Except for this contraption the room was completely empty.

On either end an antenna jutted up. Along the side of the box was a row of "keys" which reminded La Rubia of the keys on a piano. The entities took turns removing small objects that looked like syringes from hooks on their belts and placing them into a "tin can" on top of the box.

Each time one of these little instruments was put into the "tin" of the box, one of the beings pressed a key and a moving color image appeared on the wall of the chamber. Each image showed a different scene.

In the first one La Rubia lay naked on an invisible (?) table. He was swinging his arms around while one of the beings examined him with a little bluish light which emanated from a syringe and pointed at his chest. Another being was examining his head with another blue light, which had no beam. It colored everything blue.

Soon another being came over and introduced another

"slide" and another picture appeared. Each picture was "presented" by another being in this fashion.

In the second he saw himself alone, standing but still naked.

The third showed him all dressed, wearing his shoes and carrying his shopping bag, as he usually does. His teeth were chattering and he looked nervous but no sound came from his lips. One of his arms was swinging.

The fourth picture showed a horse and cart traveling over a dirt road. The area did not look familiar. A ragged peasant, barefoot and wearing a straw hat, appeared in the scene.

Fifth, he viewed himself standing by a light orange ball.

In the sixth frame the ball appeared once more but this time it was light blue in color and one of the beings stood beside it.

The seventh picture showed a big dog trying to attack one of the beings but it was unable to reach it. Looking very angry, the animal barked four or five times. At this point the being started to *melt* from top to bottom and turned into a porridgelike substance.

When La Rubia was giving the above account to Mrs. Granchi, his voice took on an even more excited and puzzled tone. He told her that at that moment in the seventh scene one of the beings with him in the hall ran forward, stood beside him and pointed one of the syringes at the dog in the picture. Suddenly the dog turned blue and started to melt exactly as the being had melted, turning finally into "porridge."

In the eighth scene La Rubia saw a "UFO factory." There were three rows of flying saucers. The UFOs in the two rows on the right were nearly ready but the row to the left was made up of flying saucers still in the skeletal stage. All three rows stretched out of sight. Everything was a stark, spotless white. There were "millions" of robots walking about but La Rubia noticed no tools.

Picture number nine showed a Japanese-like train running in Brazil. It was old and clearly worn. Except for the absence of windows, it looked just like a normal train. La Rubia saw it enter a tunnel and disappear from view.

The next scene was of an avenue like *Avenida Presidente Vargas*—one of the busiest thoroughfares in Rio—so jammed with cars that traffic had come to a standstill.

During Mrs. Granchi's interview she learned that La Rubia apparently had seen other pictures about which he was reluctant to speak. He finally told her that after the picture of

himself standing nude another had been shown. This had pictured him vomiting and defecating in his trousers.

In the course of the "picture show" one of the robots came over to the center of the hall where La Rubia was standing—it is not clear whether he was still encased in the bell jar—and took one of the syringes from its belt with its right appendage and passed it to its left appendage, whereupon the device started to rotate, spinning so rapidly that La Rubia could not follow it with his eyes. The being then pointed the apparatus at him; La Rubia's arm lifted against his will and the UFO occupant stuck the syringe into the tip of the middle finger of the percipient's right hand. La Rubia watched as the syringe filled nearly to overflowing with what seemed to be his blood. He had no idea how the blood was taken because there was no pain, nor was any mark left afterwards.

The being then pointed to the wall and drew—apparently with La Rubia's blood—three red circles intersected with an L-shaped mark.

After the busy street scene was shown La Rubia was "thrown overboard" in some fashion and fell into a street nearly opposite the Paciencia bus station. Mrs. Granchi thinks he may have been teleported to the spot, just as he seems to have been teleported into the UFO at the outset of the experience. On the ground he found himself standing next to one of the robots. He had all his belongings with him, even his bag, which had not been with him on the UFO.

After landing and noting his surroundings, La Rubia glanced at his watch which had stopped at 2:20 A.M. He turned around and found that apparently the being who had accompanied him was gone. When he looked up, he saw what appeared to be the bottom of a huge, lead-colored balloon but it was dark, with no evidence of markings or openings. It rose higher and higher into the air until he could see it no longer.

Mrs. Granchi asked La Rubia if he knew of any other witnesses. He said, yes, one person had gone around saying he had seen a UFO that night, but La Rubia doubted the man's testimony because the supposed witness was a chronic drunk.

La Rubia went into the bus station and asked a man what time it was. It turned out to be 2:55. La Rubia set his watch accordingly and 15 minutes later caught a bus and arrived at

work on time. Nervous, ill and aching all over, his vision occasionally darkening, he nonetheless drove his bus and worked all that day and the next day (Friday). But when he got home that first night, he went to bed immediately. He said nothing to his wife about what had happened.

It was later, while thinking about his illness, that La Rubia remembered another one of the pictures. It had shown him with smoke coming out of his back. The pain and heat he experienced during his illness reminded him of the image in that picture.

Friday evening his bowels were loose and he felt miserable. On Saturday he was too ill to work and missed Sunday as well.

Late Sunday the burning feeling started. His wife rubbed alcohol over him. That lessened the burning a little but it, along with the aching and the headache which he'd had for days, persisted.

On Monday morning La Rubia went to the bus company and announced he had to quit. He had difficulty breathing; his body burned and itched so badly that he stripped off his clothes and had a fellow employee hose him down with water. The men there said he "looked as green as grass." The burning feeling, he said, affected him most intensely where the light had been directed at him.

When Mrs. Granchi asked how he felt when he walked, he said he had an empty feeling, "like floating."

La Rubia was sent to the bus company infirmary where the nurse took his temperature and found it to be 42 degrees Celcius (approximately 106.6 Fahrenheit). She called the company psychiatrist, Dr. Nely Carbonnell, because La Rubia's behavior and wild talk about a UFO encounter led her to believe he was a psychiatric case.

Dr. Carbonell examined him, then called an ambulance and sent him to the infirmary. By now La Rubia was suffering a great deal and had become so irrational that he had to be restrained with ropes.

When Mrs. Granchi interviewed her on October 6, Dr. Carbonell said La Rubia had had considerable swelling about his body. He had loose bowels, was vomiting and had a rash all over his body, together with innumerable scratches which La Rubia said he had inflicted on himself when he tried to alleviate the incessant itching. She said she had felt sorry for him because he had been crying like a child.

Clearly perplexed by the whole case, she said she had given

La Rubia a psychological test and had received 20 satisfactory answers and only one unsatisfactory one, suggesting to her that despite his strange story he did not appear to be insane. She administered the Rorschach inkblot test with similar results. Dr. Carbonell called La Rubia intelligent and highly conscientious.

At that point in her investigation Mrs. Granchi had not yet met La Rubia, and Dr. Carbonell said she doubted that he could consent to an interview because he was being hounded by the press and was very distraught.

Nevertheless two days later Mrs. Granchi journeyed to Paciencia and finally located La Rubia at his in-laws' home where he had hidden himself in an effort to avoid further harassment from reporters and curiosity seekers.

Although the family was friendly, La Rubia did not want to talk with Mrs. Granchi, who he was convinced was from a newspaper. Eventually he did come out of his room and speak with her briefly, promising that when he felt better he would come to Rio and talk with her. Disappointed and afraid she would never see him again, she returned home.

On October 18, however, La Rubia kept his promise. He and his brother Arnoldo showed up at Mrs. Granchi's apartment and the interview took place.

Since then APRO's investigator has learned that other doctors at the hospital where La Rubia was taken were as perplexed as Dr. Carbonell. They listened to his story, promised further tests and indicated that they believed him. La Rubia was quite upset when they could find nothing medically wrong with him. But since then his health has improved considerably.

He still complains of a "floating" sensation—a detail Mrs. Granchi finds extremely interesting. Ten years earlier another Brazilian who reported an encounter with UFO beings said he felt he was "floating" for some time after the incident.

Still, the Paciencia case is one of those mavericks of UFO lore. The disc-shaped UFO, of course, is familiar from numerous other reports but the occupants and the interior furnishings are very different from anything previously reported. By any standards this is a strange and incredible story, even as close encounters of the fourth kind (UFO abductions) go.

What this case means is anybody's guess. It seems to represent a new clue in the continuing mystery of UFOs.

THE AMAZING CASE OF ANTONIO VILLAS BOAS

Gordon Creighton

GORDON CREIGHTON has earned a worldwide reputation as a scholar of the UFO field and has specialized in the study of occupant cases. A resident of Great Britain, his dozens of articles on widely diverse aspects of the UFO mystery have appeared primarily in the Flying Saucer Review.

The remarkable claims of A.V.B. were first published in English by *Flying Saucer Review*,[1] at almost the identical time in January, 1965, the Brazilian magazine *O Cruzeiro* brought the story of the Brazilian farmer to the attention of the Spanish speaking world (odd as it may seem, the story didn't appear in the Portuguese edition) and revealed that the initials A.V.B. stood for Antônio Villas Boas.

As our 1965 version was drawn largely from a report sent to us in 1962 by Dr. Walter Buhler of Rio de Janeiro, who had interviewed the claimant in 1961—more than three years after the alleged incident—I was interested to see whether or not the *O Cruzeiro* account included any new details. I had just completed my translation when I received, once more from Dr. Buhler, a complete thirteen-page photostat of a remarkable document in Portuguese. This consisted of full typewritten transcripts of the original declaration made by Antônio Villas Boas before Dr. Olavo Fontes M.D., and Senhor João Martins, and of Dr. Fontes' official signed report on his medical examination of Antônio.

[1] In October 1964, when Part I of *The Most Amazing Case of All* was being written, the witness was known to us only as 'A.V.B.,' his full name having not been divulged. The Editor suggested that to help the story 'flow' we should give the mysterious A.V.B. a normal Portuguese name. That is how A.V.B. came to be known as 'Adhemar'.

These two documents are dated February 22, 1958, that is to say only a few weeks after Antônio's alleged encounter with the strange people who kidnapped him one night, and carried him aboard their craft for an extraordinary purpose—an act of procreation between beings of different worlds. I saw at once that the articles in *O Cruzeiro* had proved to contain extracts from the same documents, and we can therefore disregard them.

Next, to my great surprise, I received a letter dated April 25, 1966, from Dr. Fontes himself, and enclosed with it was a translation of the whole of the Declaration, and of the Medical Report, made by Mrs. Irene Granchi.

Although Mrs. Granchi's translation is excellent in many respects, one or two passages are omitted, probably for the sake of modesty. However, the translation which I have prepared from the documents sent to me by Dr. Buhler is complete, and I offer no apologies to anybody for giving a translation of every word of Antônio's story, and of Dr. Olavo Fontes's report, for if this "most amazing case" is true, then it is of the utmost importance and must be set down in full for all who want to know the facts.

The declaration and medical report are preceded by Dr. Olavo Fontes' covering letter of April 25 to me:

"Dear Mr. Creighton,

"In a recent trip to the U.S.A. I had the opportunity to see a number of the *Flying Saucer Review*, with your article 'The Most Amazing Case of All—Part I.'

"I was very interested, because I am one of the three persons in Brazil possessing the complete report on that incident. In fact I made a personal investigation of the whole affair, together with the newspaperman João Martins, who was the man fiirst contacted by the witness, Antônio Villas Boas.

"Antônio Villas Boas wrote two letters to João Martins[2] shortly after the incident had occurred, and we finally decided to send him the money for the trip to Rio de Janeiro.

"He arrived here about four months after the happenings, with everything still fresh in his memory. He was subjected to an exhaustive cross-examination and interrogation and also to a medical examination including psychological tests.

[2] By 1957 many people throughout Brazil had heard of João Martins, and had seen his articles on UFOs in magazines and newspapers.

"We decided not to publish the results of our investigation because the case was too 'wild,' and also because of the possibility of another similar case occurring which could be compared with this one—a comparison that would have been most interesting if the first case were not generally known.

"But no second case appeared[3] and now, eight years later, you have finally published the results of the investigation made by the Sociedade Brasileira de Estudos Sôbre Discos Voadores.

"Unfortunately, their report is not complete—not because of any failure in their investigation, but due simply to the fact that their interview with Villas Boas took place nearly four years after the incident. Obviously his recollection of the events wasn't as good as it was when we first interviewed him. There was a loss of detail, and he didn't remember many things that could be important for the evaluation of his experience.

"To correct this situation, I enclose herewith the complete report about his amazing experience. I would like to see it published in the *Review*, together with any comments or conclusions you would like to make on the whole case.

"Concerning his medical history, the symptoms described suggest radiation-poisoning or exposure to radiation, but unfortunately he came to me too late for the blood examinations that could have confirmed such a possibility beyond any doubt. I was then without the additional evidence necessary for making such a diagnosis, and decided not to talk about it.

Sincerely yours,
Olavo T. Fontes, M.D.
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
April 25, 1966."

As I hope I have made clear long ago, Antônio Villas Boas is no sophisticated urban type. A handsome brown-skinned man, to judge by the photographs of him which I have, he is evidently a Caboclo (a man of partly Portuguese and partly

[8] Let us not be too sure that no further case has yet appeared! There are features in the Valensole affair which have not yet been clarified, and it is a fact that one of the symptoms suffered by the French farmer was identical with one of those experienced by the Brazilian farmer, Antônio (overwhelming sleepiness).

Amerindian ancestry). He has had very little education, as the medical report confirms, and is quite a typical small farmer of the vast Brazilian interior. That Dr. Fontes and Senhor Martins should have found him so highly intelligent does not surprise me, for I have had plenty of contact with such farmers in my own travels in Brazil, and I know that everything in the account of this man sounds authentic, insofar as his own background is concerned.

That there should be some variations (but remarkably few and certainly not important) in two tellings of this story separated by an interval of more than 3½ years is surely no ground for surprise. In fact they are just the sort of discrepancies which we could expect to creep in if Antônio's experiences were genuine. What *would* have looked highly suspicious would have been the discovery that there were no discrepancies at all!

And now, to cap it all, comes the fact that as Dr. Fontes says in his covering letter to me, the symptoms of the illness suffered by Antônio after his cosmic dallyings very strongly suggest radiation-sickness.

It seems therefore that the lady in the case was "hot-stuff"—and in more than one sense of the term. So, if anybody still wants to prove that Antônio invented the whole story, it looks as though they are going to have to show us precisely how this simple half-breed farmer from the great Brazilian out-back managed to get himself radioactive.

There is also another item of interest that I can include here. In his declaration, it will be seen that Antônio says he had endeavored to memorize something of the appearance of the strange writing which stood in vivid red light over one of the doors inside the visitors' craft, and that he had already sent Senhor João Martins his sketched attempt to show what the writing looked like, but that now, on February 22, 1958, he no longer recalled it very well. There is consequently no portrayal of this inscription in the declaration now received, but here again we are most fortunate in the multiplicity of our contacts, for it so happens that last year Dr. Buhler sent me a copy of the writing and I therefore append it at the end of Antônio's declaration. We do not yet know how Dr. Buhler got this sketch; and whether it is a reproduction of the original one given by Antônio to João Martins, or based on a rendering given on some other occasion, but no doubt we shall learn these details in due course.

Deposition by Antônio Villas Boas

This deposition[4] was given in Dr. Fontes' consulting room on the afternoon of February 22, 1958, in the presence of a witness, the journalist João Martins.

"My name is Antônio Villas Boas. I am 23 years old and a farmer by profession. I live with my family on a farm which we own, near the town of Francisco de Sales, in the state of Minas Gerais, close to the border with the state of São Paulo.

"I have two brothers and three sisters, all of whom live in the same neighborhood (there were two more, but they have died). I am the youngest son but one. We men all work on the farm, where we have many fields and plantations under cultivation; we also own a petrol-driven tractor ('International') for ploughing. When the time comes round for cultivation we work the tractor in two shifts; during the day the work is done by two laborers whom we hire for the job. At night it is usually I who do it, working alone (so then I sleep during the day), or at times I work with one of my brothers. I am single, and in good health.

"I work hard, and I am also taking a correspondence course, studying whenever I can. It was a sacrifice for me to come to Rio, for I should not have left the farm where I am badly needed. But I felt it was my duty to come here and relate the strange happenings in which I have been involved,

[4] A man to whom I recently read out part of my translation of Antônio's story remarked that it sounded altogether too "literary" and too technical for a statement by a Brazilian farmer of the Interior. On analyzing his objections, it dawned on me that this was not at all due to my translation, which is a very close one, but simply to the fact that Portuguese is a *Latin* language. It is a fact that quite frequently in English we have a Saxon word and a Latin word for the same concept, and that of the two the Latin one is more "literary." This is natural, given the Germanic basis of our language. Seen from this angle, it often happens that the languages of the Latin family strike Anglo-Saxon hearers as unnaturally "literary." But in fact the vocabulary of Antônio is entirely right and in keeping with what one would expect in a man in his position in life. Although he has only had primary school education, Antônio belongs entirely to the white, European civilization of Brazil. From his photograph it is obvious that he is a "Caboclo" and has some Indian blood in his veins, like so many Brazilians. But his pattern of thinking and cultural background are totally European.

and I am ready to comply with whatever you gentlemen may deem best, including making a declaration before the civil or military authorities. I would however like to return home as speedily as possible, for I am very worried about the situation in which I left the farm.

"It all began on the night of October 5, 1957. There had been a party there at our house and we had gone to bed later than usual, at 11 o'clock. I was in my room with my brother João Villas Boas. Because of the heat, I decided to open the shutters of the window, which looked out on to the yard of the farm. Then I saw, right in the middle of the yard, a silvery fluorescent reflection, brighter than moonlight, lighting up the whole ground. It was a very white light, and I don't know where it came from. It was as though it came from high up above, like the light of a car head-lamp shining downwards spreading its light all around. But in the sky there was nothing to be seen from which the light could be coming. I decided to call my brother, and showed it to him, but he is a very unbelieving person, and said it was better that we go to sleep. Then I closed the shutters, and we both lay down to sleep. But some time later, being unable to overcome my curiosity, I opened the shutters again. The light was still there, in the same place. I continued to watch. Then, suddenly, it started to move slowly towards my window. Quickly I closed the shutters—so quickly indeed that it made a loud noise and awoke my brother who was already asleep. Together in the darkness of our room we watched the light penetrating through the little slats of the shutters and then moving towards the roof and shining down between the tiles.[5] There it finally went out, and did not return.

"The second episode occurred on the night of October 14. It must have been between 9:30 and 10 p.m., though I cannot guarantee this as I had no watch on me. I was working the tractor, ploughing a field, along with my other brother. Suddenly we saw a very bright light—so bright that it hurt the eyes—stationary at the northern end of the field. When we saw it, it was already there and was big and round, ap-

[5] For the benefit of British or other readers who may find it peculiar that the light should have penetrated the roof in this way, I should explain that in Brazil (as in many other hot countries) rural houses never have "ceilings." For better ventilation, the space is open right up from floor to roof, and indeed it very frequently happens in Brazil that thieves make their entry by stripping off a few tiles and jumping down into the house.

proximately the size of a cart wheel. It seemed to be at a height of about 100 meters and was of a light red color, illuminating a large area of the ground. There must have been some object inside the light, but I cannot positively affirm this, since the light was much too strong for me to be able to see anything else. I called to my brother to go over there with me and see what it was. He did not want to, so I went alone. When I got near the thing, it suddenly moved and, with enormous speed, shifted to the southern end of the field, where it stopped again. I went after it again, and the same maneuver was repeated; this time it went back to where it had been at the start. I went on trying, and the same maneuver was repeated twenty times. By then I was tired, so I stopped following it and went back and joined my brother. The light remained stationary in the distance for a few minutes longer. From time to time it seemed to give out rays in all directions, with flashes like the setting sun. Then the light suddenly vanished, just as though it had been turned out. I am not certain if this is what actually happened, for I cannot recall whether I kept looking in that direction all the time. I may have looked away in another direction for a few moments, and it may have climbed rapidly and disappeared before I looked over there again.

"On the following day, which was October 15, I was alone, ploughing with the tractor at the same place. It was a cold night and the sky very clear, with many stars. At precisely 1 o'clock a.m., I suddenly saw a red star in the sky. It really looked like one of those big, brightly shining stars. But it wasn't, as I soon discovered, for it rapidly began to grow larger, as though coming in my direction. In a few moments it had grown into a very luminous, egg-shaped object, flying towards me at a terrific speed. It was moving so fast that it was above the tractor before I had time to think what I should do. There this object then suddenly halted and it descended till it was perhaps 50 meters or so above my head, lighting up the tractor and all the ground around, as though it were daylight, with a pale red glare so powerful that my tractor lights, which were on, were completely swamped by it.

"I was terrified, for I had no idea what it was. I thought of making my escape on the tractor but I saw that with the low speed it could develop my chances of success would be slight, given the high speed shown by the object which meanwhile was still stationary there in the air. I also thought of jumping down and escaping on foot. But the soft earth,

turned up by the plough-blades, would have been a difficult obstacle in the dark. It would have been difficult for me to run with my legs sinking knee-deep into that treacherous soil, and if I put a foot in a hole I might even break a leg. For perhaps about two minutes I remained in this agonized state, not knowing what to do. But then the luminous object moved forward, and stopped again at a distance of some 10 or 15 meters in front of the tractor. Then it began to drop towards the ground very slowly. It came nearer and nearer, and I was able now to see for the first time that it was a strange machine, rather rounded in shape, and surrounded by little purplish lights, and with an enormous red headlight in front from which all the light had been coming that I had seen when it was higher up in the sky, and that had prevented me from making out any other details.

"I could see the shape of the machine clearly, which was like a large elongated egg with three metal spurs in front (one in the middle and one on each side). They were three metal shafts, thick at the bases and pointed at the tips. I could not distinguish their color, for they were enveloped by a powerful reddish phosphorescence (or fluorescent light, like that of a luminous sign) of the same shade as the front headlight. On the upper part of the machine there was something which was revolving at great speed and also giving off a powerful fluorescent reddish light. At the moment when the machine reduced speed to land, this light changed to a greenish color, which corresponded—such was my impression—to a diminution in the speed of rotation of that revolving part, which at this point seemed to be taking on the shape of a round dish or a flattened cupola. (The shape of it could not be made out before.) I cannot say whether this was the actual shape of that revolving part on top of the machine, or whether this was simply the impression given by its movement, for at no moment did it ever stop moving, not even later, when the craft was on the ground.

"Naturally the majority of the details that I am describing now were only observed by me later. In that first moment, I was too nervous and agitated to see much. So much so, that, when I saw three metal supports (forming a tripod) emerge beneath the machine when it was at only a few meters from the ground, I totally lost the little self-control that I had left. Those metal legs were obviously meant to take the weight of the craft when it touched the ground on landing. I did not manage to see this actually happen, for I started up the trac-

tor (its engine had still been running all this time)[6] and shifted it round to one side, trying to open out a route of escape. But I had only traveled a few meters when the engine suddenly died and, simultaneously, the tractor lights went out. I am unable to explain how this happened, for the starting key was in and the lights were on. I tried to get the engine to start again, but the starter was isolated and gave no sign of life. Then I opened the tractor door on the opposite side from where the machine was, and jumped down to the ground and started to run. But it seems I had lost precious time trying to get the tractor started, for I had only run a few steps when somebody grabbed one of my arms.

"My pursuer was a short individual (reaching to my shoulder) and dressed in strange clothing. In my desperation I swung round sharply and gave him a hefty push which threw him off balance. This forced him to let go of me and he fell on his back to the ground about 2 meters away from me. I tried to use the advantage gained to continue my flight, but I was promptly attacked simultaneously by three other individuals from the sides and the rear. They grabbed me by the arms and legs and lifted me off the ground, thus robbing me of any possibility of defense. I could only struggle and twist, but their grip on me was firm and they did not let go. I started to yell loudly for help, and to curse them, demanding to be released. I noticed that as they were dragging me towards the machine my speech seemed to arouse their surprise or curiosity, for they stopped and peered attentively at my face every time I spoke, though without loosening their firm grip on me. This relieved me a little as to their intentions, but I still did not stop struggling.

"In this manner they carried me towards their machine, which was standing at a height of about 2 meters above the ground, on the three metal supports which I have already mentioned. There was an open door in the rear half of the craft. This door opened out from top to bottom, forming as it were a bridge, at the end of which a metal ladder was fixed, made of the same silvery metal that was on the walls of the machine. This ladder was unrolled to the ground. I was hoisted up on to it, a job that was not easy for them. The ladder was narrow, hardly giving enough room for two persons side by side. Furthermore, it was movable and flexible, swinging from side to side with my efforts to free myself. There was

[6] See Appendix A for comment by Dr. Olavo Fontes.

also a round metal rail on each side of the ladder, of perhaps the thickness of a broomstick, for aid in mounting. I grabbed on to it several times, trying to stop them from hauling me up, and this made them keep stopping in order to unclasp my hands. This rail was flexible too (I had the impression later, when coming down the ladder, that the rail was not of one piece but made of small pieces of metal linked together).

"Once inside the machine, I saw that we had entered a small square room. Its polished metal walls glittered with the reflections of the fluorescent light coming from the metal ceiling and given off by lots of small square lamps set in the metal of the ceiling and running all round the edge of it, near the tops of the walls. I could not count how many of these lamps there were, for they now lowered my feet to the floor, and the outer door came up and closed, with the ladder rolled up and fastened to it. The lighting was so good that it seemed like daylight. But, even in that fluorescent white light, it was impossible to make out any longer where the outer door had been, for in closing, it seemed to have turned into part of the wall. I could only tell where it had been because of the metal ladder attached to the wall. I was unable to observe further details because one of the men—they were five in all—signed to me with his hand to go towards another room that could be glimpsed through an open door on the side opposite to the outer entrance. I do not know whether this second door was already open when I entered the craft, for I had not looked in that direction till then. I decided to obey him, for the men were still holding me tightly and I was now shut in there with them and had no other choice.

"We left the little room, in which I saw no furniture or instruments, and entered a much larger one, semi-oval in shape, and in the same manner as the other compartment and with the same silvery polished metal walls. I believe that this room was in the center of the machine for, in the middle of the room, there was a metal column running from ceiling to floor, wide at the top and bottom and quite a bit narrower in the middle. It was round and seemed solid. I do not believe it was there only for decoration; it must have served to support the weight of the ceiling. The only furniture that I could see was a strangely shaped table that stood on one side of the room, surrounded by several backless swivel-chairs (like the round stools used in bars). They were all made of the same white metal. The table and also the stools all tapered off, down below, into one single leg which—in the case of the

table—was fixed to the floor, or linked to a movable ring held fast by three supports that stuck out on each side and were set into the floor (this latter was the case with the stools, permitting those who sat on them to turn in any direction).

"For what seemed an interminable period I remained standing in that room, still gripped by the arms (by two men), while those strange people watched me and talked about me. I say 'talked' only as a way of putting it, for in truth what I was hearing bore no resemblance whatever to human speech. It was a series of barks, slightly resembling the sounds made by a dog. This resemblance was very slight, but it is the only one I can give in an attempt to describe those sounds which were so totally different from anything that I have ever heard till now. They were slow barks and yelps, neither very clear nor very hoarse, some longer, some shorter, at times containing several different sounds all at once, and at other times ending in a quaver. But they were simply sounds, animal barks, and nothing could be distinguished that could be taken as the sound of a syllable or a word in a foreign language. Not a thing! To me it all sounded alike, so that I am unable to retain a word of it. I can't explain how it is that those folk could understand each other in that way. I still shudder when I think of those sounds. I can't reproduce them for you gentlemen to hear . . . my voice just isn't made for that.

"When the barking stopped, it seemed that they had settled everything, for they grabbed me again—the five of them—and started forcibly undressing me. Again we struggled. I resisting and trying to make it as hard as possible for them. I protested and yelled and swore. They obviously could not understand me, but stopped and looked at me as though trying to make me understand that they were polite people. Besides, although using force, they never at any moment hurt me badly, and they did not even tear my clothes—except perhaps my shirt (which was already torn before), so that I cannot be certain on that point.

"Finally they had me totally naked, and I was again worried to death, not knowing what would happen next. Then one of the men approached me with something in his hand. It seemed to be a sort of wet sponge, and with it he began to spread a liquid all over my skin. It could not have been one of those rubber sponges, for it was far softer. The liquid was as clear as water, but quite thick, and without smell. I

thought it was some sort of oil, but was wrong, for my skin did not become greasy or oily. They spread this liquid all over my body. I was cold, for the night temperature (outside) was already cold, and it was markedly colder still inside those two rooms in the machine. When they undressed me I began to shiver, and now there was this liquid to make matters worse. But it seems that it dried quickly, and in the end I did not feel much difference.

"I was then led by three of the men towards a closed door that was on the side opposite to where we had come in. Making signs with their hands that I should accompany them, and barking to each other from time to time, they moved in that direction with me in the middle. The man in front pushed something in the middle of the door (I couldn't see what it was, maybe a handle or a button which made it open inwards, in two halves, like a barroom door). When closed, this door ran from the ceiling to the floor, and, on the top part of it, bore a sort of luminous inscription—or something similar—traced out in red symbols which, owing to an effect of the light, seemed to stand out about 2 inches in front of the metal of the door. This inscription was the only thing of its kind that I saw in the machine. The signs were scrawls completely different from what we know as lettering. I tried to memorize their shapes, and that was what I sketched down in the letter that I sent to Senhor João Martins. At the present time I no longer remember how they looked.

"But, returning to the events, the door in question led into a smaller room, squarish, and lit in the same way as the others. After we had entered (I and two of the men) the door closed again behind us. I glanced back then, and saw something that I didn't know how to explain. There was no door at all there any more. All that could be seen was a wall like the other walls. I do not know how that was done. Unless, when the door closed, some sort of screen came down that hid it from view. I could not understand it. What is certain is that shortly afterwards the wall opened, and it was a door again; I saw no screen.

"This time two more men came in carrying in their hands two pretty thick red rubber tubes each over a meter long. I cannot say whether there was anything inside them, but I do know that they were hollow. One of these tubes was fixed at one of its end to a chalice-shaped glass flask. The other end of the tube had a nozzle, shaped like a cupping glass which was applied to the skin of my chin, here, where you can see

this dark mark which has remained as a scar. Before that, however, the man who was doing the job squeezed the tube with his hands, as though driving the air out of it. I felt no pain or prickling at the time—merely the sensation that my skin was being sucked in or drawn in. But later the spot began to burn and itch (and subsequently I discovered that the skin had been torn and grazed). The rubber tube having been applied to me, I saw my blood slowly entering the chalice, till it was half full. Then the thing was stopped and the tube withdrawn, and replaced by the other tube which was in reserve. Then I was bled once again on the chin, from this other side, here where you gentlemen can see this other dark mark like the first on. This time the chalice was filled to the brim and then the cupping glass was withdrawn. The skin was grazed at this place too, burning and itching just as on the other side. Then the men went out, the door closed behind them, and I was left alone.

"I was left there for a long time, perhaps over half an hour. The room was empty, except only for a large couch in the middle of it—a sort of bed maybe, but without headboard or rim, and a bit uncomfortable for lying on, being very high in the middle, where there was quite a hump. But it was soft, as though made of foam rubber, and was covered with a thick gray material, also soft.

"I sat down on it, as I was tired after such a struggle and so much emotion. It was then that I noticed a strange smell and began to feel sick. It was as though I was breathing a thick smoke that was suffocating me, and it gave the effect of painted cloth burning. Perhaps that is what it really was, for examining the walls, I now noticed for the first time the existence of a number of small metallic tubes sticking out on a level with my head, with closed ends but pricked full of holes (as in a shower bath), from which was coming a gray smoke that dissolved in the air. This smoke was the cause of the smell. I cannot say whether the smoke was already coming out when the men were taking the blood from me in the other room, as I had not noticed it before. Perhaps, with the door being opened and closed, the air had been circulating better in there and so gave me no reason to notice anything. But now, at any rate, I did not feel well and the nausea increased so much that I ended up by vomiting. When the desire to do so came upon me, I ran over to a corner of the room, where I was violently sick and brought up everything. After that, the difficulty in breathing left me, but I was still

rather nauseated from the smell of that smoke. After that I was very dispirited, waiting there for something to happen.

"I must explain that, up to this time I still had not the slightest idea of the physical appearance or the features of those strange men. All five were dressed in very tight-fitting overalls made of a thick but soft cloth, gray in color, with black bands here and there. This garment went right up to the neck, where it joined a sort of helmet made of a material (I don't know what it was) of the same color, which seemed stiffer and was reinforced at the back and in front by strips of thin metal, one of them being triangular and on a level with the nose. These helmets hid everything, leaving visible only the eyes of the people—through two round windows similar to the lenses used in spectacles. Through these windows the men gazed at me with their eyes, which appeared quite a bit smaller than ours—but I think this was an effect produced by the windows. They all had light-colored eyes, which appeared to me to be blue, but I cannot guarantee this. Above the eyes, the height of their helmets must have corresponded to double the size of a normal head. It is probable that there was something else as well in the helmets, on top of the heads, but nothing could be seen from the outside. But on the top, from the center of the head, three round silvery tubes emerged (I cannot say whether they were made of rubber or were metallic) which were a little thinner than a garden hosepipe. These tubes, one in the center and one on each side, were smooth and they ran backwards and downwards, curving in towards the ribs. There they entered the clothing, into which they were fitting in a way that I don't know how to explain. The one in the center entered on the line of the spine. The other two were fixed in, one on each side, below the shoulders, at a point about 4 inches below the armpits—almost at the sides, where the ribs start. I noticed nothing, no protuberance or lump that would indicate that these tubes were connected to some box or instrument hidden under the clothing.[7]

[7] This statement gave rise to a question from me. I told Villas Boas that I did not understand how the members of the crew could breathe the whole time inside those closed uniforms and helmets, since they apparently had no portable tanks, like those of divers and deep-sea swimmers, to supply the air necessary for them to be able to breathe inside that closed system. He replied: "I had not thought of that. I don't know how to explain it. I

"The sleeves of the overalls were long and tight-fitting, running as far as the wrists, where they were continued by thick gloves of the same color, with five fingers, which must have hindered somewhat their hand movements. I observed in this connection that the men could not bend the fingers completely to the extent of touching their palms with the tips of their fingers. This difficulty however did not prevent them from gripping me firmly, nor from deftly handling the rubber tubes for extracting my blood.

"The clothing must have been a sort of uniform, for all the members of the crew wore, at breast level, a sort of round red shield of the size of a slice of pineapple, which from time to time gave off luminous reflections. There were no lights from the shields themselves, but reflections like those of the pieces of red glass that are above the rear lights of automobiles, which reflect the headlights of another car just as though they contained lights themselves. From this shield on the center of the breast came a strip of silvery cloth (or laminated metal) which joined on to a broad tight-fitting claspless belt, the color of which I do not remember. No pockets were visible on any of the overalls, nor did I see any buttons.

"The trousers were also tight-fitting over the seat, thighs, and legs, without any visible wrinkle or crease in the cloth. There was no clear separation of the ankle, between trousers and shoes, which were a continuation of each other, being part of one whole.[8] The soles of the feet however had a detail different from ours. They were very thick, 2 or 3 inches thick, and quite turned up (or arched up) in front—so that the ends of the shoes, which looked like tennis shoes, were quite curved up in front—but without ending in a point like the shoes in the history books of olden times. From what I saw afterwards, those shoes must have been a lot bigger than the feet inside them. Despite this, the men's gait was quite

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noticed nothing, no protuberance or bulge that might indicate that those tubes were linked to some box or instrument hidden under the clothing."—O. T. Fontes.

[8] This description of the uniform was made during a comparison with the clothing of Adamski's "Venusian." The principal differences pointed out by Villas Boas were in the tight-fitting clothing, clinging to the body, chiefly the trousers (which in Adamski's sketch are loose, with quite a lot of superfluous cloth); in the shape and thickness of the soles of the shoes; and in the absence of a clear separation between the trousers and the shoe, which were a continuation of each other—O. T. Fontes.

free and easy and they were quite nimble in their movements. Nevertheless that completely closed overall no doubt did perhaps interfere somewhat in their movement for they were always a bit stiff in their walk.

"They were all of the same height as myself (perhaps a bit shorter in view of the helmets)—except for just one of them, namely the one who had first caught hold of me outside. This one didn't come up to my chin. They all seemed to be strong, but not so strong that I should have been afraid of being beaten by them had I fought them one at a time. I think that in the open I could have faced any one of them on equal terms.

"But this had no bearing on the situation in which I now found myself . . .

"After an immense interval, a noise at the door made me jump up with a start. I turned in that direction and had a tremendous surprise. The door was open and a *woman* was entering, walking in my direction. She came slowly, unhurriedly, perhaps amused at the surprise that must have been written on my face. I was flabbergasted, and not without good reason. The woman was stark naked, as naked as I was, and barefoot too.

"Moreover she was beautiful, though of a different type from the women I had known. Her hair was fair, almost white (like hair bleached with peroxide), smooth, not very abundant, reaching to half way down her neck and with the ends curling inwards; and parted in the center. Her eyes were large and blue, more elongated than round, being slanted outwards (like the slit eyes of those girls who make themselves up fancifully to look like Arabian princesses; that is how they were, with the difference that here the thing was natural for there was no makeup whatever). Her nose was straight, without being pointed, nor turned up, nor too big. What was different was the contour of her face, for the cheekbones were very high, making the face very wide (much wider than in the South American Indian woman). But then, immediately below, the face narrowed very sharply, terminating in a pointed chin. This feature gave the lower half of her face a quite triangular shape. Her lips were very thin, hardly visible. Her ears (which I saw later) were small and appeared no different from those of the women I know. The high cheeks gave the impression that there was a projecting bone underneath, but as I saw later, they were soft and fleshy to the touch, and there was no sensation of bone.

"Her body was much more beautiful than that of any woman I have ever known before. It was slim, with high and well-separated breasts, thin waist and small stomach, wide hips and large thighs. Her feet were small, her hands long and narrow, and her fingers and nails were normal. She was quite a lot shorter than I, her head reaching up to my shoulder.[9]

"This woman came towards me silently, looking at me with the expression of someone wanting something, and she embraced me suddenly and began to rub her head from side to side against my face. At the same time I felt her body all glued to mine and also making movements. Her skin was white (like that of the blonde women here)[10] and, on the arms, was covered with freckles. I smelt no perfume on her skin or her hair, apart from the feminine odor.

"The door was closed again. Alone there, with that woman embracing me and giving me clearly to understand what she

[9] Had the woman been wearing a helmet, her height would, according to Villas Boas, have been a little more, coming up to his chin. Taking this as his basis and allowing for the fact that four members of the crew were (in helmets) the same height as himself, he declared that he had no doubt whatever that this woman and the crew member who seized hold of him first were one and the same person. The height of Villas Boas is 1.64 (5 feet 4 inches) with his shoes on (measurement made in my consulting room). Then, according to his remarks about the thickness of the soles of their shoes and the increased height due to the helmets, and making the necessary deductions for these factors, the real height of each crew member of the male sex must have been 1.55 m (5 feet 1 inch) or slightly less. The woman being much smaller, the calculations give a height of 1.35 m (4 feet 5 inches) for her.

The statement that the woman came up to his shoulder would —in the opinion of João Martins—have made it impossible for her to have rubbed her head against his face as Villas Boas said she did. This, in the opinion of João Martins, was the second contradiction to be pointed out in Villas Boas' Declaration. I do not hold the same opinion. I think that if the woman stood on tip-toe, she could easily have carried out the maneuver described. —O. T. Fontes.

[10] Although, as his photographs show, Antônio Villas Boas is a handsome brown young man of partly Portuguese and partly Amerindian ancestry like very many Brazilians, there is a large purely European element (much of it German), particularly in the southern states not far from Antônio's home, so that he will have seen plenty of Brazilian blondes—G. C.

wanted, I began to get excited. . . . This seems incredible in the situation in which I found myself. I think that the liquid that they had rubbed on to my skin was the cause of this. They must have done it purposely. All I know is that I became uncontrollably excited, sexually, a thing that had never happened to me before. I ended up by forgetting everything, and I caught hold of the woman, responded to her caresses with other and greater caresses . . . It was a normal act, and she behaved just as any woman would, as she did yet again, after more caresses. Finally, she was tired and breathing rapidly. I was still keen, but she was now refusing, trying to escape, to avoid me, to finish with it all. When I noticed this, I cooled off too. That was what they wanted of me—a good stallion to improve their own stock. In the final count that was all it was. I was angry, but then I resolved to pay no importance to it. For anyway, I had spent some agreeable moments. Obviously I would not exchange our women for her, I like a woman with whom you can talk and converse and make yourself understood, which wasn't the case here. Furthermore, some of the grunts that I heard coming from that woman's mouth at certain moments nearly spoilt everything, giving the disagreeable impression that I was with an animal.

"One thing that I noticed was that she never kissed me even once. At a certain moment I recall that she opened her mouth as though she were going to do so, but it ended up with a gentle bite on my chin, which shows that it was not a kiss.

"Another thing that I noted was that her hair in the armpits and in another place was very red, almost the color of blood. Shortly after we had separated, the door opened. One of the men appeared on the threshold and called the woman. Then she went out. But, before going out, she turned to me, pointed at her belly[11] and then pointed towards me and with

[11] This gesture was, from what Villas Boas said, perhaps the principal cause of the fear in which he had been living ever since October 1957, expecting the return of the strange woman at any minute to capture him for good. Obviously such is not the most logical explanation at all for the gesture in question. This was what we pointed out to Villas Boas, and we suggested to him that her mimed language probably had this meaning "I am going to bear our child, yours and mine, there on my home planet." He agreed that this interpretation did indeed seem better than his own—O. T. Fontes.

a smile (or something like it), she finally pointed towards the sky—I think it was in the direction of the south. Then she went out . . . I interpreted this gesture as a warning that she was going to return to take me away with her to wherever she lived. Because of this, I am still frightened even today. If they come back to catch me again, then I'm lost. I don't want to be parted from my own folk and my land, not on any account.

"Then the man entered, with my clothes over his arm. He gestured to me to get dressed, and I obeyed in silence. All my things were there in my pockets except for the one item that was missing—my 'Homero' brand lighter. I don't know whether it was taken by them or fell out during the struggle when I was captured. For that reason, I didn't even try to protest.

"We then went out and returned to the other room. Three of the crew of the machine were sitting there in those swivel chairs, conversing (or, rather, grunting) among themselves. The one who was with me went over to join them, leaving me in the middle of the room near the table of which I spoke earlier.

"I was now completely calm, as I knew they would not do me any harm. While they settled their affairs, I tried to pass the time in observing and fixing in my memory all details of everything that I could see (walls, furniture, uniforms, etc.). At a given moment I noticed that, on the table, near the men, there was a square box with a glass lid on it, protecting a dial like the dial of an alarm clock. There was a hand there on it and a black mark at the place corresponding to 6 o'clock. There were similar marks at the points corresponding to 9 o'clock and 3 o'clock. At the place corresponding to 12 o'clock it was different; there were four little black marks there in a row, side by side. I don't know how to explain their meaning, but that's how they were there.

"At first I thought the instrument was a kind of clock, because one of the men glanced at it from time to time. But I don't think it was, for I kept my eye on it for quite a long while, and at no time did I see the hand moving. If it had been a clock this would have had to happen, as time was passing.

"Then I got the idea to grab that thing. I remembered that I needed to take something with me to prove my adventure. If I could get that box the problem would be solved. It might

be that, seeing my interest in it, the men would decide to make me a present of it.

"I slowly got nearer and nearer to it, the men were not paying attention, and suddenly I grabbed the instrument with both hands and pulled it off the table. It was heavy, weighing perhaps more than 2 kilos. . . . But I didn't even have the time to examine it. As quick as lightning one of the men jumped up and, pushing me aside, snatched it from me angrily, and went and put it back in its place. I drew away until I could feel my back against the nearest wall. I stayed there quietly, though I was not frightened. I am not afraid of any man. But it was better to remain still, for it had been proved that they only showed me consideration when I behaved properly. Why attempt anything that would have no results? The only thing I did was to scratch the wall with my nails, trying to see whether I could detach a sliver of that metal. But my nails glanced off the polished wall without finding any purchase. Moreover the metal was hard and I couldn't get any of it. So I just stayed there, waiting.

"I never saw the woman again (either dressed, or naked) after she went out of the other room. But I found out where she was. On the forward part of that big room there was another door through which I had not been. It was slightly ajar, and from time to time I heard noises coming from there, as though caused by someone moving about. It could only be the woman, for all the others were in the same room with me, in their strange uniforms and helmets. I imagine that that front compartment must have corresponded to the room where the pilot would be who was in charge of the navigation of the machine. But I was not able to verify this.

"At last, one of the men rose and gestured to me that I should accompany him.

"The others remained seated without looking at me. We walked towards the small anteroom and as far as the outer door, which was open again, with the ladder already rolled down. However, we did not go down it, for the man made a sign to me to accompany him towards a platform which was there, on either side of the door. This platform went around the machine and, although narrow, permitted one to go along it in either direction.

"To begin with we went along towards the front. The first thing I noticed was a sort of metal projection, square in shape and firmly fixed into the side of the machine, and sticking out (there was a similar thing on the other side). Had

these two parts not been so small I would have judged that they were wings for aiding the thing to fly. From their appearance I think that their purpose was perhaps to move up or down, controlling the rise or the descent of the machine. I admit however that at no moment, even when the craft took off, did I notice any movement of them. And so I cannot explain what purpose they served.

"Further on towards the front, the man pointed out to me the three metal shafts that I have already mentioned, solidly set (the two outer ones) in the sides of the machine and (the middle one) right in the front, as though they were three metal spurs. They were all of the same shape and length, very thick at the base and tapering off to a fine point at the tip. The position of all three was horizontal. I don't know whether they were of the same metal as the craft, because they were giving off a slight reddish phosphorescence, as though they were red-hot. However, I felt no heat.

"A little bit above the bases of them, where they were attached to the craft, there were reddish lights set in it. The two side lights were smaller and round. The front one was enormous, also round, and was the 'front headlight' of the machine, which I have already described. All around the hull of the craft and slightly above the platform, on which they cast a reddish light, were countless small square lamps similar in appearance to those used for the interior lighting of the machine.

"In front, the platform did not go the whole way round, but ended near a large semi-projecting thick sheet of glass elongated towards the sides and stoutly embedded in the metalwork. Perhaps it served for seeing through, for there were no windows anywhere at all. I think however that that would be difficult for, seen from the outside, the glass seemed very blurred. Seen from inside I don't know how it would be, but I don't believe it could be any more transparent.

"I think that those front spurs released the energy that drove the machine forward, because when it took off, its luminosity increased extraordinarily, merging completely with the lights of the headlamps.

"Having seen the front part of the machine, we returned to the rear (the back part bulged out much more than the front part). But, before that, we stopped for a few moments and the man pointed upwards to where the enormous dish-shaped cupola was rotating. It was turning slowly, completely lit up by a greenish fluorescent light coming from I don't know

where. Even with that slow movement, you could hear a noise like the sound of air being drawn in by a vacuum cleaner, a sort of whistle (like the sound of air in movement when it is being sucked through lots of little holes; I did not see any holes, however. That is just by way of comparison).

"Later, when the machine began to rise from the ground, the revolving dish increased its speed to such a point that it became invisible, and then only the light could be seen, the brightness of which also increased quite a lot, and it changed color, turning to a vivid red. At that moment the sound also increased (showing that there was a connection with the speed of rotation of the round dish revolving on the top of the craft) and turned into a veritable hum or loud whine. I didn't understand the reasons for these changes, and I don't understand what would be the purpose of the luminous revolving dish, which never stopped turning for a single moment. But it must have had some use, since it was there.

"There seemed to be a small reddish light in the center of the revolving cupola or dish, but the movement prevented me from verifying this with certainty.

"Returning now to the back part of the machine, we again passed in front of the door and walked on, following the rearward curve. Right at the back, in the place where the tail of an aircraft would project, there was a rectangular piece of metal set in a vertical position and running from front to back across the platform. But it was quite low, no higher than my knee, and I was able to step over it easily to go to the other side, and come back again.

"As I was doing so I noticed, on the floor of the platform, one on either side of the plate, two inset reddish lights in the shape of thick bulging cuts. They resembled aircraft lights, though they were not flashing.

"I think however that the piece of metal in question was a sort of rudder for changing the machine's direction. At any rate I saw this piece of metal move towards one side at the moment when the machine—then stationary in the air at a certain height after taking off—abruptly changed direction before starting to move off at a fantastic speed.

"Having also seen the rear part of the machine, we returned to the door. My guide now pointed to the metal ladder and signed to me to go down it. I obeyed. When I was down on the ground I looked up. He was still there. Then he pointed to himself, and then pointed to the ground, and fi-

nally to the sky towards the south. Then he made a sign to me to step back, and he disappeared into the machine.

"The metal ladder now began to get shorter, the steps arranging themselves one above the other, like a stack of boards. When the ladder reached the top the door (which, when open, was the floor) began in its turn, to rise until it fitted into the wall of the craft and became invisible.

"The lights of the metal spurs and of the headlamps and of the revolving dish all became brighter, while the dish was spinning faster and faster. Slowly the craft began to rise, vertically. At that moment, the three shafts of the tripod on which it had been standing rose towards the sides, the lower part of each leg (narrower, rounded, and ending in an enlarged foot) began to enter the upper part (which was much thicker and square), and when that was finished, the top parts began to enter the base of the machine. Finally there was no longer anything to be seen there; the base was smooth and polished as though that tripod had never existed. I did not manage to make out any marks indicating the places where the shafts had fitted in. Those people certainly did a good job of it.

"The craft continued to rise slowly into the air until it had reached a height of some 30 to 50 meters. There it had stopped for a few seconds, and at the same time its luminosity began to get still greater. The whirring noise of the air being displaced became much more intense and the revolving dish began to turn at a fearful speed, while its lights changed through various colors till it was a vivid red. At that moment, the machine suddenly changed direction, with an abrupt movement, making a louder noise, a sort of "beat" (this was when I saw the part that I have called the "rudder" move to one side).

"Then, listing slightly to one side, that strange machine shot off like a bullet towards the south, at such a speed that it was gone from sight in a few seconds.

"Then I went back to my tractor. I left the craft at roughly 5:30 in the morning, having entered it at 1:15 in the early hours. So I had been in there for four hours and fifteen minutes. A very long time indeed.

"When I tried to start up the engine of the tractor, I found that it still was not working. I looked to see if there was some defect and discovered that one of the battery leads had been disconnected and was out of place. Somebody had done that, for a well-secured battery lead doesn't come undone by itself

(I had checked them when I left home). It must have been done by one of the men after the tractor had stopped, with its engine dead, probably while they were capturing me. It could have been done to prevent me from escaping again should I manage to free myself from their hold. They were pretty sharp-witted people; there was nothing that they hadn't foreseen.

"Apart from my mother, I haven't told my story to anybody till now. She said I should never get mixed up with those people again. I had not the courage to tell my father, for I had already told him about the light that had appeared in the paddock of the farm and he had not believed me for he said I 'had been seeing things.'

"Later, I decided to write to Senhor João Martins, after reading one of his articles in *O Cruzeiro*, in November, in which he appealed to readers to report to him all cases to do with the flying saucers. Had I possessed enough money, I would have come earlier. But as I didn't, I had to wait until he said he would help me with the cost of the journey.

"I am at your disposal, gentlemen. If you think I should return home, I will go home tomorrow. But if you wish me to stay longer, I shall agree to do so. That is why I came."

That concludes A. V. Boas' deposition and I feel we should now see what Dr. Fontes had to say about the interview. When he sent me Mrs. Granchi's translation, he wrote:

"The deposition transcribed above was made spontaneously by Senhor Antônio Villas Boas in my consulting rooms. For about four hours we listened to the narration of his story and we subjected him to a minute interrogation. We endeavored to clarify certain details, trying to catch him out in contradictions, and trying to call his attention to certain inexplicable points in his story, in order to see whether he was disconcerted by this or had recourse to his imagination.

"Right from the outset it was obvious that he presented no psychopathic traits. Calm, talking freely, revealing no nervous tic or signs of emotional instability, all his reactions to the questions put to him were perfectly normal. At no moment did he ever falter or lose control of his narrative. His hesitancies corresponded precisely to what could be predicted in an individual who, in a strange situation, could find no explanation for certain facts. At such moments, even though he knew that the doubts expressed by him on certain questions might

lead us to disbelieve him, he answered quite simply: 'I don't know about that,' or: 'I can't explain that.'

"Various examples can be given of features in his narrative that, to him, are totally inexplicable, such as . . . (a) the beam of light that lit up the farm paddock but which came from he knew not where! (b) what it was that caused the tractor engine to stop and his lights to go out; (c) the reason for the presence of that rotating dish, turning incessantly, on the top of the craft; (d) their motive for taking his blood; (e) the door that closed and became part of the wall; (f) the strange sounds that issued from the throats of the personages in his story; (g) the symptoms (described below) presented by him during the days following his adventure, etc.

"And then, on the other hand, in one of his letters to João Martins he had declared that he could not put certain details in writing, because he felt ashamed. This was the part concerning the 'woman' and the 'sexual relations.' No description of any of these details was given spontaneously by him. When we interrogated him about it, he displayed shame and embarrassment, and only by dint of much insistence did we succeed in extracting from him the details given above. He was also bashful when admitting that the shirt he had on at the time was torn, in reply to my question as to whether they had torn his clothing.

"These emotional reactions are in keeping with what one would expect from a psychologically normal individual of his education and background.

"We noted in him no tendency towards superstition or mysticism. He did not think the crew of the machine were angels, or supermen, or demons. He considers that they were men like us, but from other regions, on some other planet. He declared that he believed this because the member of the crew who accompanied him out of the craft pointed to himself and then at the ground and then at some place in the sky—a gesture that, in his opinion, could have only that meaning. Furthermore, the fact that the members of the crew remained the whole time with their uniforms fastened up and their helmets on indicates, in his opinion, that the air that they breathe is not the same as ours. Taking this statement as an indication that he considered the woman—the only one to appear without helmet and uniform—as being of a different race from the others (possibly of terrestrial origin, bred and adapted to the conditions of another planet) I put this question to him.

"He firmly refused to accept this possibility, arguing that she was physically just the same as the others when she was wearing her helmet and uniform, being different from them only in the matter of her height. Furthermore, when speaking, she made the same sounds as the others; she had also taken part in his capture; at no moment had she appeared to be under any constraint by the others, being just as free as any of them.

"I then asked whether the helmet could not have been a sort of disguise, inasmuch as the woman was able to breathe our air. He replied that he did not think so, for he believed that she had only been able to bear our atmosphere by reason of the smoke coming out of the small tubes set in the wall of the little room where the 'meeting' took place. This was the smoke which had caused him to feel so unwell. This fact, plus the observation that the 'smoke' did not exist in any of the other rooms (where he did not see any of the crew members remove their helmets), had led him to conclude that the smoke was some gas necessary for her to be able to breathe, and put there precisely in order that she could appear without protection of the helmet.

"As can be seen from this example, Senhor Antônio Villas Boas is very intelligent. His reasoning is surprisingly logical for a man from the Interior who scarcely knows how to read and write (primary education only). The same can be said with regard to his suspicion concerning the possible aphrodisiac effects of the liquid that they rubbed over his body, although here this explanation may perhaps have served more to satisfy his own 'ego'—if he was telling the truth—since his sexual excitement could well have been perfectly spontaneous. His unconscious revulsion could have been due to the fact that it was painful for him to admit that he had been dominated by purely animal impulses.

"On the other hand, the liquid could have been simply an antiseptic, disinfectant, or deodorant, to clean him and rid him of germs that might have been harmful to his lady companion.

"We asked him if he considered that any of his actions had been performed under mental domination or telepathic suggestion from his captors. His reply was in the negative. He said he had been master of his actions and thoughts throughout the whole adventure. At no moment did he feel himself dominated by any extraneous idea or influence. 'All that they managed to get from me was by the fist' was his comment.

He denied having received any telepathic idea or message from any one of them. 'If they thought themselves capable of such things,' he concluded, 'then I must have disappointed them quite badly.'

"At the close of the interrogation, João Martins told him that unfortunately he would not be able to publish the story in *O Cruzeiro* because, in the absence of more conclusive proofs in support of it, it would be difficult for it to be taken seriously, unless a similar story were to appear somewhere else.

"Villas Boas was visibly discouraged at this (either because he wanted to see his name in *O Cruzeiro*, or because he could see from João Martins' expression that he did not believe him). He was quite upset, but did not protest, nor did he attempt to discuss the matter. He simply said: 'In that case, if you don't need me any more, I'll go back home tomorrow morning. If you should want to make a trip out there one of these days I shall be very glad to receive you. If you need anything else from me, you only have to write . . .'

"To console him in his disappointment, I told him that, if he was set on seeing his adventure in print, he had only to go to the newspapers—which would certainly print it at this time, just when the subject was back in the headlines because of the photographs of the Trinidade Island 'saucer.' But, citing as an example this case of the photographer Baraúna, I warned him that for many people he would merely a madman or a hoaxer. His reply ran as follows: 'I would challenge those accusing me of being a madman or a liar to come out to my home district, and make an investigation of me. They would see whether the folk there do not consider me to be a normal and honorable man. If, after all that, they still continued to doubt me, then so much the worse for them . . .'

"*All the foregoing remarks confirm the impression of sincerity* that Senhor Villas Boas' manner of relating it lent to his story. On the other hand, they make it very clear that we are not dealing with a psychopath, a mystic, or a visionary. But, despite it all, the very content of his story is itself the biggest argument against its veracity. *Certain details are too* fantastic to be believed—unfortunately for him. In these circumstances we are left with the hypothesis that he is an extremely clever liar, a hoaxer endowed with an amazing imagination and of a rare intelligence—capable of telling an entirely original story, completely different in its genre from everything that has appeared up to now. His memory must

also be phenomenal; for example, the detailed description that he gave us of the strange machine tallies precisely with a carved wooden model which he sent to João Martins in November. Be it noted, moreover, that the craft is entirely different from the flying saucers described up till now (as if he were determined to be original even in this).

"This agreement between the wooden model made months before and his oral description (plus a sketch) given to us today, indicates that this man must be endowed with an excellent *visual* memory.

"Another experiment which we did was to show him various photographs of blonde Brazilian women, to see if he found that any of them resembled, either in features or hair, the blonde female member of the machine's crew. The result was negative. Last of all, we showed him a photo published in *O Cruzeiro* (in 1954) of a painted reproduction of Adamski's 'Venusian,' done in accordance with Adamski's own instructions. Villas Boas recognized no similarity, pointing out that the face of the person whom he had met was much thinner, and was triangular in its lower half; that the eyes of the woman were larger and more slanting; and that her hair was much shorter (coming only to half way down the neck) and arranged in a different style. Neither did he recognise any similarity in the clothing. . . .

"On the following day (October 17) Villas Boas returned to the place where the strange craft had landed and he measured the distances between the three marks that were there in the ground, corresponding to the feet of the tripod on which the machine stood. These measurements give an approximate idea of the actual dimensions of the craft."

We have now given in translation almost the whole of this most important text, the photostatic copy of the report of the interrogation of Antônio Villas Boas, and there now remains only that section of it which contains what is indubitably the most significant part of all, namely Dr. Olavo Fontes' medical report on A.V.B., and this will be found in Appendix B.

As for Dr. Olavo Fontes' own comments, given above, we see clearly that the doctor was in a real quandary. He and João Martins were obliged, as honest men, to admit that A.V.B. is no psychopath or visionary, but they were then forced by the logic of their position to go on to explain to us that not only is he extremely intelligent but that he is endowed with a power of original imagination and a phenome-

nal memory that take him out of the category of ordinary folk altogether. All of which, as you may admit, is not bad for a farmer from the great Brazilian hinterland (where such educational facilities as do exist in the countryside are pretty poor, so that the primary education that A.V.B. received there is most unlikely to have been anywhere near to the standards prevailing in the advanced urban areas of Brazil or in other countries).

But why is it that they felt obliged to portray A.V.B. as a mental superman who had succeeded in creating a totally new kind of story and of retaining all the minute details of it in his memory for months, indeed for years, with almost no alteration?

It is purely and simply because, as we have just read in the foregoing section, *"the very content of the story is the biggest argument against its veracity."*

In other words, *A.V.B.* had *to be a liar and a hoaxer because the story couldn't be true.*

(Let us remember how Captain Ruppelt of the U.S. Air Force told us, in his book, that all reports of UFO landings and of contacts with UFO entities in the U.S.A. in the early years after 1947 went automatically into the "C.P.F."—the crackpot file. Which probably means that no records of many valuable cases now remain.)

But do we have to *accept* the statement that Dr. Olavo Fontes and Senhor João Martins really did believe that their man was romancing?

Without going so far as to reveal all that we know about this, I may say here and now that there are excellent grounds for thinking quite otherwise. The eminent doctor and the eminent journalist knew very well indeed that A.V.B. was not lying or making it up.

Their failure to divulge the A.V.B. story had an altogether different reason, and I have the best of grounds (though I do not propose to reveal them) for asserting that there was a pact or agreement between them that they would not publish it.

Brazil in 1958 was very close, politically, to the United States, which possesses today no more loyal or more efficient ally in the South American Continent. Indeed for this fact all true lovers of peace—in contradistinction to those others who jabber so much about peace while harboring very different intentions—have every reason for satisfaction. We may be sure then, that as loyal Brazilians, the eminent doctor and

the eminent journalist will have been in touch with the Security and Intelligence Services of their own country. Are we very far off the mark, then, if we enquire whether the suppression of the A.V.B. case took place on the express instructions of the Brazilian Intelligence and their close friends and allies, the Intelligence authorities of the U.S.A.? I have said enough and will leave it at that.

Finally, if the doctor and the journalist considered A.V.B. to have been lying in 1958, did they think so in 1966? If so, why did Dr. Olavo Fontes send a full translation (which we did not use) of this document to *Flying Saucer Review?* Is this not clear proof that they know the story is true? Since the *Review* had received the main skeleton of the story long ago from Dr. Buhler and published it in 1965, would it not be reasonable to assume that Dr. Fontes thought we might as well now have the whole account, in all its details to round off the picture?

Had the story not been brought out into the open by Dr. Buhler and *Flying Saucer Review*, it is legitimate to think that the non-publication pact might still have been in force today. And, indeed, I am informed that João Martins still resolutely refuses to show the original—or photos—of the wooden model of the strange craft send to him by A.V.B.

Appendix A

"This description of the first moments after the appearance of the craft above the tractor," writes Dr. Fontes, "is different from the one given by Villas Boas in one of his letters to João Martins last November. In that letter, he said that on seeing the "object" stationary above the tractor, and being unable to escape on the tractor owing to the new speed or on foot because of the danger and the handicap presented by the freshly turned soil, he had decided to turn off the engine and wait and see what happened. He had then seen the object land, a short distance from him, on its metal tripod, and had seen its door open, a ladder come down, and two men in strange clothing appear. One of them had begun to descend the ladder, while the other one had signed to Villas Boas inviting him to come nearer and to enter the machine. It was only then that panic had seized him, and he had tried to start up the tractor. Not succeeding in this, the starter being isolated (there is no reference made to his lights), and seeing one of the men already down on the ground and the other

man half way down the ladder, he had quickly abandoned the tractor via the door on the other side, and had been seized, after a few steps, by the first of his pursuers. From here on, the two versions agree.

"This contradiction was the only one that we were able to discover during our interrogation of Villas Boas. We do not demand an explanation for it and merely note it for future evaluation. The existence of this contradiction was one of the reasons for João Martins' unbelief regarding the case."

Appendix B

Clinical remarks and medical examination by Dr. Olavo Fontes

SUBJECT: Antônio Villas Boas, aged 23, white, single, farmer, residing in São Francisco de Sales in the state of Minas Gerais.

History of the Illness

As is recorded in his deposition, he left the machine at 5:30 a.m. on October 16, 1957. He was feeling quite weak, having eaten nothing since 9 o'clock the previous evening and having vomited a good deal while in the machine. He arrived home exhausted and slept almost the whole day through. He awoke at 4:30 p.m., feeling well, and ate a normal dinner. But already that night, as well as the following night, he was unable to sleep. He was nervous and very excited; he managed several times to get off to sleep, but at once began to dream of the happenings of the night before, just as if it were occurring all over again. Then he would wake up with a start, shouting, and feeling himself seized once more by his strange captors.

After experiencing this several times, he gave up trying to sleep, and attempted to pass the night in studying. But he could not do that either, for he was completely unable to concentrate on what he was reading; his thoughts were always reverting to the events of the previous night. The dawn found him disturbed, walking up and down and smoking one cigarette after another. He was tired and his body hurt all over. Then he drank a cup of coffee, without eating, as was his wont. Straight away however he felt nauseated. This nausea lasted throughout the whole day. A very severe

headache also set in, in his temples, which pounded, and this also remained with him all day. He noticed that he had entirely lost his appetite, and for about two days he was quite unable to eat anything.

He spent the second night also without being able to sleep, in the same state as the night before. During this second night, he began to feel a troublesome burning sensation in his eyes, but the headache had gone, and did not return.

During the second day he remained nauseated and totally without appetite. He did not vomit however at any time, perhaps because he had not forced himself to eat. The burning sensation in the eyes increased and now began to be accompanied by continual watering. However he noticed no congestion of the conjunctivae, nor any other signs of irritation of the eyes. He noticed no diminution in his vision.

On the third night, sleep returned, and he slept normally. But from now onwards, for approximately one month, he was overcome by an excessive sleepiness. Even during the day, he kept on nodding off and falling asleep at any moment, even when talking to other people, and wherever he might be. It sufficed only for him to remain still for a little while, and he would drop off to sleep. During all this period of somnolescence, the burning in his eyes also continued, as well as the excessive watering. The nausea however disappeared on the third day, when too his appetite returned and he began to eat normally. He noted that the visual symptoms were aggravated in the sunlight, so that he was obliged to avoid much light.

On the eighth day, while working, he got a small bruise on his forearm, with a little local bleeding. Next day, he noticed that the lesion had turned into a small infected wound, with a little head of pus and very itchy. When this wound healed, there remained a purplish patch around it. Between four and ten days later, he had similar wounds appear on his forearms and legs. These however came spontaneously, without any prior traumatism, all of them starting with a small lump with a hole in the middle, very itchy, and each of them lasting from ten to twenty days. He mentions that they all remained "purple all round when they dried up," the scars being still visible now.

At no time did he notice any cutaneous eruption or any burning sensation, and he likewise denies having seen any hemorrhagic spots on his skin (petechiae) or bruises on any lesser wounds (hemorrhagic patches); if there were any

such, they had passed unnoticed by him. He mentions however that on the fifteenth day two yellowish patches appeared on his face, one on each side of the nose, and more or less symmetrical. They were "sort of semi-pallid spots, as though there was little blood there," which disappeared spontaneously after some ten to twenty days.

At the present time he still has two small unhealed wounds on his arms, besides the scars of the various other wounds that kept on appearing sporadically during the last few months. None of the other symptoms described have reappeared up to the present time. He feels well at present and considers himself to be in good health.

He denies having had fever, diarrhea, hemorrhagic symptoms, or jaundice, either during the acute phase of his illness or subsequently. On the other hand, he noticed no area of depilation on his body or face, nor did he observe any excessive loss of hair, at any time, between October and now. During the period of sleepiness he displayed no apparent diminution in his capacity for physical labor. He likewise observed no diminution in his libido or potency, or any change in the sharpness of his eyesight. He noticed no anemia, and he had no ulcerated lesions in the mouth.

Previous illness

He mentions only eruptive illnesses proper to childhood (measles, chickenpox), with no complications. No chronic venereal disease. Has suffered for some years past from "chronic colitis," which is giving him no trouble at the moment.

Physical examination

The subject is of male sex, white, smooth black hair, dark eyes, apparently suffering from no acute or chronic illness. Biotype: long-limbed aesthenic. Facies: atypical. Is of medium height (1 meter 64 centimeters in shoes), lean but strong, with well developed musculature. Is well nourished, presenting no signs of vitamin deficiency. No physical deformities or anomalies in physical development. Body hair of normal appearance and distribution for his sex. Conjunctival mucosae *slightly discolored*. Teeth in good state of preservation. Superficial ganglia impalpable.

Dermatological examination

The following changes are to be noted:

(1) Two small hyperchromic patches, one on each side of the chin were observed of small size and more or less round in shape, one of them is of the diameter of a Brazilian 10-centavo piece and the other one a little larger and more irregular in appearance; the skin on these regions looks smoother and thinner, as though it had been renewed recently, or as if it were somewhat atrophied. There is no element permitting one to make any evaluation as to the nature and the age of these two marks: it can only be said that they are scars of some superficial lesion with associated subcutaneous hemorrhage, which have been in existence at least a month and at the most twelve months. These marks are seemingly not permanent and will probably disappear after a few months. No other similar patch or mark was noted.

(2) Several scars from recent (a few months at the most) cutaneous lesions on the backs of the hands, on the forearms, and on the legs. All present the same appearance, which recalls that of small cicatrized boils or wounds, with areas of desquamation around them, showing that they are relatively recent. There are still two which have not yet healed, one on each arm, and their appearance is that of small reddish nodules or lumps, harder than the surrounding skin and standing out from it, painful when pressed, and having a small central orifice discharging a yellowish serous fluid. The skin around these wounds is changed and irritated, indicating that the lesions are prurient, since there are marks made by the patient's fingernails when scratching them. The most interesting aspect of all these cutaneous lesions and scars is the presence of a violet-colored hyperchromic area around all of them—a feature with which we are totally unacquainted. We do not know whether or not these areas may possess any special significance. Our experience in Dermatology is insufficient for us to be able to interpret them correctly, since that is not our specialty. We consequently confine ourselves to a description of the changes, which have also been photographed.

Examination of the nervous system

Good orientation in time and space. Feelings and affections within the normal limits. Spontaneous and stimulated atten-

tion both normal. Tests of perception, thought-association, and reasoning powers indicate apparently normal mental mechanisms. Long-term and short-term memory in good shape. Excellent visual memory, with facility for reproducing in drawings or sketches the details he has described verbally. Absence of any sign or any indirect evidence of perturbation of the mental faculties.

NOTE: These results, while accurate, need to be completed—if possible—by a more specialized psychiatric examination, performed by a specialist. Examination of motility, reflexes, and surface sensitivity: revealed nothing abnormal. Examination of other organs and systems: revealed nothing abnormal.

Signed: OLAVO FONTES, M.D.,
Rio de Janeiro, February 22, 1958

Postscript

It is with the deepest regret that we record herein that Dr. Olavo T. Fontes died on May 9, 1968.

UFO CAR-NAPPING IN RHODESIA[1]

Bill Faill

***BILL FAILL** is an investigative reporter in South Africa. He is also science editor of* The Natal Mercury, *one of the country's leading newspapers.*

For me this story began when Frances rang me up at the newspaper office where I work.

"Where," she asked, "could I report a UFO experience?" As science editor of *The Natal Mercury*, one of South Africa's leading morning newspapers, I'd just run a report of a UFO sighting in the seaport town of Durban. Frances, whom I'd never met, had read this and thought I might be of help.

I gave her the name of the accredited representative in this part of the world of MUFON, the United States-based Mutual UFO Network. Dr. Carl van Vlierden, a naturopath who practices near Durban, has been studying UFOs since they were first reported just after World War II.

Only as an afterthought, just as she was going to ring off, did I ask if I could talk with her. My paper's policy about unexplained or psychic occurrences is a conservative one. We don't give undue prominence to them and I pretty well confine my work to "straight" science although in private I'm interested in the paranormal.

Frances turned out to be an attractive young woman who holds down a responsible job in the financial department of one of South Africa's biggest companies. Her husband is sales manager with another local firm. Both are in their 20's.

"Looking back on it all," said Francis, "I'd be inclined to say it started at Umvuma."

This is a small town in the dusty scrub-covered flatlands south of Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia and the starting point of their journey. The road used to be merely two pitted

[1] First published in *Fate* magazine and reprinted here by permission.

concrete strips, each about 18 inches wide, set to take the wheelbase of the average car. Washouts in the rainy season had created dangerous drops at all edges and a car going off the strips at any speed was in trouble. Now the space between the strips had been filled in and tarred. However, there are still long stretches where one has to cooperate with oncoming traffic and lurch off the pavement to left or right in what seems like a mutual game of chicken.

"About six or seven miles south of Umvuma we spotted a figure sitting on a bank at the side of the road. It looked like a policeman or traffic officer speaking into a walkie-talkie. Peter suspected a speed trap and eased back to below the fuel-saving 70 miles an hour.

"The other odd thing we noticed," Frances continued, "was that the figure had a curious metallic look. Neither of us thought at the time that 2:15 in the morning on a remote stretch of road is an unlikely place for a speed trap.

"When there was no follow-up to the trap, we increased speed again. About quarter of an hour later I glanced out of my window to the left" (it's right-hand drive in Rhodesia) and saw a light which I thought must be coming from a house on top of a hill. Then I realized that it was too high up for this and revolving into the bargain. We were not much concerned, thinking in terms of a helicopter or some sort of beacon. Gradually the light seemed to come closer to us and it was keeping pace with the car."

The first of the really odd things occurred when her husband noted that the car lights were beginning to fade.

"By now the object was above us and slightly to the left. The failure of the car lights didn't matter though, for the object was giving off enough light to show up the road ahead and cast shadows."

Peter said later that it was like driving under a huge neon light.

It has been independently checked that the moon that night set at 2:15 A.M.

Immediately after I spoke with her Frances got in touch with UFO investigator Carl van Vlierden who interviewed the couple in their Durban apartment. Peter's experiences were put on the tape recording made there:

"It slowly dawned on me that I'd completely lost control of the Peugeot," he says. "We were gaining speed, so I took my foot off the accelerator. Nothing happened. I gingerly depressed the brake pedal—there was no reaction from the

power brakes. Then I thought 'Let's try the steering wheel.' It turned all right but the car didn't. I was petrified.

"Frances had noticed some of my maneuvers but had not realized their implications. She asked me how I could be so calm. I didn't try to explain. But I didn't experiment again with the controls. I just hoped they'd somehow come right on their own. Meanwhile we were rushing along the narrow road, taking the turns perfectly—without any help from me."

The interior of the vehicle had fallen sharply in temperature, from the mid-80's to low 50's. Peter and Frances pulled on extra jerseys. It was colder than their midwinter.

"Then we both thought we'd spotted a sign of a return to sanity and reality," continued Peter. "Ahead we saw an African bus parked just off the road in front of a trading store."

These buses are usually crammed with Africans traveling with all their belongings—suitcases, bicycles and crates of chickens are normally piled high, even on the roof.

"But this one stood there with all lights blazing, inside and out. The doors were wide open but there was no sign of life or trace of luggage."

There might be some natural explanation for one bus in this condition but Peter and Frances saw, in the next few miles, two more buses in the same state.

They had almost covered the 70-odd miles between Umvuma and the next sizable town on the route south—Fort Victoria—when about six miles outside Fort Vic, as it is known in these parts, both Peter and Frances saw the object that had been following them for nearly two hours disappear like a shooting star over the horizon. And Peter found himself in control of the car again. There was still barely a glow from the headlamps, so for the last few miles into town they drove very slowly, still in the moonless and dark early morning.

At an all-night gasoline station in Fort Vic the car was filled up and the tires checked. "My only emotion as I switched off the engine was 'Thank God, it is all over.' I said to Frances that I hoped we'd seen the end of it."

Peter then checked the car over. He switched off the dim headlights. When he put them back on they were bright.

"As best I could under the circumstances I checked the electrical system, the headlights, the fuses and wiring, the ignition, the steering and the brakes. I couldn't fault anything nor understand why the car had not behaved normally before."

After a wash and brushup in one of the comfortable rest rooms kept open in Rhodesian hotels for through-travelers, they got a start again about 5:30 in the morning. The next stop was to be Beit Bridge, the customs post between Rhodesia and South Africa, on the broad Limpopo River. This is a dry stretch of undulating country where the smaller rivers are often just sandy beds, although they can be fierce in flood. The distance from Fort Vic to the border is about 150 miles.

"A few minutes outside Fort Vic something made me look up. Two objects appeared as if from nowhere—not like the earlier one outside Umvuma which came from behind a hill. These were just there, two lights in the sky which again kept pace with the car," said Frances.

"What will they be doing to us now?" Peter thought.

The car lights were functioning perfectly and not much light came from the objects, which had taken up a definite formation, one directly above the car and one to the left and slightly behind. Frances could see the one above by leaning out the car window. It had started to get very cold again.

"I was shocked to find that once again I had no control of the car," said Peter. "On top of this the car was gathering speed. The speedometer needle was against the stop and we must have been doing well over 100 miles an hour. The normal top speed of our car isn't much over 70."

Both knew something was very wrong, for now the road was dead straight, with swamps, large expanses of water and high wet-looking grass on either side.

"I'd had my eyes riveted on the objects and when Peter drew my attention to the swamps, all I could ask was whether we were on the right road," said Frances.

Any traveler in this part of Rhodesia knows the area is arid—scrub, thorn trees, umbrella trees—and the road is not straight; it weaves and dips in and out of many valleys.

"On top of this it was almost completely silent in the car. The radio was playing quietly but engine and road noise had gone. It was weird, as if in a dream someone had switched the sound off," said Peter.

"I knew we were traveling without control at an impossibly high speed but I was hardly reacting. I felt as if I were in a coma and found it difficult to keep track of time."

At about 6:15 A.M. it got gradually lighter. But there was no sign of the pink dawn which marks sunrise here and no sign of the sun itself.

"What have they done with the sun?" Peter remembers asking.

Frances could still see the objects overhead but in the strange light they seemed smaller and higher. Then she drifted off to sleep.

They were to travel another hour and 15 minutes to the border while Frances slept. Peter can't remember what happened to them during this period. They were to find out seven months later in Durban when, under hypnosis, they would recall what had been hidden.

At about 7:30 A.M. Peter saw the bridge over the Limpopo, the natural border between Rhodesia and the Republic of South Africa.

"Quite suddenly the sun was just . . . there. I had full control of the car and we were back in the everyday world," he said.

Not quite, though, for high above them the sun's rays were reflected from two glinting metallic objects.

"As we were looking at them, suddenly they were gone. They must have shot vertically upward because one instant they were there and the next they had vanished," said Peter.

The Rhodesian customs officials thought it a bit odd to see two people so heavily clad and suggested they must have driven down from the North Pole.

"But we'd decided to keep the strange events of the night to ourselves. I think we were still in a state of shock. One thing I worked out while going through customs was that our average speed on the journey from Fort Vic was well above the top speed of the car," said Peter.

"The next surprise came when we filled up the car for the next leg of the journey. We'd just traveled nearly 200 miles, yet when the petrol attendant on the South African side started the pump, fuel almost immediately gushed onto the road. We needed less than quarter of a gallon."

Peter then checked the trip counter which he'd set at zero in Fort Victoria. It registered just over 10 miles, about the distance from Fort Victoria to their takeover by the objects added to the mile or so they'd driven to the Beit Bridge.

Apparently for about two hours, while the objects hovered above them, they had used no fuel and added no miles to the indicator. No explanation for this was forthcoming until the hypnosis sessions.

The couple did the remaining hundreds of miles to Dur-

ban, Natal, without incident. When they got there early in June 1974 they spoke to no one about their experience.

"We knew of no one who'd be seriously interested until we spotted Bill Faill's headline 'Farmer Sees UFO' in the local newspaper," said Frances.

When Carl van Vlierden, who was educated as a mechanical engineer in Holland and Germany just before World War II but who later turned to professional naturopathy, came to investigate their story he decided hypnosis might provide new insights into the episode in the Rhodesian bush.

He contacted his friend, Paul Obertick, M.D., who uses hypnotism in his medical practice in Durban. What follows is excerpted from a transcript of the tapes made when Peter, who proved to be an ideal subject, went into a state of deep hypnosis.

Paul: You were traveling 12 kilometers from Fort Victoria. What happened then?

Peter: We were 12 kilometers outside Fort Victoria when we saw two craft together. One was about 85 degrees off upright, the other was 90 degrees directly above, about 200 or 300 yards straight up. It sent down two beams of light—I don't know what type they were—into the motorcar, which gave the car a complete mind of its own, its own sense of power, direction, speed, control, steering ability, lighting, everything.

At one stage the car was telling me what to do—smoke a cigarette, light the lighter, change the radio setting from Lourenço Marques to another station. This is when we heard voices on the radio which sounded like Lourenço Marques (a popular local music station) but were not.

It was a direct signal from the spacecraft directly above to the radio which was sending impulses to the car, to the cab, and to me. I tried to fight it the whole journey.

A simulated screen was put in front of the windscreen, the side windows, the back window, of the motor car. It came from somewhere, I don't know where.

We traveled the whole length of the journey completely off the tar. We did not travel on the road at all. We went in a dead straight line from Fort Victoria to three kilometers outside Beit Bridge where we touched the road again. Both objects were two to three miles up,

one at 80 degrees to the car, the other one directly above. This is very briefly what happened.

We were programmed inside the motor car. My wife fell asleep or was put to sleep by the radio on which was the voices. So she can't remember much.

Another form was beamed straight to the back seat of the car and sat there the entire journey and told me I would see what I wanted to see. If I wanted it to look like a duck, then it would look like a duck; if I wanted it to look like a monster, then it would look like a monster.

They took seven seconds to find out that I was able to give myself post-hypnotic suggestions. They tried to erase this so I would not be able to be hypnotized and tell what happened inside the motor car.

I just can't remember. They are very clever. I never went up to the machine but I could see through the beams what went on inside and what it looked like.

Paul: How did it look, Peter? Tell me.

Peter: It had three levels, bottom level with the power unit, second level engineering wing, rest center, communication, living quarters, top level cockpit, flight deck, interastral control center. All levels were linked by two vacuum shafts—one placed oneself in a tube.

Transportation to the interior of the craft was by vacuum inside units. It was about 80 or 90 feet across and about 60 feet high. Bottom thrust was horizontal plane from outer edge. Up and down thrust, direct up, direct down. They had a stabilizer unit to simulate earth in their laboratory section. Any humans who were taken up could be put in this unit which would simulate their surroundings completely. This is just an empty space but using man's ability or lack of knowledge, they could suggest what he wanted to see and where he was.

Paul: Have they got any real form? Are they physical beings?

Peter: Physical? They are physical beings. The one that was in the car and those in the spaceship were all identical in size, color, looks, shape, weight. The same basic form as humans—large trunks, necks, hairless, two arms, two legs, no toes.

Paul: Same reproductive organs as we have?

Peter: No reproductive organs at all.

Paul: How do they multiply?

Peter: I don't know.
Paul: Where do they come from?
Peter: Outer galaxies.
Paul: Which outer galaxies?
Peter: They didn't give me any names, just outer galaxies.
Paul: Are they friendly toward us earthlings?
Peter: Yes.
Paul: Why don't they make direct contact with us if they have all these great powers?
Peter: Because there are too many people who don't understand them, don't know how to approach them, look at them, see them, talk to them.
Paul: Can't they make them understand?
Peter: No, because that would change the whole world and they don't want to do that.
Paul: How long in earth years do they live?
Peter: I don't know.
Paul: How fast can they travel? Can they travel faster than light?
Peter: They travel by time, not by light.
Paul: What do you mean by that?
Peter: They can travel on time. Speed of light is too slow to cover billions of miles in seconds. If they want to go from point A to point B, they have to go back in time. They are time travelers, not space travelers.
Paul: How do they talk? Do they communicate mentally?
Peter: They know the English language perfectly and they know every language of the galaxies.
Paul: Have they got all the knowledge of the universe?
Peter: They have all the knowledge of the universe. But we and our galaxy are the size of a pinhead cut a billion times.
Paul: What world do they come from?
Peter: World like oxygen. They come from 12 planets. They don't fight. They have no wars because they are 2000 years ahead. They are 2000 light-years ahead of us.
Paul What do they say about earth? Is it going to be peaceful here? Are we going to survive?
Peter: They will change earth the way they changed the pyramids, they changed the . . . they changed the wars,

they change everything by introducing their way of doing things.
Paul: Are there any of them among us unnoticed, having the faults of human beings?
Peter: Thousands. They are clerks, typists, businessmen, university students, lecturers, dustbin cleaners.
Paul: If we want to make contact with them, if we want to learn from them, will they give us knowledge?
Peter: They make contact only when they want to and by influencing others. They never do anything direct on earth to make the person contacted a figurehead or the center of attraction. They are the influencers, the schemers, the directors of a person . . . humans survive on praise and they give this to a human and he is praised and found a very good person, no matter what he—
Paul: Peter, tell me, were you programmed by them?
Peter: Yes.
Paul: They do not mind you talking to other people?
Peter: No, they want to get a circle of believers in them and their works. Then people will understand them.
Paul: Do they believe in human immortality, in reincarnation? That we earthlings leave our bodies and our spirits are our inner selves?
Peter: All programmed by them. They are God in man's eyes. They put one into another body and they will put that body on earth. They can't do it automatically—the being has to be conceived and born and carried. But all of us are programmed like you program anything. It is just set out.
Paul: They say they are mortal. Are they mortal or are they immortal?
Peter: They are mortal.
Paul: What happens if they die?
Peter: They burn; they are strewn, cast out.
Paul: How about their spirits? Do they take another form?
Peter: Yes.
Paul: So it means their spirit is immortal?
Peter: So is our spirit.
Paul: Can they be killed?
Peter: They can destroy their own physical body. They can destroy our physical body. They are just as killable as a human, as you or I.
Paul: What was the reason they took you and Frances?

Peter: They knew I'd had a very brief contact with a spacecraft in 1964.
Paul: Do you know consciously about that?
Peter: Yes. We were traveling across Rhodesia, my father and myself. Near Sobuque we came round a corner on a dirt road. About two feet above the ground a spacecraft was hovering. We were closing extremely fast and as we got about 20 feet away, we were still braking. The spacecraft took off at about 45 degrees and shot into the sky. Red-hot dust from the road was baked into the enamel of the car. This was my first encounter with a spacecraft.
Paul: Why did they take you this time? Do they want you to tell other people?
Peter: They wanted me to make contact with them and take as long as I wanted to before I told anybody about what happened. They hoped that the people I told would believe me and listen to the story and not accept it as just another UFO story but analyze it completely and find out why they wanted us to appreciate them. Their programming of the world gone wrong. Because of man's ability to think, it has become too intense too quickly.
Paul: Do they have any contact with governments, Peter? Do they contact the great powers? What would happen if there was an imminent world war? A nuclear war? Would they stop people killing each other and destroying the earth?
Peter: They would not want that because direct interference is failure from their point of view. They have guided the world for thousands of years. The world will be a showpiece to the rest of the universe in a few hundred years' time.
Paul: Have they any craft on the moon?
Peter: The moon is a shuttle of the earth. There is no point in going to the moon. It is dead. It was put there by forces to encourage man to travel in space.
Paul: Was your physical body taken on the spaceship?
Peter: No, it was my astral body. My physical body remained in the car.
Paul: Why didn't you remember afterwards what happened? Did they make you forget?
Peter: Yes, they did not want me to repeat it; they didn't want me to rush to a newspaper and make a fortune. . . .

Paul: But you told me they wanted other people to find out; they wanted you to become a contact.
Peter: They did. I didn't phone the newspaper. Frances did, to find out who we could speak to. I didn't tell Frances to but another person must do it, not the one directly concerned.
Paul: Why is that? Is it a law?
Peter: It is not a law but they can't make a public image out of the person who is directly involved; that is why. There's always got to be somebody else to do this so that the person does not become a hero or self-centered. It could have been six months; it could have been nine months; it could have been 10 years. . . .

The hypnotic session came to a halt at this point. Paul tried to continue, asking some questions about the Bermuda Triangle and UFOs in general. He met with confused, negative answers and in a few minutes brought Peter back to normal consciousness.

PART II

Time-Lapse Cases

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

D. Scott Rogo

The cases included in the upcoming section are all typical time-lapse abductions. Although they take place in different years and in different locales, all follow a consistent pattern. Each witness, or group of witnesses, had a UFO experience followed by a momentary amnesia. In most instances they did not realize at the time that a time lapse had occurred. They came to this conclusion only when they found that after the experience, it was later in the day than it should have been. Unlike falling asleep and waking up, during which one has a sense of the passage of time, these time lapses are apparently executed so adeptly that they transpire in the twinkling of an eye. Most readers of this book have probably had some sort of operation under anesthesia. Try to recall the moment you became unconscious. One minute the doctor was placing a needle of Sodium Pentothal in your arm; the "next" moment you were waking up in a recovery room as though only a second or two had gone by. Yet you may have been "out" for several hours. Time-lapse abduction cases manifest in a similar way, but are so expertly executed that the witness rarely realizes that even a second has elapsed. Most of them only recall that they saw a UFO, felt a numbness overcoming them or heard a buzzing sound, and then found themselves driving farther down the road or sitting in different positions in their cars. Some only realized by accident that a lengthy period of time had passed.

In all the cases reprinted in the following section, hypnosis was used to help the witnesses recapture their memories of these experiences. But the hypnosis may not have been used specifically to ascertain whether an abduction had taken

place. Sometimes it is used to assist the subject to recall added details about what he consciously remembers—such as the size or appearance of the UFO. It is often the witness *himself* who will "spontaneously" recall an abduction experience as he relives his encounter. These are referred to as "hidden abduction cases."

Of course, by this time, the witness may have come to believe that there was more to his experience than meets the eye and *expects* to remember an abduction. This "expectancy" factor has led many critics to charge that hypnotically evoked abduction stories may not be true accounts of actual physical events, but only fantasies the subject has come up with because he expects to recall such an experience. This criticism of time-lapse abduction cases is a serious one. To support their view, critics point out that the stories told by hypnotized time-lapse victims are often more bizarre and fantasy-like than those told by witnesses who consciously remember their experiences. And indeed, the cases that appear in the upcoming section *are* fantastic!

Does this mean that time-lapse abduction stories are not authentic?

Perhaps not. Cases such as the Travis Walton affair indicate that people who have had conscious UFO abductions probably remember only a *part* of the experience. It may be that time-lapse victims, through hypnosis, are giving us a more complete and accurate picture of the abduction experience.

Nonetheless, many time-lapse cases are weak from an evidential standpoint. Usually the victim will have no "backup witness" who can substantiate the experience or initial sighting. It is for this reason, of course, that ufologists are continually seeking out cases in which more than one witness was abducted. Similar stories from two independently hypnotized witnesses would tend to prove that they had very genuine experiences and were not merely fantasizing. The Hill case is exemplary in this regard, although it is impossible to determine how much information Betty leaked to Barney when she told him about her "dreams" prior to the regression. (The "plot" of her dreams closely matched her later abduction story.) In many cases on record, such as the Sandy Larson and Dapple Gray Lane cases related here, two witnesses reported partially corroborative material under hypnosis. And the very same features seem to crop up in case after case. If hypnotized time-lapse witnesses are merely fantasizing about

their abduction experiences, one wouldn't expect recurrent themes to appear in their stories time and time again.

Until recently, most UFO specialists would have concluded that all these victims had undergone genuine physical experiences.

Now, however, the pioneering work of two Southern California researchers has made several ufologists increasingly skeptical of hypnotically recalled abduction stories. The work of Dr. Alvin Lawson, an English professor at California State University, Long Beach, and Dr. W. D. McCall, an M.D. skilled in the use of clinical hypnosis, has begun to challenge the value of hypnosis as an aid in the study of time-lapse cases.

To appreciate the research of Lawson and McCall, one must understand the nature of hypnosis, about which there are many theories: how it works, and why it works.

Hypnosis is not, as generally believed, a deep state of "trance" induced by a hypnotist to a point where the subject loses his powers of volition and will accept any suggestion offered to him. Although something of this sort does happen on very rare occasions, it is a stage of hypnosis that most people never—and, for psychological reasons, cannot ever—achieve. Hypnosis can be simply defined as a state of inertia in which the subject focuses his attention on the inner world of mental experience rather than on the world around him. In fact, hypnosis is little different from the state one enters when daydreaming or relaxing while trying to clear the mind. Most subjects, for instance, do not even think that they are hypnotized when they first experience the state. They expect to lose consciousness, which very few subjects do. A hypnotized person is very relaxed, very passive, but quite aware of his situation. When in this state he will respond to hypnotic suggestion more out of convenience, or because it takes too much psychological energy to resist, than because he feels compelled to. Nor does this take place all the time. One can be in a genuine "trance" yet be totally unresponsive to suggestion. One should always keep in mind the vast difference between "hypnotic trance" and "hypnotic suggestion."

Just how does one "remember" under hypnosis? Through the use of mental imagery. Have you ever closed your eyes and allowed memories of the past to flow before you in a series of mental tableaux? This is very similar to the experience of hypnosis. These memories of the past can be very ac-

curate, but there is no guarantee that they are. And, to a great extent, the subject himself regulates the generation of these images. The hypnotist acts only as a guide, working with the subject to help him retrieve forgotten or blocked experiences. As Milton Erickson, Ernest Rossi, and Sheila Rossi explain in their standard text, *Hypnotic Realities*, "hypnotic suggestion is not a kind of verbal magic that can be imposed on patients to make them do anything . . . [suggestions] are effective only to the degree that they can actively block, or alter the functioning of natural mental mechanisms and associations already existing within the patient."

And yes, it is quite possible to lie under hypnosis!

When I began my research into the strange byways of ufology, probably my greatest surprise came when I realized how light a state of trance most abductees enter when recalling their experiences. Betty and Barney Hill entered a very deep level of hypnosis when reliving their UFO episode—so deep, in fact, that they could not recall what they had reported after they returned to normal consciousness. A similar case, reported by Jerome Clark, appears in Part III of this volume. To date I have personally regressed four UFO time-lapse witnesses, three of whom produced full or scattered memories of an abduction. And I have watched three experienced ufologists, including Dr. McCall, conducting successful regression sessions as well. In all of these instances the subjects, though they had no conscious recollections of UFO abduction before the hypnosis was implemented, recalled vivid experiences while in relatively light states of hypnosis and relaxation. In one instance, though, it took three sessions (all conducted by myself) to finally get to the root of the experience. In some cases, the subjects even openly questioned whether they were reliving real events from their pasts or were merely making up the stories that seemed to flow so spontaneously into their minds.[1]

So this brings us back to our central issue. Does the fact that a UFO witness remembers an abduction experience

[1] When we use the term "reliving" we are really giving a false impression of what is happening. A regressed subject will usually begin his scenario by talking in the past tense as though merely remembering what happened to him. It is usually the hypnotist who suggest that the witness relive the incident. This suggestion makes the experience more "real" to the subject and often helps him remember more about it. Whether he is really reliving his experience psychologically or merely role-playing is a moot point.

when reliving his encounter under hypnosis indicate that he has had a genuine abduction? This is the primary issue explored by Drs. Lawson and McCall in their research with "imaginary abductees."

The idea behind this research, conducted at an Anaheim, California, hospital, was to hypnotize volunteer subjects who had no background in ufology and "suggest" to them that they recall a UFO abduction experience. They were to pretend to experience what it would be like. Lawson and his coworkers expected to find that they would have to "pump" their subjects into making up such reports, and that their stories would sound nothing like allegedly "genuine" UFO abduction scenarios. So to aid their subjects, the experimenters asked each of them eight "situation questions" after they had been placed under hypnosis and pretended to experience a UFO encounter:

1. Imagine you are in your favorite place, relaxed and comfortable, when you suddenly see a UFO. Describe what you see.
2. Imagine you are aboard that UFO. How do you get aboard?
3. Imagine you are inside that UFO. Describe what you see there.
4. Imagine you are seeing some entities or beings on board that UFO. Describe them as completely as you can.
5. You are undergoing some kind of physical examination. Describe what is happening to you.
6. You are given some sort of message by the occupants of that UFO. What does the message say, and how was it made known to you?
7. You are returned safely to where you were before you sighted the UFO. How did you get there, and how do you feel?
8. Imagine it has been some time since you have had that UFO encounter. Is there anything which indicates that your personality or your physiological and/or psychological functions have been affected in any way by your UFO experience?

What the experimenters discovered surprised even them. They certainly did not have to prod their subjects into making up abduction reports. The volunteers were usually able to

give very vivid and imaginative stories. And the stories seemed to be indistinguishable in content from "genuine" abduction stories such as the ones which the Hills and other UFO witnesses have placed on record! Sometimes Lawson's subjects even came up with stories containing parallels to well-known abduction cases, though it seems unlikely that they had ever read about these incidents.

The meaning of the research was clear to Lawson. Since there seemed to be no qualitative difference between "real" and "imaginary" abduction experiences, Lawson argued that his research showed that hypnotically evoked abduction stories extracted from time-lapse UFO victims could *also* be merely fantasies.

Many ufologists now agree with Dr. Lawson's interpretation.

Of course, this was only Lawson's conclusion about the meaning of his data. The more scientifically trained student of UFO lore could easily rebut his contention. For one thing, Lawson's study suffered from gross methodological faults. He has claimed, for instance that samples of his imaginary abduction stories do not materially differ from the stories offered by genuine time-lapse UFO witnesses. This contention, which many ufologists are accepting at face value, is based on nothing more than Lawson's own judgment. The Long Beach-based investigator has never attempted to *demonstrate objectively* that these similarities are anything more than anecdotal parallels taken grossly out of context. And this could easily have been done through the use of independent or "blind" judging.[2]

[2] To make his study more conclusive, Lawson should have randomly selected several imaginary abduction stories and then randomly selected a similar set of genuine abduction stories. These protocols could then have been mixed together and given to an independent judge, who would then have tried to determine which fell into the "imaginary" and the "real" categories. A statistical appraisal could then have been made of the judge's rate of success in making this differentiation. This success rate could, in turn, have been statistically evaluated and turned into a "probability value" that would have indicated whether the judge's determinations were above or within the bounds of coincidence. For instance, if the judge was only barely able to differentiate between the imaginary and the genuine reports, his success rate would have to show 20:1 odds against chance to be significant. This means that the judge's success rate, if he were merely guessing, would only be this accurate once in any twenty times he attempted

Recently, Dr. Lawson has changed his mind about the nature of his findings, and has come to realize that there are several dissimilarities between real and imaginary abduction reports. Imaginary abductees do not lose control over their emotions while reliving their made-up experiences. Yet time-lapse victims often become very emotional and "unglued" as they recall their ordeals. Nor do imaginary abductees suffer any psychological stress or paranormal experiences as a result of their participation in this research. Yet genuine abduction witnesses often undergo both psychological and parapsychological crises after recalling their experiences. Lawson is now considering the possibility that the abduction syndrome may be a very real *psychological* experience linked to a physical UFO encounter.

The reader of Dr. Lawson's report will also note that the anecdotal similarities he has found between his real and imaginary abduction stories are taken totally out of context. Lawson is only arguing that his imaginary scenarios *as a whole* seem to parallel genuine time-lapse abduction narratives *in general*. What his research cannot explain is how two different time-lapse abduction victims will sometimes recall under hypnosis virtually *identical* experiences. These similarities will often be so copious that it will look almost as if the two witnesses were copying their accounts from one another, though this could not possibly have been the case.

Take a look at the table, comparing two abduction cases that have recently been placed in the literature. Note the amazing similarities between them. For the present, we'll call the witnesses Mrs. X and Miss Z. Both were abducted at night while in their own homes.

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a similar feat. Such a statistic would indicate that there were enough points of difference between the two groups of cases that they could be distinguished from one another on the basis of content. Lawson, of course, would be betting that the judge would fail in his attempts to differentiate between the two sets of cases. Lawson has never subjected his data to this type of analysis. His "evaluations" are based solely on an *ad hoc* anecdotal comparison between his imaginary reports and those drawn from legitimate UFO literature. As such, his study has no scientific value at the present time.

TIME FACTOR/ EVENT	MRS. X	MISS Z.
Landing of the UFO and prelude to the abduction	Saw a light in a window, and felt as though a vacuum had engulfed the house.	Saw a light through a window and noted sense of oppression and silence coming over the house.
Entry of the aliens	Teleported into the house through a closed door.	Teleported into the house through a closed window.
Size of the aliens	Noted two sizes: a few aliens taller than the others.	Noted two sizes: some aliens several inches taller than the others.
Nature of the aliens	Noted an aura of friendliness about the aliens, but felt so in their power that she had no ability to act against their wishes or defy them in any way.	Was curiously unafraid of them as though they were friends, but also noted that, as soon as they entered, they were in complete control of the situation and that she could not rebel against them.
Journey to the UFO	Floated to the UFO by the aliens.	Floated along a beam of light to the UFO.
Ordeals aboard the UFO	Hovered over a table and was given a medical examination.	Hovered over a table and was given a medical examination.
Communication with the aliens	Telepathic.	Telepathic.

TIME FACTOR/ EVENT	MRS. X	MISS Z.
Reaction to the aliens and the examination	Felt pain at one point but an alien relieved the pain by touching her head.	Felt alarmed when seeing the aliens, but they alleviated it by petting her.
Aftermath of the abduction	Several more UFO-like visitations and fleeting memories of an abduction.	Developed unusual obsessions and extraordinary desire to study medicine.

Any critical reader will see the great similarities between these two reports. The accounts of Mrs. X, as the reader might have figured out, are taken from the story Betty Andreasson told under hypnosis to Raymond Fowler. As outlined earlier, her abduction occurred in 1967 in Massachussets, was unearthed in 1977, and was published in 1979. Miss Z, on the other hand, was a victim of an abduction that took place in 1953 in a desolate canyon near Los Angeles, was unearthed through hypnosis in 1975, and was published in 1980. (I was part of this investigation, chronicled in *The Tujunga Canyon Contacts*, of which I was co-author with Ann Druffel.) Though virtually identical, these cases occurred on opposite sides of the continent and were separated in time by fourteen years. Nothing was known about the Andreasson affair when our subject, Sara Shaw, was regressed. And nothing had been published on the Shaw case at the time Betty Andreasson remembered her experience. No cribbing could have taken place.

Parallels such as these indicate that hynotically evoked abduction stories are a very genuine aspect of the UFO phenomenon. We should be taking them very seriously.

Does this, then, indicate that every hypnotically recalled abduction tale is necessarily a valid recollection of what took place during the victim's time lapse?

Not at all!

The skill of the hypnotist can be a mitigating factor in the value of any individual abduction story. In my own experience, I have found that UFO witnesses are rather resistant to overt suggestions or leading questions which might influence

what they are recalling. These witnesses seem to *know* what they experienced, and don't respond too kindly when I try to see if I can alter their stories through hypnotic suggestion. I have had abduction witnesses become quite irritated with me when I have "suggested" to them something that they felt they did not experience during their ordeals! I have always been impressed by this feature of the sessions I have run. Hypnotized subjects are, however, very sensitive to indirect or accidental suggestions or to subtle errors in questioning. These can encourage the subjects to report false recollections—even though they may not consciously realize that they are misrepresenting!

Let's say you have hypnotized a UFO witness and he is reliving his experiences inside a UFO. If you ask, "Is everything silent inside, or do you hear anything funny?" your subject will be alerted to the fact that you *expect* him to be hearing something out of the ordinary. Your subject will then, perhaps automatically, *think* that he really is hearing something unusual. He might say something like, "Yes, I hear a humming inside." Yet you have subtly cued and guided him into making that admission. Under such circumstances the hypnotist should merely say something such as, "concentrate on the scene around you. If you become aware of any unusual sights, sounds, or sensations, feel free to tell me about them." This is more neutral, and will not encourage your subject to make bogus statements.

Inadvertent cueing can easily occur during a regression session. Hypnotists who misguidedly ask—in fact, even grill—their witnesses about "messages" they may have been given, or about the contents of "conversations" they had with their abductors, are just asking for trouble. These questions might serve as hypnotic suggestions and the witness, quite honestly, may falsely recall such messages and communications. It is for just this reason that I am very skeptical of the type of information which the subject of the Rhodesia carnapping case recalled. He was unintentionally bullied into giving this information by the hypnotist.

Hypnosis can be a valid tool for the ufologist. But it can also be a poorly implemented one. While hypnotically evoked abduction stories may be genuine recollections of real events, the UFO investigator must always be aware that the hypnotist can accidentally lead his subject into recalling false episodes. Hypnotically evoked abduction stories may therefore

represent *general* scenarios of the witness's experiences, but not precise ones.

The following section consists of four time-lapse cases. While differing in content, all are surprisingly similar. These cases also illustrate two now-familiar aspects of the abduction syndrome. First, they tend to prove that the information given to abductees by aliens about their nature and purpose may be deliberately false, and offered to them so that they will come to an erroneous conclusion about the nature of their experiences. The case of Herbert Schirmer, who was abducted in 1967 near Ashland, Nebraska, is an example par excellence.

A report on Schirmer's experience kicks off the upcoming section. Under hypnosis, he recalled how the aliens had told him that they were from Venus, that they had a polar base, and a host of other ludicrous stories. These were very popular UFO "myths" being circulated during the 1960s. Thus the aliens who abducted Schirmer, in order to hide their true nature, may have extracted these myths from Schirmer's own mind and then parroted them back to him. They told him what he *expected* to hear, just as the aliens who confronted Gary Wilcox did. Similarly, John Hodges—the victim of the Dapple Gray Lane case reported in a lengthy article by Ann Druffel—was given several bits of information which even he eventually realized were false! It is interesting that Hodges's abductors claimed to be from Zeta Reticuli. Hodges, who even before his abduction was a UFO investigator and enthusiast, was no doubt aware of the Hill case and the Marjorie Fish interpretation of the Betty Hill star map. Had these aliens. too, extracted biases from their victim's mind and then parroted them back to him?

It is also interesting that the aliens who abducted both Schirmer and Hodges seemed to reveal their real natures openly to their victims. "To a certain extent . . . we want to puzzle people," the aliens told Schirmer. "We are trying to confuse the public's mind."

What could be a clearer statement of purpose?

The aliens who confronted John Hodges on Dapple Gray Lane seemed more altruistic in their attempt to communicate their real reason for abducting him. Though they later claimed to be from outer space, they appeared intent on making Hodges aware of their purpose at the very beginning of his encounter. Recall the Andreasson case, where her abduc-

tors seemed to tell her that they had come to help her understand herself. The same feature crops up in the Dapple Gray Lane case even more explicitly. When Hodges first encountered the aliens, one of them said to him, "Take the time to understand yourselves." It was later that night that he had his abduction experience.

Like Betty Andreasson, Hodges has also come to understand that his experience was not so much an alien encounter, but something metaphysical and spiritual.

"I think the entire thing was a fantastic, beautiful theater," he told Ann Druffel. "A display solely for my benefit to convey something that right now is unbeknownst to me."

Hodges was subjected to a fantastic picture show that attempted to impart cosmic warnings to him. Were these scenes meant to help him deal with anxieties within himself . . . perhaps the anxieties that had led to his nervous breakdown a few years before his UFO abduction?

Finally, it is intriguing that *all* the abductees whose cases are recounted in the upcoming section have continued to have alien contacts. Their experiences have permanently *linked them to an alien intelligence.* Herbert Schirmer has had several more UFO encounters. And people in close contact with him also shared in these adventures. Sandy Larson, whose bizarre case is thoroughly presented by Jerome Clark (who originally discovered and investigated it), has continued to be plagued by poltergeistery in her home and by at least one more alien contact. John Hodges, too, still sometimes hears the voice of the alien who abducted him ringing inside his head. But the most intriguing experience of all in this regard is that of the Reverend Harrison Bailey, which appears as the second case presented in Part II.

Mr. Bailey had an abduction experience in 1951 while hiking between two cities in Indiana. It wasn't until 1977, though, that he finally remembered what happened to him during an apparent six-hour time loss. Though consciously recalling a UFO encounter, only through hypnosis did he recollect a frightening alien encounter with little froglike beings and his abduction into the UFO. Ann Druffel, who investigated the Bailey case, does not discuss in her report the strange aftermath to the abduction. Ever since recalling his experience, Bailey has been bothered by weird nocturnal visitations similar to the one Betty Andreasson had after her abduction. Bailey reported to Mrs. Druffel that often, late at night, two "beings of light" will appear in his room. He has

described them as about five feet tall, spindly and white, with big domed heads. They come, he maintains, to give him messages of love and peace to give to the world.

Bailey's story is similar to ones told by many abduction witnesses who have been disturbed by nocturnal visitations. But there is a strange catch. After being told of these visitations, Mrs. Druffel suggested that he get a camera and try to photograph the aliens when they next appeared in his room. On November 2, 1978, Bailey placed an agitated phone call to the investigator. The aliens had appeared the night before, he said, and he had successfully photographed them!

These truly unique photographs are now being analyzed. Two of them are especially intriguing. One shows two faces peering out from a wall toward the camera, though no actual forms can be distinguished. Another shot shows one of the aliens silhouetted at an open door. It is a cute, spindly creature with an oversized head. The beings eventually turned into balls of light before they vanished; Bailey obtained a picture of these orbs as well. Since the photos were taken in a room without adequate light, and with an inexpensive camera, they are dark and not of good quality. But they are strangely impressive. Hopefully, current analysis of the pictures will help investigators get to the bottom of the Bailey matter.

Bailey, I might add, is very confused by what is happening to him. When I met him in 1979 he told me that he didn't like the "beings of light" visiting him and that he wanted them to stop. To this day he sleeps with a light on in his room . . . afraid that the little beings will return.

THE ORDEAL OF HERBERT SCHIRMER

Ralph Blum with Judy Blum

RALPH BLUM is the author of several books for both adults and young readers. In 1973 he made an extensive study of the Pascagoula, Mississippi, UFO abduction of Charles Hickson and Charles Parker. Together with his wife, Judy, he wrote Beyond Earth: Man's Contact with UFOs, *issued in 1974 by Bantam.*

Why did they land in Ashland?
They wanted to take some electricity from the power lines.
How do they do this?
(Long pause) . . . I cannot say at this time.
How is their craft operated?
It works against gravity.
How does it do this?
I cannot say. This is not the right time or place . . .
—Transcript from hypnotic session, Condon
Report Case 42, February 13, 1968

In the early morning hours of December 3, 1967, Patrolman Herbert Schirmer, of Ashland, Nebraska, had a feeling something was wrong. Dogs howled in the December darkness. At the edge of town, a huge bull in a corral was kicking and charging the gate. Schirmer stopped to make sure the gate would hold, and scanned the area with his spotlight. Then he drove on. At 2:30 A.M., cruising toward the intersection of Highway 63, he saw ahead of him an object with a row of flickering lights. He thought at first it was a truck, but when he snapped on his high beams, the "truck" took off into the sky and disappeared.

Schirmer, a twenty-two-year-old navy veteran whose father was an air force career man, had never really thought about flying saucers, but when he returned to the police station at 3:00 A.M., he entered the following report in the logbook:

"Saw a flying saucer at the junction of highways 6 and 63. Believe it or not!"

When Schirmer went home that morning, he had a bad headache, and a buzzing noise in his head that kept him from sleeping. He also noticed a red welt running down the nerve cord on his neck, below the left ear. But until the Condon Committee discovered twenty missing minutes in his police report and put him through time-regression hypnosis, Herbert Schirmer hadn't even the faintest suspicion that he was a UFO "contactee."

After his session with the Condon Committee in Boulder, Schirmer returned to Ashland and his duties as a patrolman. Before long, he was appointed to head the department, and became the youngest police chief in the Midwest. He served for two months, then resigned because "I simply was not paying attention to my job. I kept wondering what had really happened that night. My headaches were getting pretty fierce; I was gobbling down aspirin like it was popcorn. You can't be a good policeman if you have personal problems. So I quit."[1]

Someone in Ashland suggested to Schirmer that he talk with author Eric Norman, who had written several magazine articles on UFOs. Schirmer contacted Norman and told him his story. "I know a lot must have happened that night," Schirmer said. "It's down there somewhere in my mind. I just can't get it out."

Norman made arrangements for Loring G. Williams, a professional hypnotist, to join him and Schirmer on June 8, 1968, in Des Moines, Iowa, where once again Schirmer was regressed back to the predawn hours of December 3, 1967.

WILLIAMS: What time is it?

SCHIRMER: Two thirty in the morning. Hmmm . . . what's that up ahead . . . something on the road. Probably a trucker with a flat tire. I'll turn on my brights. *Wha* . . . hmmm. The row of lights are very bright. They're flashing! The red lights are flashing real fast. My

[1] The Schirmer data comes from two books by Eric Norman, *Gods, Demons and Space Chariots* (New York: Lancer Books, 1970) and *Gods and Devils from Outer Space* (Lancer, 1973), and from telephone conversations with the author at his Clinton, Iowa, home.

God! What is that thing? What . . . it's leaving the highway and going up in the air . . . hmmm. That's an old field . . . nothing can land there. I'd better follow.

WILLIAMS: Where are you now?

SCHIRMER: Going up the mud road to the field, toward the light. It's very bright. The lights are flashing. I'll call. I'll call . . .

WILLIAMS: Who are you going to call?

SCHIRMER: The police at Wahoo [Nebraska], Wahoo . . . four oh eight. Come in Wahoo . . . Hmmm, radio ain't working . . . What happened to the engine? Where's my lights? What is that thing!

WILLIAMS: Describe it for me.

SCHIRMER: It's made of metal and shaped like a football . . . a silverish glow around it . . . flashing light underneath. It came in over the field, hung there for a minute and it's flickering on and off. It's making a "whooshing" sound and the lights are flickering very rapidly.

WILLIAMS: How fast are the lights flickering?

SCHIRMER: Jimmy Christmas! They must be going around twice a second. At least 120 times a minute . . . Oh, no—it can't be . . .

WILLIAMS: What's happening.

SCHIRMER: Leg's shooting out underneath it. It's hard to see 'cause it's very bright. I think there are three legs coming out. They're telescoping. One . . . two . . . now it's settling on the ground.

WILLIAMS: Are you afraid?

SCHIRMER: You're damn right. My hand is shaking.

WILLIAMS: Why don't you start your cruiser and leave?

SCHIRMER: I am being prevented.

WILLIAMS: What do you mean *being prevented?*

SCHIRMER: Something in my mind . . . I wanna go home . . . Lord! Oh no! Oh no!

WILLIAMS: What's wrong now?

SCHIRMER: They're getting out. THEY'RE COMING TOWARD THE CAR! It can't be! . . . Trying to draw my revolver. I am being prevented. Something in my mind . . . The one in front of the car is holding up an object . . . stuff shoots out of it and goes all over the car . . .

WILLIAMS: What is this stuff? What color is it?

SCHIRMER: It's funny stuff, like a greenish gas. My God! It can't be! Stuff all around the cruiser. Hmmm . . . What's he doing?

WILLIAMS: Who do you mean?

SCHIRMER: The one in front of the car. He's pulling something out of a holster . . . My God! He's pointing it at me! It's bright . . . very bright . . .

WILLIAMS: How bright?

SCHIRMER: Bright flash . . . like a camera bulb, only brighter . . .

WILLIAMS: Now what's happening?

SCHIRMER: Paralyzed . . . passing out . . . can't remember anything. It's all black . . .

The next thing Schirmer remembered was rolling down the window of his cruiser. One of the occupants grabbed him and pressed against the side of his neck:

SCHIRMER: . . . Oooh! It hurts . . . I can't remember if I passed out again or not . . . I'm opening the door and standing up outside the cruiser . . . the one is looking directly into my eyes. I don't like it . . . He's asking me, "Are you the watchman over this place?" . . . I wish he wouldn't stare at me like that . . . He's pointing to the power plant and asking "Is this the only source of power you have?" . . . asks about our water reservoir . . . I'm asking him if he's real . . . he squeezes my shoulder . . . Oh, Lord! I'm not dreaming! He is real! . . . He asks if I would shoot at a space ship . . . "No sir . . ." He says I can come aboard for a few minutes . . .

Schirmer then walked with the occupant toward the craft. On the underside, a circle opened and a ladder descended. As he entered, Schirmer noticed that both the ladder metal and the interior were strangely cold.

Measured by our time, real time, Herbert Schirmer spent at most fifteen minutes on board the craft. During a "briefing" by the crew leader, it was explained to Schirmer that, as they talked, his mind was simultaneously receiving data input. He was told they do this with everyone they contact.

In the following extracts, paraphrased material is in italics.

Schirmer is standing in a room about 26 feet by 20; the ceiling is about 6 feet high. The lighting comes

from strips in the ceiling and has a reddish glow. Two triangular-backed chairs are facing a control panel of some type. Above the panel, fixed to the wall, is a large "vision screen." There are portholes along the side of the craft.

The crewmen, who stand 4½ to 5 feet tall, are wearing close-fitting silvery-gray uniforms, boots and gloves. On the left side of the chest is an emblem: a winged serpent. Their suits come up around their heads like a pilot's helmet. On the left side of the helmet is a small antenna. Their heads are thin, and longer than a human head. The skin on their faces is gray-white, the nose flat, the mouth merely a slit which does not move. The eyes, slightly slanted, yet not like those of an Oriental, do not blink; the "pupils" widen and narrow, like a camera lens adjusting.

SCHIRMER: . . . He's asking me if I would like to see how some of their things work. In my mind I am thinking no, because I want to go home. But something tells me to say yes. He's showing me things that look like computer machines. He pushes a button and the tapes start running. I am starting to tingle . . . He is punching buttons on the machine. Through my mind . . . somehow . . . he is telling me things . . . My mind hurts . . . there is something . . . he is speaking . . . he is telling me this is an observation craft with a crew of four men . . .

WILLIAMS: Is he communicating with you by voice or through the mind?

SCHIRMER: It seems to be both methods. It appears they do all their own speaking through the antenna devices on their helmets . . . The one who is talking with me speaks with a voice, with a sort of "broken" English. It is very strange-sounding and appears to come from deep inside him rather than from his mouth. I can't describe it. He is saying they study our languages on earth through some sort of machine. My mind tells me that they have computers to speak any language—somehow—wherever they may land.

WILLIAMS: Where are they from?

SCHIRMER: From a nearby galaxy. They have bases on Venus and some of the other planets in our galaxy.

WILLIAMS: Do they have bases on earth for their saucers?

SCHIRMER: Yes. There are definitely bases in the United States. There is a base located beneath the ocean off the coast of Florida which is a big thing . . . this would be used for our benefit and theirs. There is a base in the polar region—he did not say whether it was the North or South Pole. There is another big base right off the coast of Argentina. These bases are underground or under the water.

WILLIAMS: How do their craft operate?

SCHIRMER: The ship is operated through reversible electro-magnetism . . . A crystal-like rotor in the center of the ship is linked to two large columns . . . He said those were the reactors . . . Reversing magnetic and electrical energy allows them to control matter and overcome the forces of gravity . . .

WILLIAMS: Is there any defense against UFOs?

SCHIRMER: I would not even disclose that to the Air Force because they would try and destroy them . . . now they are telling me their ships have been knocked out of the air by radar . . . before they hit the ground the mother ship destroys them by a built-in mechanism that blows them up and burns them up.

WILLIAMS: How can radar knock them out?

SCHIRMER: I don't know . . . there's something . . . ioniz . . . it is a long word which I can't pronounce.

WILLIAMS: Ionization?

SCHIRMER: Yes. That the word.

WILLIAMS: What do you know about "mother ships?"

SCHIRMER: They are huge affairs, what we would call interplanetary stations. All of their headquarters-type operations are carried out in them. They are the main observation stations . . . so high out in space that we cannot acknowledge them. The saucers arrive here carried by the mother ships; they are then released to bases on earth. Both mother ships and saucers use light beams to "look in" on anything on earth, into any factory, home or house. They also monitor our earth communications system . . .

Aboard the ship is a disc-shaped object about six feet in diameter. This disc is used for remote-controlled reconnaissance and surveillance, and transmits pictures and sound back to the "vision screen." The crew leader flicks a switch and the screen comes on, revealing the outside of the craft: two of the crew are walking back

and forth like guards. They walk with a stiff, miltiary posture that reminds Schirmer of men who have been in the armed service a long time. The crew leader presses another button: three saucers of a different shape appear flying in formation against a background of stars that includes the Big Dipper. Schirmer is told that these are "war ships" flying in outer space. The image has great depth and realism. Again the crew leader shifts the picture: the mother craft comes into focus, cigar-shaped, very long, far above the earth. The screen goes dark. Schirmer is now given a demonstration of how electricity can be extracted from a nearby power line.

SCHIRMER: He said I should look out one of the portholes. He pushed a button. I saw an antenna-like thing move down and around to where it pointed at the power line. He must have pushed another button or something because there is a sudden white spurt of electricity. It shot out of the electrical line and went right into the tip of the antenna. He said for me to look at the dials on this one gauge. They registered completely full, way over to the side. He said that they didn't take much electricity, but they have a problem storing it so they take it from our power lines. Later he put the electricity back in the power line and the guage went down again.

WILLIAMS: Why extract small amounts of electricity from power lines?

SCHIRMER: When they land, an invisible force field is thrown around the ship in a circular pattern. He said that the electromagnetic field is a defense mechanism.

WILLIAMS: Did they mention anything about water?

SCHIRMER: They asked about the Lincoln City Water Reservoir, which is just down the hill. In some way which I do not understand, they draw a type of power from water. This is why we see them over rivers, lakes and large bodies of water.

WILLIAMS: How long have they been watching us?

SCHIRMER: They have been observing us for a long period of time and they think that if they slowly, slowly put out reports and have their contacts state the truth it will help them . . . They have no pattern for contacting people. It is by pure chance so the government cannot determine any patterns about them. There will be a lot more contacts . . . to a certain extent they want to puzzle people. They know they are being seen too fre-

quently and they are trying to confuse the public's mind. He is telling me they want everyone to believe some in them so we will be open to their invasion and—

WILLIAMS: Think carefully now. Did he use the word "invasion"?

SCHIRMER: Yes.

WILLIAMS: Then this would mean they are operating to conquer the world?

SCHIRMER (emphatically): Oh no, no, no. He used the word "invasion" but meant it in a friendly way. He said it would be the showing of themselves completely. The public should consider in their minds that they should have no fear of these beings because they are not hostile.

WILLIAMS: Did they tell you anything to say or do before you left? Were you programmed to say something in any manner?

SCHIRMER: Yes. He is looking directly into my eyes and saying: "I wish you would not tell that you have been aboard this ship. You are to tell that the ship landed below in the intersection of the highways, that you approached, and it shot up into the air and disappeared. You will tell this and nothing more. You will not speak wisely about this night. We will return to see you two more times . . ."

The crew leader's hand is on Schirmer's shoulder. He says a word unlike any Schirmer has ever heard before, then walks with him to the hatch. The two crew members who have remained outside climb aboard. Schirmer gets back into the police cruiser. The legs on the ship retract. A reddish-orange light emanates from the underside. There is a humming noise as the ship winds up and shoots up into the sky.

Patrolman Herbert Schirmer drives his cruiser back into Ashland. He arrives at the station at about 3 A.M. *He writes in the logbook all that he remembers of the past half hour:* "Saw a flying saucer at the junction of highways 6 and 63—" *Perhaps he hesitates a moment, then adds*—Believe it or not!"

As I was working on this chapter, I had several long telephone conversations with Eric Norman, whose real name is Warren Smith. He told me he had found the landing site, an unplowed sloping field, not far from the highway. There were

three-pointed marks where the tripod landing gear had sunk deep into the earth. "Patches of grass had been swirled and twisted into odd patterns," Warren told me, "as though the vegetation had been under powerful centrifugal pressure."

Much of Schirmer's story is in accord with current UFO speculation. The demonstration of energy being extracted from a power line coincides with the suspicion that UFOs sighted near high-tension wires in the Niagara Falls and New York areas might have been responsible for the great Northeast blackout, and other power failures that have never been explained.

Schirmer was told that all the "ships" were made from 100 percent pure magnesium. A piece of such magnesium—purer than any obtainable by our metallurgical processes—was recovered when a saucer reportedly "crashed" in September 1957 near Ubatuba, Brazil.

The scanning disks used by the ships suggest an advanced development of our "spy in the sky" satellites. The resolution from even our "primitive" recording satellites is so good that, during the Israeli-Arab Six-Day War, a picture was obtained showing the time on an Israeli captain's wristwatch. Small disks, similar to those described by Schirmer, are frequently reported hovering around atomic power stations and air force bases, and zipping along our highways.

The emblem of the winged serpent on the crew's uniform has been featured in the legends of diverse cultures and civilizations all over the earth. The ancient god and legendary ruler of Mexico, Quetzalcoatl (feathered serpent), is said to have given men the calendar, arts, science, and government. The symbol is still used by Mexico today.

It is not feasible to evaluate the information given to Schirmer. The odd discrepancies are covered by the warning of the crew leader himself: "to a certain extent . . . we want to puzzle people . . . we are trying to confuse the public's mind . . . we want everyone to believe some in us . . ." From reading and rereading the material, I get the feeling that we are being provided with a sophisticated blend: part extension of our own scientific techniques, part evidence that *seems* realistic since we are already predisposed by years of science-fiction writing to expect such things, and part fantasy introduced by the Phenomenon for reasons of its own.

Herbert Schirmer, like most of the "good" contactees, has been meticulously checked out medically and psychologically; his health, his family, his work background are all impecca-

ble. As a witness, he cannot be discredited, so how can we ignore his testimony?

The Schirmer story contains many of the classic features that recur in well-researched contactee reports—from bad headaches to suppressed memory. Next to the case of Barney and Betty Hill, the New Hampshire couple who, under hypnosis, accounted for several lost hours aboard a "spaceship," Schirmer's is the best-documented case of its kind on record.

In reporting Case 42, the Condon Report employs almost the same words used by Dr. Hynek after interviewing Charlie Hickson in Pascagoula: "Dr. Sprinkle expressed the opinion that the trooper believed in the reality of the events he described." After the hypnotic session, Schirmer said, "Dr. Sprinkle told me that my mind was a key to the future."[2]

[2] I spoke with Dr. R. Lea Sprinkle, professor of psychology at the University of Wyoming. Dr. Sprinkle did the original time-regression hypnosis sessions on Schirmer for the Condon Report. Sprinkle accepted the "validity" of Schirmer's experience. When I quoted the "key to the future" remark, Sprinkle said, "It sounds a little prettier than I usually talk. I believe I said that stories like his were a key to unlocking the next level in UFO study, for helping us put together a pattern."

HARRISON BAILEY AND THE "FLYING SAUCER DISEASE"[1]

Ann Druffel

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At six o'clock on the morning of September 24, 1951, 24-year-old Harrison E. Bailey was hiking from Chicago along State Highway 7 toward Joliet, Ill. A healthy, energetic man, he was engaged in the activity he liked best—walking. He had no way of knowing that by 4:30 that afternoon his entire life would be changed forever. An encounter with the unknown—with three types of non-human beings and an alien craft, an event perhaps unprecedented in UFO history—would affect his body, his mind and his attitude toward life.

Three years before, Bailey had invented an ingenious advertising gimmick: a huge five-foot tractor tire which he had painted green and in the center of which he put signs promoting various products and public events. Over the years motion picture theaters, clothing stores, soft drink companies and various other organizations in and around Gary, Ind., his hometown, had hired him to advertise their products in his fashion. He accepted these jobs during vacations and holidays for he worked full time in the Gary steel mills.

On this September day, however, he was walking his tire as a labor of love. The great green wheel wore a sign, "Let's Come Through in '52—St. Louis Browns." He was advertising his favorite baseball team as a morale-building gesture. He had started walking from Gary on September 23 and

[1] First published in *Fate* magazine and reprinted here by permission.

planned to finish on September 26 with a triumphant arrival in St. Louis, where Bill Veeck, owner of the Browns, would greet him.

He had stayed in a Chicago hotel the night before and now after an early start was strolling along the little-traveled highway. Ahead lay a stretch of woods which Bailey calculated he could traverse in half an hour or so. In those woods this ambitious young black man would come face to face with a mystery which remains unsolved to this day.

Bailey had taken long walks before with his 150-pound advertising tire. He had long ago perfected an easy stride, a rhythmic pushing, to drive the device ahead of him. He was wearing green overalls, green shoes and socks, and carried a green backpack. Large goggles protected his face and heavy gloves covered his hands.

As Bailey drew near the small forest several miles southwest of Orland Park, Ill., he suddenly felt a cramping, burning sensation on the back of his neck. He turned around without breaking stride and observed what he assumed was a "whirlwind" in the sky in back of him.

The phenomenon was gray and rotating, large at the top and small at the bottom. It was unlike any other whirlwind Bailey had ever seen. But because he was used to seeing strange new sights during his walks, he did not spend much time trying to figure it out. He continued straight ahead, grateful that the spasm in his neck had eased. His only thought now was to get to Joliet before sunset. Since he planned to spend the night there and continue on to St. Louis the next day, he had no time to stop and gawk; he still had about 25 miles to go to Joliet. A quick glance at the sun told him it was about 11 o'clock.

Bailey's next conscious memory is of standing in the wooded area, staring at a huge silver-gray object across the road on the edge of a meadow. Sitting silently, its rounded shape reminded him of a water tank, although it was more oval than cylindrical. It was much larger than an automobile.

Puzzled and curious, he broke stride and brought his huge green tire to a rolling halt. As he observed the strange object more closely, part of its surface silently slid back to reveal a sort of door or window in its side. Bailey was less than 100 feet from the object and he saw two strange-looking men come up to its window. They stood side by side staring back at him.

Bailey realized this was something about which he knew

nothing. The men's faces were hidden behind huge green-tinted face shields somewhat like those welders wear. Behind the transparent material of the shields the men's faces seemed oddly distorted.

Confused and a little frightened, he concluded that the object must be an aircraft of some kind because it had no wheels or other means of ground travel. Although it had no wings, props, tails or exterior engines either, he intuitively linked it to the gray rotating "whirlwind" he had seen a little earlier. He felt the same prickling spasms, now intensified and generalized, and his entire body seemed to be vibrating.

He stood transfixed on the road, gazing in perplexity at the ship and wondering where it came from. Perhaps, he speculated, the occupants were Russian spies connected in some way with the war then raging in Korea. In that case he didn't want to have anything to do with them. Or maybe the silvery disc was one of those "flying saucers" people were seeing. If it was, he had even more reason not to stay around; he remembered reading a column by Walter Winchell telling of the ridicule heaped upon witnesses who tried to report these flying objects.

Suddenly one of the men spoke.

"Where are you from?" he asked. The question was phrased in unaccented English.

"Gary, Indiana," Bailey replied.

"Where are you going?"

"St. Louis, Missouri," Bailey said. He didn't bother to shout, figuring that if he could hear the men, they could hear him. Russian spies or men from space, it seemed hardly a significant or memorable conversation and Bailey was itching to be on his way.

The men looked at each other as if conversing among themselves or preparing other questions but Bailey had lost interest in them. The paralysis seemed gone now and he started rolling his wheel again, headed southwest toward Joliet. He glanced back once toward the strange ship. It was still resting silently in the meadow. Bailey walked on.

He had gone only a short distance before painful cramping sensations afflicted his shoulders, arms, legs and abdomen. Coupled with these unfamiliar spasms was a deep fatigue such as he had never felt before. On all his walking tours, some lasting several days and always comprising hours of steady walking, he had never experienced exhaustion like this.

As he emerged from the woods he noted with dismay that

the sky, which had been blue with a few fluffy white clouds, was now gray and foreboding. As he stepped from beneath the canopy of trees, rain was falling. Strangely, the morning was gone. A glance toward the west, toward a sun barely detectable behind thick clouds, informed him that it was now late afternoon.

Bailey was too ill and too tired to worry about what had happened to the time. His only concern was how he would be able to travel the 25 miles of muddy highway and arrive at Joliet before dark. It was impossible, he realized. Still, he trudged on, rolling his tire. His cramped legs and arms cried out for relief.

Late that evening he reached a small railroad town northeast of Joliet. There were no hotels to put up a tired traveler but a friendly stationmaster permitted him to sleep warm and dry inside the red-painted depot. He parked his tire outside. As he tried to catch a few hours' sleep, he heard voices outside asking if anybody had seen the "flying saucer" and then laughter. Sleepily he wondered if they were joking about his huge green wheel. It did not occur to him that they might have been discussing the same odd craft he had encountered that day. He slept fitfully.

The next morning Bailey thanked the stationmaster for his kindness and continued on his way. He felt somewhat better. The extreme fatigue and cramps of the previous evening had eased but Bailey still did not feel his usual exuberant self. Nevertheless he resumed his journey, rolling his advertising tire all the while.

As Bailey continued on toward the city of Joliet he suddenly became aware that numerous people were watching him. He was used to having small children follow him, running along, grinning and enjoying the swish of the great wheel. But these rural folk were muttering and as Bailey approached some lined up across the road to block his path. Bailey stopped and considered his situation, which did not look good. These people were Caucasians and looked as though they had something on their minds. A lone black man would be helpless against them if they tried anything. One of the men barked, "Hey, you!"

Bailey waited, his gloved hands resting on the wheel.

"Did we see you come out of a flying saucer yesterday?"

The blunt question shocked Bailey. If the tone in which it had been spoken had not been so serious, Bailey might have laughed in relief. He was used to being called a "flying saucer

man" in Gary because of the similarity of his huge wheel to a spinning saucer.

"No, sir," Bailey said. "I'm not from any flying saucer."

He hurriedly showed his identification, including some newspaper clippings about his advertising wheel. The townspeople listened sullenly, not yet convinced.

"Take off your shoes," another man demanded roughly.

Bailey removed his green shoes and socks, his fingers shaking with anxiety and returning fatigue. As he uncovered his feet the men closest to him broke into relieved grins.

"Hey!" they called to the others in the crowd, "this fella ain't out of a flying saucer. He's *black!*"

Bailey breathed a sigh of relief as the men handed back his credentials and murmured an apology or two. He put on his shoes and socks and continued on his way. He made it to Joliet that evening and from there to St. Louis the next day.

Through subsequent years Bailey continued his walking tours, advertising various products and productions and gaining considerable newspaper publicity. In 1957 he outfitted his tire with lights and more than once was reported as a "flying saucer" by startled citizens of Gary and other towns. But he kept closely locked within himself the secret of his 1951 encounter on the road. Persons who reported *real* flying saucers were ridiculed and Bailey wanted none of this. He was respectable and employed and he did not want to jeopardize his reputation or career. But he kept thinking back to the strange craft, the odd helmeted men and the questions they had asked him. "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" The incident seemed to make no sense at all.

Besides the continuing puzzlement in his mind Bailey's life changed in other respects. His former vitality, energy and vibrant health were gone. He began to experience stomach trouble, symptoms which doctors found vague and undiagnosable but which were real and painful to him.

He was drafted into the army in 1952 and served two years. During this time the stomach pains continued intermittently. Although Bailey tried several times to tell doctors at sick call what was troubling him, they did little more than prescribe Maalox and send him back to duty.

By 1954 Bailey was out of the army and back at work in the steel mills of Gary. Life was good. He had eight years' seniority with the company and all the advertising promotions he could handle on vacations and weekends. He found, how-

ever, that he had to change his walking habits considerably because he was tired and often ill. He went repeatedly to the doctor and always was told that nothing was wrong, that his trouble was merely a "nervous stomach."

By the late 1950's he rolled his tire only for special occasions—for a favored candidate during an election, for safety campaigns in the steel mills and for the Fight on Organized Crime in America. His illness was now so serious that doctors at Hines Veterans' Administration Hospital in Illinois decided to operate.

In 1963 Bailey underwent surgery, ostensibly for gallbladder trouble. The surgery was simple enough but a few days later, according to Bailey, one of the doctors who had performed the operation asked him, "What's the matter with you?"

"What do you mean?" Bailey said.

"What's going on inside your body?"

Bailey was confused by the question. "I don't know," he said.

"Don't lie to me!" the doctor shouted. "We've been all through your records. You've been somewhere or something has gone through your body you're not telling us about. What is it?"

All Bailey could do was to stare at him in amazement. "I don't know, I don't know," he protested.

Later other doctors at the hospital, asked him some of the same questions, sometimes in the presence of other doctors, sometimes alone. Finally they brought in Bailey's wife and told her that he was in "very, very bad shape." Bailey claims the doctors said that his internal organs were three times older than they should have been for his age, which at that time was 35. They asked her what had happened to him in his lifetime to make him age in that manner.

When she told them where her husband worked, what kind of food he ate, the kind of clothes he wore and what his other habits were, the doctors remained unsatisfied. Finally they asked her if Bailey drank alcoholic beverages. She told them that her husband was a teetotaler; he didn't smoke or use narcotics either.

"Finally," Bailey told investigators years later, "the doctors put down 'Illness: Unknown' on my medical report.

"During my stay in the hospital in 1963, my mind often went back to the object I'd seen out in the woods, and when the people thought they had seen me coming out of a flying

saucer ship. Could this have been a real UFO? Could I have gotten too close to it? Could my illness be a 'flying saucer disease'?"

After his surgery Bailey tried hard to regain his health but his body would not respond. He was retired from the steel mills in 1966 on a disability pension and soon after that he began to speak openly about his 1951 encounter. He took to advertising in newspapers in a desperate effort to elicit information from others who might have the same type of illness. When his advertisements got no response he began to fear that he was unique. Maybe he was the only person in the world who had ever suffered physical problems after a close encounter with a UFO. Or perhaps his illness had *not* been caused by proximity to a "flying saucer." Was he wrong? Was it all a series of incredible coincidences?

Bailey knew in his heart this was not the answer. His problems were very real indeed—as real as the object he had seen in the woods, as real as the strange men who had stood at the "window" and stared at him from across the highway, as real as the questions they had flung at him across the mild September air. Yes, he knew.

He found he could bear the uncertainty and the discouragement but what hurt most was the ridicule from friends and strangers alike, and the occasional "human interest" articles written by unfeeling reporters—"human interest" being synonymous in this instance with derisive humor. The sometimes indifferent, sometimes patronizing letters he received from various government agencies he contacted were even more infuriating.

Then on April 24, 1975, he placed an ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, one of the largest daily newspapers in the United States. His ad urged any reader who had information concerning "flying saucer disease" to contact the Rev. Harrison E. Bailey, associate minister at the New Salem Baptist Mission Church in Pasadena, Calif. Several days later he appeared on "The Mickey and Teddi Show," a local television talk program. As a result people—serious people—finally heard of Bailey and responded to his plea.

Because of the ad and the television appearance I came to know the Reverend Bailey. In my capacity as representative for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) and the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) I initiated an investigation of Bailey's alleged experience.

I was interested in the possibility that Bailey's memory of the encounter had been blocked in some manner and therefore he had no conscious answers to such questions as why the encounter had occurred or what the motives of the helmeted men might have been. He also wondered why the time had seemed to pass so quickly that day.

When Bailey and I studied a map of Illinois we were trying to identify the small railroad town where Bailey had spent the night after slogging through the rain for hours after his sighting. The lines which denoted the highways of Illinois between Chicago and Joliet spoke clearly, if mutely. Obviously, at least six hours were missing from his life.

It had been Bailey's custom to walk swiftly and surely at a rate of four to five miles an hour during his walking tours. He estimated that the walk from South Chicago through Orland Park had taken four or five hours. Passing through Orland Park, he remembered clearly that he still had about 25 miles to walk to Joliet. Ordinarily he could have traveled that distance in six to seven hours, even allowing time for lunch.

Looking at the map Bailey determined that the small railroad town where he had slept in the depot might possibly have been Mokena, Ill. The town of Mokena is about 15 miles from Orland Park. It had taken Bailey from 11 o'clock in the morning until long after sunset to travel that distance.

In an effort to explore the time lapse associated with his September 24, 1951, sighting, Dr. Bill McCall, a California physician specializing in family practice, regressed Bailey hypnotically on June 6, 1977. Dr. McCall uses hypnotic techniques in the course of his practice to assist in the diagnosis and treatment of certain illnesses and physical malfunctions.

The information obtained in this fashion from Bailey's hidden memories proved both gratifying and disturbing. It answered numerous questions about the man's experience and supplied corroborative facts which strengthen Bailey's conscious account. But it also brought out additional surprising facets of the sighting which have raised new, intriguing questions about the presence of the silver-gray ship and its helmeted occupants.

For hidden in Bailey's subconscious mind were the details of an encounter that is almost unique in UFO experience.

As he sat deep in hypnotic trance the Pasadena, Calif., minister shifted uncomfortably. He was reliving a frightening experience that had lain hidden in his unconscious mind for

over a quarter of a century. The rest of us watched quietly in the private lounge of a hospital in southern California where Dr. W. C. McCall had regressed the Rev. Harrison E. Bailey back to a warm September day in 1951. The story emerging from this hypnotic session was astounding and disturbing—quite unlike anything any of us had ever heard before.

In trance Bailey was walking along a road somewhere between Cicero and Joliet, Ill., on Highway 6, he stated carefully, near where it joins Highway 7. His own footsteps, an occasional birdcall and the swoosh of his great green advertising wheel were the only sounds. He had glanced back briefly at what he thought was a gray "whirlwind" and then continued on his way. A stretch of woods waited ahead.

Bailey suddenly interrupted his account to shout, "Right up there! They're waiting for me!"

"What is 'they'?" McCall wanted to know. Bailey did not answer. He was busy trying to comprehend an incomprehensible sight.

"You say they're waiting for you. Does that mean you saw 'them' before?" McCall asked patiently.

"Well, I saw them before I got to them," Bailey said, responding in the maddeningly literal phrasing characteristic of a person in deep trance.

"A lot of little bugs," Bailey said. He paused. "They're bigger than a bug—about the size of a big frog. They're on a log that's partly out in the road. They're coming close to me, a lot of them on both sides. Close enough to touch me!"

Bailey's smooth brown face took on an expression of distaste. "A frog *hops!* These are *walking!*"

He shifted uneasily. "I don't know how come so many of them. I been touched, maybe bit. I start to run. Woods still dark—it was early morning when I went in. Should be out of the woods by now! It seems to be getting pretty late. I don't understand. I'm beginning to feel . . . confused. I musta lay down. *I know I wouldn't lay down!* It's a wooded area, no houses."

McCall questioned Bailey carefully and later I did the same. From this we learned what Bailey had been trying to say. As Bailey approached the dark woods, he claimed he saw a strange creature lying flat on a log, staring at the approaching human being. Other creatures like it were lurking half-hidden on both sides of the road.

Bailey stared back at the creature, whose prominent eyes curled around the side of its head. At the same time he no-

ticed numerous little round objects scurrying about in the road ahead. These did not worry him as much as the larger creatures did because he figured his heavy boots would protect his feet.

Suddenly the thing on the log got up and *walked* toward Bailey. Startled, he realized quickly that whatever it might be, it was not a frog. Then all the froglike creatures, close to a dozen in all, clustered around him. Their high-pitched calls sounded like the piercing cries of wild ducks. They seemed to be talking with each other.

Bailey couldn't understand why they walked along with him, repeatedly jumping up to touch his hips, his waist, arms and shoulder. What were they? About 18 inches in height, they were covered with brown, smooth, striped skin. Their paws were like little hands and their feet three-toed. They jumped and touched, jumped and touched. Bailey was grateful for his protective overalls. The sensations he felt when they touched him were unpleasant.

Bailey noticed that the entities had slitlike mouths but except for the eyes their faces and heads seemed quite featureless. Bailey fought them off with his left hand, not the easiest of feats because he was trying to roll his wheel at the same time.

All this time numerous little creatures "like bugs," evidently accompanying his 18-inch companions, skittered in all directions along the road in front of Bailey. They had dark round shells about one inch in diameter. Since Bailey was looking almost directly down at them, he could not determine what type of living being existed underneath the shells. In any case Bailey did not look at them closely because he feared that their erratic motions would confuse him.

He started to run, pushing his wheel harder to keep up with his hurrying steps. After a few minutes he left the alien horde behind. Nevertheless, concerned that one might still be clinging to him, he brushed his clothing.

Suddenly he felt a vast heaviness and time became unclear. The next thing he knew, some hours had passed and he was still in the stretch of forest.

He passed along a thinner section of woods dotted with large ponds of marsh water. Here Bailey noticed a large object sitting in or on one of the ponds, just off the road to his right. It was roughly the size of a Greyhound bus and its surface was rounded, silvery-gray and smooth.

Bailey slowed his pace. He heard a sliding sound and saw

an opening appear in the body of the object. Two helmeted men stood looking at him.

For 26 years Bailey would not allow his conscious mind to consider the possibility that his encounter had been anything but a brief, seemingly pointless conversation across the road. Under McCall's soft and patient questioning Bailey repeatedly resisted the doctor's efforts to uncover the mystery of the missing hours.

"Do you think they took you aboard the tank during the time you were in the woods?" McCall asked, a full hour after the start of the hypnotic session.

Bailey paused for a long time. "Well, if they *did*," he countered, "you wouldn't talk about a thing like that. People have very peculiar ideas about people that see something like that."

Later in the session McCall tried again. "You mentioned that if you *had* been aboard you wouldn't tell anybody about it," he said. "You'd have no objection to telling us about it, though, would you?"

"I can't," Bailey said. "I can't recall . . . going aboard. I don't want to be nowhere around. *I don't want to know too much.*"

Finally, after being assured that Bailey's Christian God was protecting him and that the danger had passed, Bailey revealed what he knew in his own mind to be the truth.

"I probably have to be put to sleep to go in there," he ventured. He speculated that the touch of the strange froglike creatures might have produced a state of slumber. Or perhaps, he thought, they had bitten him without his knowledge.

He awakened inside the craft, lying on a low-slung bed which felt strangely soft. A bright diffused light shone in his face. He could vaguely see machinelike shapes around the room. Then the two strange occupants approached.

About five feet in height, they seemed benevolent enough but Bailey avoided looking at them closely. Behind the tinted shields their features were flattened and bizarre. Their clothing was made of a single piece of fabric without openings or zippers. In his fright Bailey didn't get around to noticing their hands or feet.

Bailey closed his eyes against the bright light and the sight of the men. The heat from the light warmed him through his clothing. He felt his head being turned from side to side as if they were examining his face, nose and ears. Oddly, he could not feel the men actually touching him. He could only hope

and pray that it would be all over soon and that they would let him go. Then he fell asleep.

His next recollection was of being given a message. Through some type of telepathy the two occupants urged him to tell people that UFOs were real, that they meant no harm and that they desired to land and communicate with mankind unhindered.

"Why me?" he asked in his mind. "Why not talk to scientists or somebody who knows more than I do about things like this?"

At this point Bailey paused in trance and sighed. "They say they're in the same shape I am," he recalled. "Somebody always looking at them, like people look at me when I roll the tire. Now it appears that they want people to stop staring at them and to be more friendly. I think they're good people with a problem.

"I let them talk. They would like me to be a spokesman for them. They're in the same fix I am. I think they refer to my being black, to being . . . not wanted in this society."

Bailey next was permitted to leave the craft. He found himself walking down a kind of ramp. His tire felt light and rolled slowly down the ramp as if it had lost most of its weight.

As soon as Bailey got back on the road again, memory of the encounter immediately slipped from his mind. He forgot the message the occupants had given him. It would be 14 years before Bailey would speak openly about his encounter with the UFO in the woods and his suspicion that somehow the encounter had harmed him physically.

Through hypnosis investigators learned other important facts about Bailey's experience. For example, we uncovered new information about Bailey's route from Cicero to Joliet. This is important to our continuing efforts to locate corroborating witnesses to the UFO and occupants Bailey encountered.

Bailey consciously remembered walking in a southwesterly direction from Cicero to Joliet. Yet hypnosis revealed that he probably took a route which first ran south out of Cicero to Highway 6, then west along the southern boundary of Orland Park. The encounter took place just before the junction of Highway 7.

In his effort to seek shelter from driving rain, Bailey may then have turned directly south on Highway 7, also known as Wolf Road. Already confused by his run-in with the odd ani-

mals and the mysterious craft, he wandered for hours until he reached a small railroad town. This small community likely was Mokena, Ill. From Mokena the next morning he traveled in a generally westerly direction to Joliet.

The problem of Bailey's time lapses is a difficult one. As we try to reconstruct the incident, it appears that Bailey lost two to three hours between the time he encountered the "animals" and the time he saw the craft. After he saw the UFO he underwent *another* two- or three-hour time lapse, from which he emerged feeling fatigued and nauseated. It was late afternoon before he finally came out of the small stretch of woods.

A *third* time lapse took place the next day. Under hypnosis Bailey recalled that he left the shelter of the depot early in the morning on September 25, 1951, and began to walk. His next memory was of seeing a sign informing him that he was three miles outside the eastern limits of Joliet. The time was late afternoon. Here it was that a crowd stopped him and demanded to know whether he was a spaceman whom they had watched come out of a flying saucer.

What happened to Bailey between early morning and his afternoon arrival outside Joliet? Since Mokena is only about 15 miles from Joliet, he should have been able to traverse the distance in less than three hours. Is it possible that the craft followed Bailey and took him aboard a *second time* on September 25? Obviously people living outside Joliet could not have seen the craft abduct Bailey near Orland Park but they could have witnessed a (second) "kidnapping" in their own vicinity.

Bailey was so relieved to be dismissed as the "spaceman" the Joliet-area residents had seen coming out of a UFO that he left hurriedly without bothering to ask when and where they had seen the episode take place.

Two years of research have produced documentation concerning Bailey's advertising wheel, his walking tours and specifically his trip from Gary, Ind., to St. Louis, Mo. The rainstorm outside Orland Park and his belated arrival in Joliet also have been documented.

Efforts to locate Bailey's full medical records have met with only partial success. In UFO research nothing is harder to do than to pry 24-year-old medical records from reluctant hospital staffs. Summaries of Bailey's 1963 surgery mention a gallbladder operation. With the help of Douwe Bosga of the Illinois-based Center for UFO Studies, I hope to procure the

complete records which may contain the cryptic notation, "Illness Unknown," which Bailey remembers seeing. Other pages of the detailed charts may mention the premature internal aging of which Bailey speaks.

His wife Anna Bailey fully substantiates Bailey's contention that he always has avoided alcohol and drugs. She states firmly that the Hines doctors told her that her husband's internal organs were two to three times as old as his external body.

Between 1952 and 1969 Bailey experienced seizures similar to grand mal. However, repeated EEG tests failed to uncover *any* brain wave abnormality which would account for these. During some of these seizures Bailey remembers experiencing vivid "dreams" during which he saw the occupants of the silvery-gray craft and heard their message once more.

Responsible persons in the Pasadena community which Bailey serves as minister attest to his integrity and stability. He is known as an impressive preacher, an effective Christian leader and a fearless social activist.

Recent scientific research has thrown new light on the possible causes of the physical symptoms Bailey experienced following his UFO encounter. James M. McCampbell (author of the important book *Ufology*) and other researchers are gathering evidence that some UFOs emit electromagnetic radiation in the microwave region. Can Bailey's "flying saucer disease" have been caused by microwave radiation? Several clues suggest this well may be the case.

Let's consider this possibility: some type of radiation—ostensibly in the microwave region—leaked from the silvery craft or was directed at Bailey, whose skin was well protected by his cap, goggles and clothing, so the sensation of heat and the effects of skinburn were minimal. But his inner organs, composed of sensitive, moist tissues, were permanently damaged.

In order to substantiate the theory, we must consider the precise order of physiological sensations:

(1) ". . . at the back of my neck, like a cramp or something, but longer than a cramp would last. A funny feeling, a prickling down my back . . . and cramps in my shoulders and neck . . . This was when I saw the whirlwind behind me."

(2) "Standing in front of the ship, I felt like I was in a trance and couldn't move . . . Then something prickling, like

needles punching or something. I feel a little hot. I feel a vibration. Not the ground. *I'm* vibrating. I ought to have a chill but I don't feel cold. Pretty warm out there."

(3) "Leaving the tank, I began to walk but—very, very heavy. My legs, cramping . . . shoulders, pain. My arms, my shoulders—maybe they're from the vibration I felt. It can't be from the tire. I never did ache like this—and my stomach! I just can't go no further—"

The sequence of physiological effects can be correlated with the *distance* of the ship from Bailey. The initial prickling in his unprotected neck is typical of what happens during exposure to low levels of microwave radiation or possibly, radiation from a distance. It seems to have been a mild electric shock. The prickling and cramping along his shoulders and spine could have been the shock spreading to adjacent areas.

As he stood near the landed ship Bailey felt warmth and vibration throughout his body, accompanied by a feeling of trancelike paralysis. Microwave radiation can cause electrical tension in the membranes surrounding nerve fibers. Since orders to voluntary muscles sent out of the central nervous system travel along these fibers, strong microwave radiation could effectively disturb muscular response and cause paralysis.

Bailey started to walk away. His legs felt heavy. He kicked and shook them with little effect. A slowly pulsed microwave field can create gaps in memory during which muscular coordination is unimpaired most (though not all) of the time.

Bailey's stomach trouble started after the encounter and has persisted to the present time. It might be explained in two ways: (1) The level of microwave radiation to which he was subjected caused a combination of weakness, fatigue, depression and fear similar to that which occurs in persons exposed to cumulative low-level microwaves. His continuing unconscious anxiety about the encounter may have resulted in a permanent psychosomatic reaction. (2) His stomach trouble was the result of chemical changes in his digestive organs—something which a Russian study suggests is one symptom of microwave exposure.

We have no way of knowing, of coures, whether Bailey was purposely or accidentally harmed by the UFO and its occupants. Bailey himself believes any injury done to him was *unintentional*.

Until a few months ago the froglike creatures described by Bailey seemed unique in the UFO literature. Recently, how-

ever, *after Bailey's June 1977 hypnotic session,* England's *Flying Saucer Review* published a peculiar French case which until then was unfamiliar to American ufologists. According to that story a French witness, driving *alone* through *a forested, marshy* area, saw a *large number of small froglike humanoids* who stared at him with *large glaring eyes.* The sketch the witness later drew is surprisingly like Bailey's.

Our investigation of Bailey's encounter continues. We now hope to locate possible corroborative witnesses and substantiate his statements about his surgery. Any reader who can help us in these regards is urged to write the author.

UFO ABDUCTION IN NORTH DAKOTA

Jerome Clark

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I first heard of Sandra Larson's UFO sighting late in October 1975 when Bob Becker, a Fargo, N.D., man who has some interest in UFOs, called me and suggested that I contact her. The sighting, which was also witnessed by her 15-year-old daughter, Jackie, and a young man I will call Larry Mahoney, sounded fairly routine—except for one significant detail. She felt there had been a "time lapse" either during or shortly after the incident.

When I interviewed Mrs. Larson, a divorced woman who works as a country-western singer and also as a part-time cocktail waitress, she and her daughter said they had left Fargo at 3:15 A.M. Tuesday, Aug. 26, 1975, on their way to Bismarck, N.D., 200 miles away, where Sandy was scheduled to take a real estate agent's test. Larry Mahoney, a 20-year-old friend, drove. They expected to be in Bismarck by seven—Sandy's test was at 8:30—in plenty of time to enjoy a leisurely breakfast. But on the way something happened for which they were not prepared.

They were about 45 miles west of Fargo, on Interstate 94, two miles on the other side of the Buffalo-Alice exit, when suddenly they heard a rumbling sound, much like thunder but considerably louder. This was followed immediately by a brilliant flash of light which illuminated the entire sky. The time was shortly after four A.M.

Stunned and confused, the three glanced out the left window and saw eight to 10 orange, glowing objects coming out

of the southern sky, moving east and toward the ground in a straight line and at a 30-degree angle. The highest object appeared significantly larger than the others and the whole effect, as Jackie explained it, was like "little balls coming out of a big one." They could see no detail on the objects, just brilliant globes as bright as the sun with "puffs of smoke around each one." They were 50 yards away and 20 feet off the ground.

The objects abruptly stopped their descent just over a grove of trees and "three and a half" of them shot off into the sky. The witnesses have never been able to explain what they mean by "half" of a UFO. The implication seems to be that in some fashion one of the objects broke in two.

In any case, Sandy, Jackie, and Larry did not pause to wonder what had happened to the other objects. Sandy at that moment was feeling a strange sensation in her head. Larry, as he told me later, also experienced a weird feeling: "It seemed like I was standin' still when I looked at it. It seemed like I was hardly movin' in the car and I was doin' at least 50. Just seemed like I was frozen for a second."

Strangest of all, Jackie, who had been sitting in the middle of the front seat between Larry and her mother, was now sitting *in the middle of the back seat.*

But the three were too shaken to realize then that something strange had happened. They saw a camper truck up ahead and Larry pulled alongside it, calling over to the occupants, a middle-aged couple from Texas. "Did you see that?" They said they had but refused to pull over to the side of the road to discuss the matter further.

The three drove on to Tower City, N.D., where they pulled into a service station and called the North Dakota Highway Patrol. The officer who took the call laughed off Mahoney's story. Discouraged, the young man went back to the car.

In the meantime Sandy, looking at a clock on the wall, felt a strange disquiet, a conviction that things were not at all as they seemed. The clock said 5:23—more than an hour later than it should have been. The sighting, she thought, had lasted only a few seconds. *Or had it?*

Very shortly after the three climbed back into their 1970 Plymouth Barracuda, a car filled with college students from Fargo pulled into the station. The students, who like the Texas couple have never been identified, excitedly told the attendant about eight glowing orange UFOs they had seen just minutes before along the highway.

As the weeks and months went by, Sandy remained troubled by the memory of her UFO experience. She discussed it with a number of friends, some of whom listened seriously, others who merely laughed. As for the apparent time lapse, she chose not to think about that at all—but then, on October 20th, when she watched the NBC-TV movie *The UFO Incident*, based upon the celebrated Barney and Betty Hill kidnap and time-lapse case, Sandy was forced to directly confront the issue.

Now more troubled than ever, she described her experience to Bob Becker, whom she knew to be interested in UFOs. Through Becker, I was introduced to Sandy and it was not long after that, after I had become convinced that she was telling the truth about her sighting and the missing period of time, that I called Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle.

Dr. Sprinkle is the director of counseling and testing at the University of Wyoming at Laramie and also an associate professor of psychology there. A prominent figure in UFO research, he worked with the Condon Committee in its investigation of Ashland, Neb., patrolman Herb Schirmer's UFO sighting, which involved a 20-minute time lapse. As a consultant to the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization of Tucson, Ariz., Sprinkle has made extensive use of hypnotic regression techniques in other UFO cases, and more recently has probed the celebrated Snowflake, Ariz., "spacenapping" of Travis Walton.

Sprinkle put Sandy under hypnosis four times, once each on December 4th, 5th, and 6th, and again on Jan. 18, 1976. On the last occasion he was joined by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, director of the Center for UFO Studies and professor of astronomy at Northwestern University, who brought with him John Coleman, a Chicago television personality interested in spotlighting the case for a WLS-TV documentary on the Center's work.

During the first session Sandy's apprehensions about what the probing might reveal made her a less than ideal hypnotic subject. Nonetheless very early in the session it became clear that there was more to her UFO experience than her conscious memory would let her recall:

> *Sandy Larson:* . . . We were all driving, talking, and having a good time. And all of a sudden out of the sky there came a big light, lit up the trees and the road. Then there was a rumble. It was so loud I thought it was

lightning or thunder. Then there was a rumble of round things. They came down. (*Pause.*)

Dr. Leo Sprinkle: Do you see what's happening now?

Larson: It's blank.

Sprinkle: Something happened, but it's hard to know what it was?

Larson: I don't know. (*Pause.*)

Sprinkle: Is it all right to let yourself know what it is that happened?

Larson: Yes.

Sprinkle: O.K., just go ahead and describe what it was that happened.

Larson: I feel like something's pulling at me . . .

Sprinkle: Can you describe the feeling you have?

Larson: It feels like my head is going to explode.

Sprinkle: What will happen if that occurs?

Larson: I don't know . . . The thoughts that go through my mind, I feel like I don't want to repeat them.

Sprinkle: Do they seem strange or bad?

Larson: Strange.

Sprinkle worked to put Sandy into a deeper hypnotic state. This accomplished, he asked, "Are there images and impressions which come to mind?"

Larson: Yeah . . . It's like a head is looking at me from right—not high up, but—(*indicates three of four feet*) . . . It's not like a face. It's like a—like Bandaids over a head or a wrapping.

Sandy complained repeatedly of a spinning sensation which produced a feeling of nausea. She said she felt the "mummy," as she came to call it, removed her clothing and took an X ray "through my tummy."

After the first session was over, Sandy, at my urging, told Sprinkle about a recent "dream" she had. At 6:30 A.M. December 2nd she had awakened suddenly, convinced that something strange had occurred during the night—something which was in some way connected with her UFO experience. "It's like just before I woke up," she explained, "it was like I was supposed to never tell anyone and never repeat." She also had fleeting memories of some kind of "mental" exchange about such topics as people and soap. Sprinkle asked

her if she ever had similar dreams in the past. "No, never," she answered.

Still, dream or not (and Sandy was not sure what it was), earlier in the evening, around 10, she, her nine-year-old son, and a friend of his had observed an odd light in the sky. This at least she knew was not a dream. The object resembled a shooting star and had come out of the sky moving in a semi-circular pattern. She would have dismissed it as a meteor if it had not made a peculiar buzzing sound.

The next afternoon (December 5th), when Dr. Sprinkle and I returned to Sandy's house to continue the investigation, we learned something new. Jackie, who had been staying in her mother's bedroom while the hypnosis session was taking place in the living room, said she had sensed weird presences of some kind around her. We did not take her seriously, attributing the matter to her worries about the UFO sighting. We would soon come to understand, however, that Jackie was quite serious—and what she revealed under hypnosis in the next few hours would be one more piece in the cosmic jigsaw puzzle Sprinkle and I were struggling to put together.

But first Sprinkle zeroed in on Jackie's August 26th experience. She recounted the sighting, seeing the objects move toward the Earth and then vanish from sight. Sprinkle took her back through the experience and led her into a deeper state of concentration. Suddenly, like her mother before her, she felt "dizzy." Then a sensation of numbness replaced that.

Jackie: Something's there but I don't know what.
Sprinkle: How does it look to you? How does it feel?
Jackie: It's holding me back.
Sprinkle: Where is it holding you?
Jackie: Everywhere.
Sprinkle: Like a force or a person or—
Jackie: A force . . . It won't quit holding me. It won't let me move . . . I'm just stuck there . . . Just an invisible force . . .
Sprinkle: Is something happening now?
Jackie: I stood there.
Sprinkle: Did you see what was around you as you stood there?
Jackie: Just open space.
Sprinkle: Open space, as if you were out in a field? Or as if you were inside a room or something?

Jackie: Outside . . . I was standing in the field and I couldn't move.

Sprinkle: That invisible force holding you?

Jackie: Yeah . . . I just stayed there . . . until they let the force go.

Sprinkle: What happened after they let the force go?

Jackie: We talked to the camper.

Sprinkle: Before they let the force go, did you see what was happening to the others? Your friend and your mother? What was happening to them?

Jackie: I couldn't see 'em.

Sprinkle: You couldn't see them? They weren't there?

Jackie: Not around me . . . I was alone.

Sprinkle: When you were out in the field, could you see anything? Could you see a car or a camper or the objects?

Jackie: Just the field.

Sprinkle: Nothing around you that you could see?

Jackie: Some trees. Far away.

Sprinkle: Did you have the feeling that you walked out there and walked back?

Jackie: No, I just got there.

Sprinkle: You were just there and then later you were in the car but no way of knowing how you got there?

Jackie: Yeah.

That was the same story Jackie would tell again under hypnosis on January 18th. Apparently she had been taken into the field near where the UFOs had been seen, placed in a state of paralysis, and left to stand there while her mother and Larry were taken elsewhere. Later, we would have a better idea how she, along with the car and its two other passengers, may have been transported from the highway.

After Dr. Sprinkle had analyzed the UFO story as thoroughly as possible, he went on to question Jackie about the alleged events of the previous evening. Jackie said she had sensed the presence of shadowy, invisible figures who seemed to want to frighten her as she sat in her mother's bedroom. They wanted her to follow them somewhere, she thought, but she refused, insisting she needed to sleep. There was only one of them in the room, in her view, but there were many others outside.

After Sprinkle and I had left the night before, Jackie and Sandy decided to go out for a hamburger.

Sprinkle: When you went outside, you sensed there were several of them?

Jackie: Yeah, and they were scaring me.

Sprinkle: Could you sense how many there were?

Jackie: Everywhere, they were . . .

Sprinkle: Did they say why they want to frighten you?

Jackie: They didn't talk.

Sprinkle: If I asked them a question, do you think they would answer me?

Jackie: I don't know. They won't answer me.

Sprinkle: Why don't you ask them if they would answer a question from us?

Jackie: They just make it hurt more.

Sprinkle: Do you feel that hurt now? Does your body feel hurt?

Jackie: My arm . . . My right one hurts.

Sprinkle: Your right one hurts as if somebody's holding on—

Jackie: My shoulder.

Sprinkle: As if somebody's holding it or somebody is putting pressure on it?

Jackie: Uh huh.

What followed seemed like something out of the Middle Ages, a kind of struggle with strange malevolent forces which treated Jackie's professions of Christian faith with contempt. The pain in her right shoulder, and then in her right foot as well, continued. All the while Jackie squirmed in discomfort and tears rolled down her face. Bob Becker and I, who were watching while all this happened, were frankly terrified. With considerable relief we watched Sprinkle "drive out the demons," if that is the correct expression, by having Jackie call on "higher spirits" which forced the others to withdraw. Surprisingly Jackie emerged from the session in a cheerful mood, though of course a bit shaken. Sandy told me later that Jackie's good mood lasted for several weeks.

The significance of this encounter in the context of the UFO experience is not clear, but I have recorded it here for whatever it is worth. It may well be that the "evil spirits" were purely imaginary, or they may have been psychological in nature, projections of unresolved problems in Jackie's subconscious mind.

Then they may have been something else, the kinds of

paranormal phenomena which seem to attach themselves to some UFO eyewitnesses who may find themselves plagued with poltergeists or apparitions after a UFO sighting.

Who really is to say? It may be a very long time indeed before we have the answers to these questions.

Later that day Sprinkle put Sandy under hypnosis once more. This time she described, in fragmented form, her belief that the "mummy" had performed some kind of operation upon her and that he (she thought of the ufonaut as male, for reasons she could never explain) had done something to her brain. Again she complained of "spinning" and "dizziness."

Sprinkle: Do you have a feeling of what kind of experiment it is?

Larson: I feel like I breathe different . . . It's like somebody took a knife and made the inside of my nose sore.

Sprinkle: Made the inside of your nose sore?

Larson: Scraped it.

Sprinkle: Did you see anybody touching your nose?

Larson: Uh huh.

Sprinkle: Could you see hands?

Larson: No.

Sprinkle: Could you see an instrument of some kind?

Larson: Yeah.

Sprinkle: Can you describe it?

Larson: I would say like a little knife or like a cotton swab.

Sprinkle: Not very big, but something that was placed inside your nose?

Larson: Uh huh.

Curiously enough, some time before, Sandy had undergone a very similar operation performed upon her by a local physician, who was treating her for a sinus ailment. The operation proved quite painful and its effects lasted for more than a couple of months. Sandy was scheduled to undergo further treatment but, remembering the extreme discomfort, chose not to pursue the matter. Before long, her sinuses ran as freely as they ever had. She claims, however, that in the months since the alleged operation aboard the UFO, *she has had no trouble whatever.*

Sprinkle: Is there anything else you can recall about the examination?

Larson: It feels like they're separating me . . . Feels like they reached their hand on the top of my head and took the brain out and set it beside me.

Sprinkle: Do you remember looking and seeing at that time?

Larson: No.

Sprinkle: It felt as if the brain was taken out?

Larson: It did for a minute.

During the third session, on the afternoon of December 6th, Sandy recalled floating into a UFO, finding herself strapped onto a table, seeing the ufonaut's metallic arms, and a wire above the head and shoulders of the being. At one point the "mummy" shined a light into her eyes. The being had a glow around his head and shoulders. At first Sandy thought this emanated from the wire but eventually decided the glow came from the ufonaut himself. In fact, on one occasion as the being turned his back to work on what looked like a control panel full of knobs and buttons, she saw the back of his head light up. The ufonaut, she estimated, was about six feet tall.

Before he ended the session, Sprinkle asked Sandy what she could remember of her "dream" on the morning of December 2nd. What emerged were only bits and pieces of a larger—and extraordinary—story which would finally come to light two months later.

She spoke of being drawn into a "black ball" and then "riding" somewhere. Asked about her impressions of this "ride," she said, "I saw like trees, only they weren't normal. Like there was sand. Um, like three or four of 'em."

Sprinkle: Three or four things that looked like trees?

Larson: Only skinny. Like one of those trees with white bark on 'em.

Sprinkle: Like an aspen tree? Or a birch?

Larson: Yeah. Real skinny ones.

Sprinkle: As if they were on sand or in sand?

Larson: On the sand.

Sprinkle: And did you see it as you were looking outside the black ball or were you outside the black ball?

Larson: It's like I was outside the black ball.

Sprinkle: This was after the ride?

Larson: It looks like you look at the moon and it looks different.

Sprinkle: The moon looks different, or the atmosphere? The light looks different?

Larson: Like the moon is what gives 'em their light.

Sprinkle: It gives them a special look? So the light on the trees seems to have a special look like moonlight on them?

Larson: Uh huh.

Clark: Is it our moon or another moon?

Larson: I don't know. Like maybe a moon that stays there all the time . . . But it's not like the light like we get from our sun. It's like when a full moon's outside. Only brighter . . . (pause) . . . I want to connect the field that I told Jerry about with the place where the trees are.

Sprinkle: You told Jerry about the field? And then the trees, the thin trees, and then the sand?

Larson: Where it seems they took me.

Sprinkle: Where it seems you were taken? And what field is this?

Larson: I don't know. I connect it with about Third Street North . . . um . . . and 15th Avenue. It's like it wasn't far away.

Sprinkle: You thought you were taken there last Monday night December 1st?

Larson: Uh huh.

Sprinkle: While you were sleeping, you felt you were taken there? Were you awakened?

Larson: It's like there's people there that I don't know . . .

Sprinkle: The beings from the UFO? The ones that gave you thoughts that they might come again?

Larson: Uh huh.

Sprinkle: Did you have the feeling that they came again and got you? They took you with them?

Larson: I think I did go with 'em.

Sandy had told Dr. Sprinkle and me from the beginning that ever since August 26th she had been convinced, on some superconscious level, that "they" would come back for her. The idea apparently had been implanted during the original encounter, via a subtle "telepathic" message. She could recall

no direct communication to that effect, it was just a "feeling" she had.

By now Sprinkle and I were convinced that we were dealing with a potentially vital UFO case. At that moment, however, we had far more questions than answers. We knew, for example, that evidently Sandy believed she had been taken aboard a UFO, but we had been unable—because of her extreme discomfort about "reliving" the experience—to elicit much substantial information. But with each session Sandy seemed to grow more at ease with both hypnosis and her memory of what had happened. We were certain that further hypnotic interviews would bring the full story to light. Unfortunately at that point Dr. Sprinkle's responsibilities demanded that he return to Laramie.

Once back home, though, Sprinkle relayed the story to Dr. Hynek, who subsequently called me and suggested that he return with Sprinkle to Fargo to resume the interrogation. On January 17th, the three of us, along with ABC's John Coleman, met at a Fargo motel with Jackie (Sandy was at work that evening).

Jackie repeated the story she had given us before, which led us to dismiss the possibility that she was simply repressing the memory of a more fantastic experience. The next day, when Sandy underwent hypnosis, we finally heard the whole incredible story of the August 26th abduction.

After Sprinkle had regressed her to the original sighting, he asked her what happened to the UFOs she had seen moving toward the ground. Her answer was simple but significant: "*They landed!*" she said. Sprinkle and I glanced at each other. Though this had always been implied, we had never heard her state it directly before. We knew at that moment that this would be the most revealing session of them all. And it was.

When the UFOs landed, Sandy said, "the car stopped automatically." Immediately afterwards she began to get dizzy and to feel a sensation of "floating."

Larson: I see the car being brought right up to it. Like the car was pulled.
Sprinkle: The car seemed pulled up to what?
Larson: Whatever it was that was out there.
Hynek: Were the lights still there at this time?
Larson: A couple of them.

Hynek: Did they seem to stay the same brightness or did they get dimmer or brighter?

Larson: I don't know. It's like the brightness doesn't bother (me) now.

Sprinkle: And the car is pulled up to it?

Larson: Just a little ways away . . .

Sprinkle: How big is the UFO? Bigger than a house?

Larson: A big round house.

Sprinkle: Is it on the ground?

Larson: It's kind of like a few feet off . . .

Sandy suddenly felt as if somebody or something had taken control of her body, which became numb as it floated into the object. She did not recall precisely how she entered the UFO, but the next thing she knew, she was lying on a long, narrow table. Looking across the room, she saw Larry strapped against a vertical table attached to the wall. Jackie did not seem to be there.

Hynek: What was happening to you? Is something happening to you?

Larson: It's like they're looking at me.

Hynek: Could you see them looking at you?

Larson: Yeah.

Hynek: Do you think they did something to you with the instruments? Examined you or gave you some sort of test?

Larson: Yeah.

Hynek: What are your feelings about that?

Larson: I don't have much choice.

Hynek: Do they at any time say anything to you?

Larson: It was like there was communication.

Hynek: Did they tell you or communicate with you that you would not remember this, that it was secret?

Larson: Not then.

Hynek: They did later?

Larson: Yeah.

Sandy realized her clothing had been removed. An "instrument" of some sort rubbed an alcohol-like substance over her body, causing her to feel cold. Then the "knife" scraped out her nose.

Hynek: Were there many persons or beings there at that time?

Larson: It was like there was one that was doing it.

Hynek: Were your eyes closed at that time?

Larson: Yeah.

Hynek: Did you ever see at all what they looked like?

Larson: Yeah . . . They were big.

Hynek: What sort of suits or things were they wearing?

Larson: Maybe a rubber, like . . .

Hynek: Tell us what the face looked like. Like ordinary people? Or was the particularly strange thing about the face?

Larson: The glaring of the eyes. It seemed like their eyes can control my brain.

Hynek: Did they blink their eyes as you and I would, or did they just stare?

Larson: Stare.

Sprinkle: What other things happened during the examination? You say there's a scraping in the nose?

Larson: Yes.

Sprinkle: O.K., what else?

Larson: It's like they opened my head and examined my brain.

Sprinkle: Did you see how that was done?

Larson: They started to put something numb on me . . .

Clark: Did you see some instrument they were using to open your head?

Larson: It's like they could just draw it right out.

Clark: They could draw your brain right out?

Larson: Like there's just plugs that they can unplug and pull it right out.

Sprinkle: Did it feel as if it were thoughts that were being pulled out or feelings being pulled out? Knowledge or—

Larson: It's like they wanted to connect something back different, when they put it back.

Sprinkle: Did you feel that you were put back differently?

Larson: Yeah.

Sprinkle: Could you tell what the difference is?

Larson: (pause): I'm not sure . . .

Sprinkle: Do you feel as if you're a different person inside?

Larson: Seems like I can't control what I want to say.

Sprinkle: That it's as if you respond to what they ask or what they say?

Larson: Like at first I wanted to leave, but now it's just—I don't really care.

Sprinkle: What do they say to you?

Larson: Just that the communication will be over in a little while and then I can leave.

Clark: Does a voice say that?

Larson: No.

Sprinkle: How does the communication take place?

Larson (pause):Like a thought between two people, when you know what the other person's going to say.

Sandy—and apparently Larry as well—floated out of the UFO, after what appeared to have been half an hour inside the craft. She found herself back in the car, which now was in a ditch—not, curiously enough, 200 feet away from the object—along with Jackie and Larry. When the car got back on the road, all memory of the abduction vanished, and the trio had no idea they had even stopped.

Sandy still does not recall a precise command to forget the episode. She believes, however, that there may have been a subtle one which, coupled with the mind's natural tendency to try to repress memories of a traumatic experience, helped her to forget what had happened.

As the hypnotic session ended, all of us were pleased with the results. But I was convinced that we still had only half the story of Sandy's dealings with the ufonauts. For one thing, I was curious about her constant reference to the UFO beings in the plural, even though she insisted she had seen only one aboard the craft. I wondered if some subsequent incident—such as, perhaps, the one that might have occurred on December 2nd—might not have involved more than one ufonaut.

"Let's pursue this thing," I urged Sprinkle and Hynek. But Hynek, probably because he was tired from the extensive traveling he had done in recent days, showed little interest in doing so. Sprinkle, who was concerned that he might miss his plane back to Laramie, urged me to conduct hypnotic regression on Sandy myself. Since I had never performed hypnosis before, I was dubious about the prospect, but Sprinkle

had taught me the methods and said he could see no reason why Sandy and I could not work together.

So three weeks later, on February 8th, Sandy and I got together in an effort to continue the interview. By now an old hand at this sort of thing, Sandy fell quickly into a hypnotic trance and was able to reply quickly and easily to my questions. What followed proved to be the single most fascinating interview in my career as a UFO investigator.

Sandy related that she had gone to bed about 2:30 A.M., four and a half hours after she had seen the strange "falling star" mentioned earlier. Some time probably between three and four she had awakened to discover two beings standing beside her bed. These beings were virtually identical to the one she had seen in August.

When they stood on either side of her, she seemed somehow "magnetized" between them. She floated *through the wall* with them. She maintained, and still maintains, that this was in her physical body. She does not believe it was an out-of-the-body experience.

They took her to a field several blocks away, where she found a bright orange UFO, just like those she had seen earlier, hovering just above the ground. Suddenly the "spinning" commenced, producing dizziness and nausea.

Clark: Do you have any idea why you're spinning—what the feeling of spinning means?

Larson: I think they took me back to show me to other people.

Sandy has the habit—unfortunate from an investigator's point of view—of closing her eyes when frightened, so she saw nothing until some time later. All she recalled was a sensation of brilliant light whose source she would discover later.

Larson: I seem to be—I don't know—like maybe inside a cube of ice. A cube of something.

Clark: A little like glass or—

Larson: Yeah . . . I feel like I'm being carried.

The two ufonauts, whom she thought of as "soldiers" or "messengers," were carrying her in the cube, in which her body was suspended without touching anything. She was nude.

Clark: Where are they taking you?

Larson (pause): To what we would call, I suppose, an experimental place.

Clark: Is it big?

Larson: Yeah.

Clark: Does it look like an experiment station we would have here on Earth?

Larson: No.

Clark: How is it different?

Larson: Like a square building with . . . um . . . something on each end of it, like a "V" coming out.

Clark: Do you see anybody standing around it or inside it?

Larson: Not outside of it.

Clark: Where is it located? Can you see the ground that it's sitting on?

Larson: The ground there is like a white sand.

Clark: Can you see anything besides white sand?

Larson: The brightness of the light. Not much growth.

Clark: Do you see any plants or animals?

Larson: I don't know. It looks bare. One building in the middle of a desert . . .

Clark: You're in the cube?

Larson: Not any more.

Clark: Where are you now?

Larson: I don't know. I feel like they've released it.

Clark: Released what?

Larson: The cube around me. My whole body kind of snapped when they undid the pressure.

Clark: O.K., tell me what you can see now.

Larson (long pause): It's like we're communicating.

Clark: Can you see who you're communicating with?

Larson: The same as the first time.

Clark: As the first time? You mean the first time you saw the UFO beings?

Larson: Yeah.

Clark: It's the same one?

Larson: Yeah.

Clark: The same person or it just looks the same?

Larson: Just looks the same.

Clark: What are you saying to each other?

Larson (pause): That we're gonna communicate.

Clark: How does he say this? Is it in your head or does he speak it?

Larson: No. His brain. Maybe that's what the glow is around his head . . . That's how they communicate.

Clark: With the glow around them?

Larson: Yes.

Clark: I don't understand. How does he communicate with that?

Larson:: Well they don't talk (pause) and yet they know what I'm thinking.

Clark: What are you thinking?

Larson (pause): The fact that I want to know them, or what's going on.

Clark: Does he say anything to you?

Larson: He *thinks* a lot of things to me.

Clark: What is he thinking to you?

Larson: He wants to know what it's like here. And vice versa. I want to know what's there.

Clark: Does he ask for anything specific about life here on Earth?

Larson: About people's minds mostly.

Clark: How does he phrase the question?

Larson (pause): It's like I have to show 'em that every mind is different.

Clark: You have to show them that every mind is different? Why do you have to do that? Doesn't he understand that?

Larson: I think he's starting to.

Clark: Do you have any sense of why you were chosen to be taken to see this being, to go to this place?

Larson: No.

Clark: What kinds of questions does he ask?

Larson (pause): It's like I'm supposed to give him a report on everybody I meet.

Clark: Everybody that you have met or everyone that you will meet or what?

Larson: Both, yeah.

Clark: How are you going to give him this report? Does he explain that to you?

Larson: He's coming back.

Clark: He's going to see you again?

Larson: Yeah.

The being revealed nothing about himself, indicating that in

due course the ufonauts would disclose what their identity and purposes were. Neither particularly friendly nor particularly unfriendly, the being gave off an aura of total authority. Sandy thought of him as a scientist.

He informed her that in the near future she would meet an "important man" who would be connected with them in some way. Sandy would not recognize him at the time but later the ufonauts would tell her about him.

The room Sandy recalled standing in had a high ceiling, with the walls made of a gray metallic substance. Though the room was not lighted as we would light a room, nonetheless many objects she saw were visible because they gave off a kind of luminosity. She was chilly throughout the entire period of the interview.

At the conclusion of the exchange the being warned Sandy that she might as well not even tell anyone the story, since nobody would believe her. The two original ufonauts then reappeared, floating her back into the UFO, which was hovering just above the ground. This time Sandy recalled how she entered the object.

Clark: How did they take you in? Was it through a door, or how did you get in?

Larson: Like a door, maybe with a—I want to say hinge on the top and the bottom instead of on the side.

Clark: How did they open it?

Larson: Pushed it.

Once inside the UFO, the beings laid her on the cube, which seemed molded to fit her body. At no time did she see more than the two ufonauts aboard the craft.

All that Sandy remembered of the interior was a "control board" with numerous buttons and levers. She saw no windows or anything that resembled writing.

Her next memory, she thought, was of passing through a tunnel of brilliant light, apparently the source of the light she had sensed through her closed eyes on the voyage to the "planet." Finally, once they had emerged from the other side of the tunnel, she could see the Earth.

The ufonauts communicated with her only once during the trip, and that was to repeat the "scientist's" statement that, since no one would believe her anyway, there was no point in telling people about her experience.

The UFO came down just above the field where it had hovered when Sandy first boarded it. The beings floated her home and through the closed door of the house. While this was happening, she was thinking uneasily of how much she wanted to take a shower, just in case she had contracted "alien germs."

Apparently the beings picked up her thoughts—perhaps an image of her scrubbing herself—and asked her what soap is.

In reply Sandy led them into her basement (by now the three had resumed normal movement and were walking) and ran some laundry soap through her fingers. She then filled a green cup with the detergent and handed it to her two visitors, who accepted it without comment. Sandy claims that cup is missing to this day.

Exhausted, she stumbled back into her bedroom and lay down. The last thing she remembered—before awakening in alarm at 6:30—was seeing the ufonauts standing by her dresser silently watching her.

While Sandy was still under hypnosis, I decided to ask her a few more questions.

Clark: Has anything happened since then that you think is connected with the UFO beings? Have you had any indication that they are interested in you, that they may see you again?

Larson: Yeah. I think they'll see all of us again.

Clark: What do you mean by that?

Larson (pause): Like Jackie losing her earring. Some of her things have been disappearing, things that don't really mean a lot. One minute you see it, the next you don't.

Clark: Do you have the feeling that they're aware of what you're doing?

Larson: I think they can press a button and see what I'm thinkin' about, even from where they're at.

Clark: Do you think they're aware of you right now?

Larson (pause): I think so.

Clark: Do you have any idea when they will initiate the next communication with you?

Larson: No . . . I think they'll catch me off guard. In fact, I know they will.

Is this incredible story true?

If it is not, I have been unable to find any evidence to that

effect. Everything that Sandy told me which I could check—even down to the time of her departure early August 26th—proved to be accurate. I talked with a number of her friends and acquaintances, all of whom confirmed that ever since August she had spoken repeatedly of a UFO sighting she said she had made while traveling between Fargo and Bismarck.

It should also be noted here that Sandy possesses only a ninth-grade education, reads with difficulty, and is not known to be especially imaginative. She had no prior interest in UFOs and knows little about what has been written on the subject.

Moreover, if she perpetrated a hoax, she certainly went about it in peculiar fashion, first by telling Bob Becker, never suspecting that he knew an active investigator (me) who would be in a position to call on a man (Dr. Sprinkle) who could hypnotize her in an effort to recall the alleged missing period of time. On top of that, when Springle did hypnotize her, she provided—during the three sessions in December—only fragments of a story, not the complete account one would have expected of a hoaxer. And when Sprinkle left then, none of us had any idea he would be back the next month to complete the job. So far as we knew at that point, we were never going to know more about the supposed incident than the bits and pieces we had gleaned during those initial interviews.

Sandy's conduct under hypnosis was that of either a sincere eyewitness or a superb actress—and there is no reason to believe she is the latter. Obviously badly frightened at times, she would weep or cry out as she recounted the especially disturbing aspects of the experience.

Finally, while contrary to a widely held notion, it *is* possible to lie under hypnosis, but it is not always easy to do so; in fact, it is impossible when one is in the deepest trance state. As the sessions progressed and Sandy grew more at ease with the entire process of hypnosis, her trance states became deeper and deeper. All of us involved in the investigation—Sprinkle, Hynek and I myself—agreed there was no serious question that Sandy genuinely believes what she says.

One certain way of determining that, of course, would be to give her a lie detector test. When I asked her if she would agree to such an examination, she said yes without hesitation. KXJB, a CBS-affiliated Fargo television station which had planned to do a special program detailing Sandy's story, arranged for such a test to be given, then dropped the idea

when station executives decided against going ahead with the show.

Larry Mahoney, who lives in Minneapolis, Minn., refuses to let himself be hypnotized and says he wants to forget about his UFO sighting.

But, even when we assume Sandy's sincerity, the questions remain: *did all of this really happen?* For that, there is no simple answer. Instead we have these perplexing, aggravating questions:

If the original abduction took place along a well-traveled interstate highway (and there is traffic along it at four A.M., especially during the summer months), wouldn't other people have seen the landed UFO? How could it have rested there for close to an hour without being observed?

Likewise, if the second incident is true, how could it have occurred completely undetected by other Fargo citizens?

Skeptics and conservative ufologists naturally will see these problems as "proof" that Sandy's entire story is a fabrication or a delusion. The rest of us, more cautious in that regard, will have to acknowledge that UFO phenomena, far from being the relatively simple products of extraterrestrial visitors, may well involve forces which can manipulate time and space in virtually unimaginable ways.

For example, though the famous Pascagoula, Miss., abduction of Oct. 11, 1973, occurred near a well-traveled bridge, *no one else besides the eyewitnesses saw the UFO or its occupants.* Yet no one doubted that Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker sincerely believed in the reality of their experience. There are growing numbers of UFO cases in which obviously sincere, rational individuals have reported dramatic sightings or encounters which were invisible to others.

During my investigation of the Sandy Larson incident, I discovered that three truck drivers, in separate vehicles, had seen UFOs along interstate 94 early on a Tuesday morning in August. Thinking I had found some corroborating witnesses, I interviewed the men involved but discovered that their sighting of a large cigar-shaped object, with a row of lighted "windows" and a flaming exhaust, had occurred most likely on August 12th.

For me perhaps the single most disturbing element of Sandy's story is the ufonaut's reported observation that she may as well not tell anybody what had happened because no one would believe her. The implication of this remark is profound. It explains, for instance, how massive UFO activity

could have taken place these past 30 years practically unsuspected by society at large, whose blind skepticism has allowed a truly frightening situation to develop. *Are the UFO beings using our skepticism as a weapon against us?* How long will it be before we wake up?

ENCOUNTER ON DAPPLE GRAY LANE

Ann Druffel

Over the past few years, ufologists have become blase about reports of alien humanoids, occurring in all shapes, sizes and colors. The encounter on Dapple Gray Lane in Palos Verdes, a fashionable coastal community in Southern California, however, might stretch credulity to the limit.

This report nevertheless comes from two sober and intelligent young men, well educated and gainfully employed. The case also contains three unique factors: 1. The primary witness is himself a UFO investigator, having researched cases for a major U.S. UFO organization; 2. Some of the entities or "occupants" involved were of non-humanoid appearance; 3. The experience, in part, seemed to be a "projection" or advanced hologram.

We shall call the primary witness John Hodges to preserve his anonymity. He first became acquainted with the author when he became aware of her longstanding interest in UFO phenomena above and in the Santa Catalina Channel. This body of water lies between the coastline of Southern California and Santa Catalina Island, twenty miles offshore to the southwest. The area has for at least thirty years been the scene of UFO reports of all kinds—surface sightings of hazy craft which cruise leisurely in full view of military installations, aerial spheres bobbing in oscillating flight, gigantic cloud-cigars, and at least one report of an underwater UFO with uniformed occupants. However, the Dapple Gray encounter is possibly the first land sighting of occupants around this area.

John Hodges, aged twenty-nine, lives four miles inland from the coast and often visits beach areas overlooking the

Channel. He contacted the author in March 1976 regarding sightings he and friends had made of Channel phenomena. His accounts seemed reasonable and valuable. After about two hours of interview, Hodges seemed to gain confidence in the author. He ventured a most unusual report concerning an encounter with what he termed "two extraterrestrial beings."

Dapple Gray Lane, where this encounter occurred, is a pleasant tree-lined road, somewhat isolated and about three miles from the coast. About 2:00 A.M. on a clear, cool night early in the 1970s, Hodges and a friend, Pete Rodriguez (pseudonym), confronted two strange creatures in the road. They were about six feet from the witnesses' stationary car, illuminated in their headlights. To the young men's conscious memory, the fright and consternation they experienced at the inexplicable sight overwhelmed them. After staring a few seconds at the odd little entities, they maneuvered the car around the area where the creatures stood and tore off down the darkened street toward home.

In Hodges' own words, here is his conscious memory. "Something blocked me. I don't even remember the year. My buddy Pete and I had a friend who was a big wheel at the Institute of General Psionics. He was always trying to get me to join. It was like a parapsychological church. Mike and I went to his studio apartment and were rapping with him till the wee hours of the morning, not especially about parapsychological phenomena, but mostly about girls.

"About 2:00 A.M. Pete and I decided we'd split. Our car was parked facing south on the dead-end street. We walked up the path, out the driveway and north along the road to the car. We could see where we were going—no problem. We got in the car, turned on the lights and directly ahead of us were two 'extraterrestrial beings.'

"Pete only remembers the larger one to the right, but I remember both of them. One was about the size of the trunk of a human body, and the other the size of an overgrown softball. They were both the shape of brains with the dura mater still intact—kind of a filmy bluish. On the larger one was something red. It resembled a hematoma, or a rupture, or a pumping device. It could have been anything. I don't know."

Hodges remembered taking Pete home, a five minute drive, and then driving home himself, another five minutes. As he entered his home, he noted the time was about 4:30 A.M. It

was not until a couple of years later that Hodges realized this incongruity. About two hours were missing from his life.

The day after the encounter, Hodges and Rodriguez called up the friend whom they had visited that night and confirmed that there was nothing in Dapple Gray Lane which could account for the sighting—no large rocks, dead animals, or trash. They returned to the spot seeking information.

As the years passed, the memory remained alive but muted in Hodges' mind—even less vivid in Rodriguez'. The experience had been eerie and illogical; they tried to forget.

Intrigued by Hodges' straightforward statement and by the possibility that this could be a time-lapse case, the author arranged for him to be hypnotically regressed by William McCall, M.D., a practicing physician whose specialty is family practice. Dr. McCall is an expert clinical hypnotist, as well, who uses the technique to aid patients whose medical symptoms are complicated by underlying emotional disturbance.

At the hypnosis session, conducted April 14, 1976, Hodges at first described the encounter with the alien creatures in much the same way as his conscious memory statement.

"I see two objects. One is large and the other small. They're kind of bluish. They look like brains. Pete's quiet. I look at him. I say, 'Do you see what I see?' He says, 'I think so.' And I say, 'Are they brains?' He says, 'Yes.' And then something . . . something happens. I'm having trouble remembering . . ."

To relieve Hodges' evident discomfort as his subconscious memory took hold, McCall took him back to shortly before the sighting, and determined that the exact date of the experience was August 17, 1971. "We'll get back to those objects." McCall stated then. "Something is happening."

"Yes," continued Hodges. "The larger one is coming toward us. We're sitting in the car. It is talking to us, not with words, but with something in our mind . . . telling us we must be careful, that there are many things we do not understand. If we do not take the time to understand ourselves, we will be the instruments of our own fate . . . that there are many like us and we will come to know our place in the world. Then the larger one moves back and says, 'We will meet again. Until that time you will not remember what has gone on here.' "

"Why doesn't he want you to remember it?" commented McCall.

"He didn't say. I don't know. I take Pete home. He seems OK. I am still puzzled. I drive home and am sitting in my car. I have a dream . . . I am back on that hill, talking to the larger one and ask him, 'Why is it me? Why do you come to me?' And somehow I am enveloped by . . . I don't know . . . and taken to some kind of large room. There are people there . . . but they're *not* like people.

"It seems to be real, but I say to myself, 'I must be dreaming.' The brain is there. He tells me these are people who monitor my world because there's too much power. He shows me all the different parts of the world like on a large television screen . . . it looks like we are travelling above the earth. On the screen are pinpoints of light on the earth, and the 'brain' says these are places where we could destroy ourselves—places in California, in the Midwest, all over America . . . in Europe, in Russia and other places I don't know . . . even places in the ocean."

MC: What 'power' is he talking about?

JH: The power . . . the installations . . . the places where they have atomic bombs. They look like exploding atomic bombs on the screen. Some on the ocean, on deserts, on ice.

MC: Are all these pictures on earth?

JH: There is one picture of a planet. I don't know where it's at. It is totally destroyed. He says this was caused by too much power.

MC: What is the date this dead planet occurred?

JH: It's now.

MC: Do you mean 1976?

JH: No. It's 1971.

MC: Now, you're in this room . . . how do you feel?

JH: I'm puzzled. I'm . . . I'm not frightened.

MC: How does the 'brain's' message come into your mind?

JH: I can hear him. He doesn't have a mouth, but he has a voice. It's English . . . must be English, because I can understand it. No accent. It sounds like a man. I can hear him in my mind. The voice . . . comes within me, but it sounds like you are talking to me. He floats, seems to be eye level with me, has no arms or legs. He's just a . . . 'brain.'

Dr. McCall then instructed Hodges to concentrate on the brain's red spot. Hodges replied that he did not see it on him

now, that maybe this "brain" in the "room" was not the same one on the road, though it was the same size as the one he had seen on Dapple Gray Lane. McCall took him back to the encounter on the road, instructed him to "freeze" the larger entity as it came close to the windshield and to describe the red spot. Hodges did so.

"The red spot seems to be covering about one eighth of the brain. It's pure red, doesn't shine, looks almost like a light. It looks like it might be a growth. It doesn't have an even line. I can't see the texture; there doesn't appear to be any depth to it. Doesn't move, doesn't pulsate, nothing like blood vessels around it, only the soft tissue covering the brain."

Regarding the other entities in the room, Hodges stated, "They are tall, skin gray . . . yellow eyes, very thin eyes . . . mouths but no lips. Funny flat noses. Their hands have long, thin fingers, six fingers, and a thumb. They're webbed more or less from the palm to the first knuckle. Their feet are much the same. They're barefoot but not naked, wearing gray vests and gray pants, looks like a kind of plastic or vinyl, with a spongy cuff . . . something like a doughnut around their ankle. No belt, but a line seems to separate the pants from the vest. They're about seven feet tall."

MC: What is their relationship to the brain?

JH: I don't know. They seem to be crewmen, doing specific functions. It looks like they're working on some type of continuous computer board . . .

The abrupt end of Hodges' experience in the room was shortly after his second reference to seeing the "dead planet" on the screen.

JH: He [brain] tells me to stand in this one spot . . . something envelops me again, and I'm sitting back in my car. Not instantaneously . . . I seem to feel a kind of buzzing and everything was black. Then I'm buzzing again. *Then* I'm sitting in my car.

John Hodges seems to be an honest and intelligent individual. This impression was confirmed by Dr. McCall. Hodges attended a Catholic boys' high school in Southern California. He was unhappy there because he was placed in a group of "public school rejects" while his brother was placed with "the best of the Catholic crop" in the same school. In 1965

pressures at school resulted in a brief nervous breakdown. He now considers himself "Christian," having given up practice of the Catholic faith. He regards his life at present as "happy."

His brother is presently studying law. Hodges attended one year of college but was dissatisfied and dropped out. He continued studying on his own, primarily scientific subjects. He took IBM training and obtained certification as a keypunch operator but was disinterested in this field. For the past six years he has been employed in "parapolice" work (security guard and similar positions) and received standardized training, including special courses in chemical warfare and small arms. He has made attempts to get on a regular police force, but his eyes are far beyond the accepted standard. His vision is fully corrected by glasses.

Hodges is a chain smoker and admits being unable to quit. He was nervous about revealing his encounter of August 17, 1971, feeling he "is in the spotlight when he shouldn't be and doesn't want to be." For that reason he requested anonymity. However because of a deep desire to find out more of the encounter's real meaning, he has cooperated fully with the investigations carried out on behalf of the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON).

His smoking, according to Dr. McCall, might indicate insecurity stemming from childhood; nevertheless, Hodges maintains an equable and good-natured personality.

Pete Rodriguez was interviewed on April 17, 1976. He is employed as an operating room technician in a large Southern California hospital. He also teaches OR technician classes during the day. He seems to be a calm, reliable young man, in his twenties. Regarding the Dapple Gray Lane encounter, he made the following statements.

"I can't remember the year, probably the early part of 1970. I was still in school. John and I went to visit a friend of ours. It must have been rainy that night . . . it was misty. As we came out through the ivy, the car was parked on the left hand side of us. We must have passed right by it [the object in the road]. After we got in the car was when we actually saw it. It was on the ground in front of the car, maybe five or six feet away, in front of the right headlight. The headlights were focused on it. The color I saw was red. I don't remember if the entire object was red and the lights made it look like there was a red light on it or if there was just a red light on this object. It looked like *something*. It

wasn't just a rock or anything. It looked like something that could have been alive, or constructed.

"I can't remember if it moved. It had a glare to it as if it were wet. I was startled . . . no sound from it that I could hear. My mind started turning really fast. I didn't know what to do. I said something like 'What the heck is that,' and John said something like, 'Lets get out of here,' and we took off. We tried to avoid it. I don't even remember if I looked back.

"The shape wasn't perfectly round—the edges were lumpy or like deflated. It was about the size of a basketball. It had a type of top and . . . lines . . . in it. In the upper right part was where I saw the brightest spot.

"We didn't know what it was. Maybe it blocked my memory of remembering anything else, but that was all I saw. But it startled us enough to go away. If it was an appliance or something worth salvaging . . . some people throw TVs and radios out . . . I'd go investigate it. But it was enough to get the heck out of there!"

AD: You mentioned that your memory may have been blocked about it. What do you mean?

PR: Maybe what I meant was it seemed to happen so fast, and yet it seems like I saw more of it than I can remember. It seemed so clear—now it doesn't seem that clear. It seems no longer than five seconds, but it seems I looked at it longer because it looked wet like it was something . . . alive. I don't know.

Rodriguez at first was amenable to the idea of hypnotic regression. Now details of Hodges' session were given him. However the pressure of Rodriguez's work precluded an immediate appointment. During subsequent days, further attempts were made without success. Rodroguez' vacation interfered during this period. Upon his return he withdrew from the idea of hypnotic regression, and eventually from any further contact at all.

Following the interview with Rodriguez, the sighting location was visited with Hodges, and photos and measurements were taken.

Dapple Gray Lane is a country-like road. Some of the upper-middle class homes keep horses in their spacious yards. It dead-ends about twenty yards north of the sighting location. The sloping hillside beyond drops off for hundreds of feet

into an isolated area, part of a wooded park. One might surmise that the entities, if indeed they were occupants from a UFO, had a suitable place to land their craft unseen.

In July 1976 the author prepared to transcribe the tape of John Hodges' hypnotic session. It was found that most of the two-hour recording had been blacked out, and in other parts the voices played backwards. In discussing this with Dr. Dennis R. Regan, an oscilloscopic research expert, it was determined that the tape had inadvertently become twisted during recording. Hodges, who had also recorded the hypnotic session on a borrowed cassette recorder, stated that his tape also sounded like "garbage." Since the session had taken place in a hospital setting, Hodges suspected that some electromagnetic hospital equipment had caused interference. However, Hodges' tape, when played on the author's new cassette weeks later, was perfectly clear. Possibly Hodges had been unable to hear it clearly because of some undetermined malfunction in his borrowed recorder.

Before it was determined that Hodges' tape was clear, and subsequently transcribed, the author interviewed him again on July 13th for the purpose of attempting to retrieve whatever he could remember of the hypnotic session. The circumstances gave an unexpected opportunity to compare the actual hypnotic session with Hodges' now-conscious memory of it. The basic details coincided closely. He brought out additional details which he had not mentioned during hypnosis, but these do not seem to indicate "embellishment." Consciously, Hodges now remembers the date as August 31 rather than August 17, 1971. This was the only discrepancy noted.

"The weather was clear," stated Hodges during the interview of July 13, 1976. "There was a slight overcast hiding the stars. Visibility all the way over the city [Los Angeles] was clear, no smog. There were no street lights, but there was enough lighting from the city so we could see.

"I turned the car lights on. There was a kind of a mist centered directly around the objects. It didn't fog up the windows, but it looked like we were looking through a blurry mist all of a sudden. The larger object floated up, came over the hood and floated outside the windshield, more to Pete's side. Its exact words at that time were, 'Take the time to understand yourselves.' It was beyond me that such a thing was happening!

"The words, instead of originating from a specified direction actually came from within the mind—loud, clear, crisp. The voice sounded male, but it's odd. It sounded as if it was the same voice I have to myself, when I *think*. I think in a specified voice, as I'm sure we all do.

"It continued, 'The time draw nears when you shall need to. You shall not remember these things, but they will be in the back of your mind always. You shall not remember this incident until we meet again.'

"It floated back to the ground. I looked at Pete, and here's an added point. I was still in the process of saying, 'What the hell is that' to Pete when the creature sat down again on the road. We got out of there! At that point, Pete and I were both extremely frightened.

"I made reference under hypnosis to a 'dream.' It wasn't a dream. It was a projection, a super-advanced hologram, maybe. I was engulfed in a buzzing . . . my whole body buzzed. I felt it throughout the whole 'dream,' but while I was in the room it was almost imperceptible.

"I tried to look around because I was curious of the room. I remember I could see in front of me, but when I turned I couldn't see anything in back. I looked over each shoulder, about sixty degrees to the left, about forty-five degrees to the right—nothing back there, just black. Say the middle of the 'room' was northward—the 'brain' and the screen would be northwest.

"It was as if the brain were directing my attention to where he was at. He said, 'You in this world have too much power.' I was wondering what the hell 'power' was—not verbally, but I received the impression that it knew. In other words, whether they were sensing my thoughts or just going by plan, I don't know.

"His voice was like thinking. I think, though, that in 'thinking,' there's a kind of suppression or muffling to it. Like there's no question that it's coming from my brain. But in *this* case, it was definitely a question. How could it be my voice, coming from my head, and be so clear, so crisp?

"He showed me on the screen what looked like moving pictures, but three-dimensional. Atomic explosions . . . on the desert, three in the ocean I think, and one in the polar regions. That one amid snow and ice—explosions like you wouldn't believe.

"The entity was brain-*like* . . . the convolutions almost imperceptible. It had what would correspond to a patula oblon-

gata facing me. What *I* call the patula oblongata . . . heaven knows what it is. (Note: Correct term "medulla oblongata" —AD.)

"I call it a brain because it's the closest I can describe it. I have absolutely no idea what it is. For all I know, what I call the 'patula oblongata' could have been its head, and the 'brain' could be its body.

"The four humanoids in the room . . . the hands and feet weren't as clawlike as I've indicated. That's lack of artistic talent. They were much narrower, the fingers pointed. Their [the humanoids] purpose was unbeknownst to me. They moved very little. They were either there to manipulate the board or they were there for decoration.

"They were on my side of the board, so I got a good look at them, especially No. 2 and No. 3, who were facing me. They had no expression, just bland. Normal body width, very humanoid, but no hair. They made minor turning movements, almost robot-like. Their appearance wasn't robot-like, only their movements. They seemed totally oblivious to what was going on.

"There were dim lights on the board, of differing pastel colors. They didn't flash, move, or *do* anything, and I didn't see any switches I can remember.

"I seemed to be standing in the 'room' but cannot be sure. Logic would almost predetermine that I was sitting, but I seemed to be standing. When he said to move over to the spot, I saw the spot on the floor, and my feet, but not the position of my body. What I saw of the floor was gray. Almost everything in the room was gray-gray, but it had a sharp outline.

"I got to the point of saying to myself, 'This can't be real. This is too much to take . . . I want to go home.' He told me to move over to a spot about two sidesteps to my right. There was a buildup of this buzzing, blacking out everything, and then it was gone. Then I was in the car again, but I'd moved over from the driver's seat just a little past the center of the car. It wasn't like waking up; it was as if nothing had happened . . . not even awareness. I got out of the car and went to bed.

"The buzzing is very hard to describe . . . like the body was a shaver going *bzzzz*. Very weird, like being in a room with static, when your hair stands up and you get that prickly feeling. It was really bad during the transition.

"I think the entire thing was a fantastic, beautifully ex-

ecuted theatre . . . a display solely for my benefit to convey something that right now is unbeknown to me. I don't know how long it lasted. My sense of time was totally thwarted. I don't know if I asked to return or whether I was frightened or confused and subconsciously wanted to return home. Maybe subconsciously I didn't want to, wherein it was probably predestined for me to get a little shaky and want to go home. There's so many possibilities. Whatever manipulated this had a reason, otherwise they wouldn't have gone to all the bother."

When asked directly if he had any idea what the reason was, Hodges reluctantly answered, "I'm probably gong to hate myself for saying this, but I will. As a researcher, it started clicking in my mind. Instead of taking everything [UFO reports] on an individual basis, why not look at it as an overall picture? The Betty and Barney Hill case, the Pascagoula incident . . . they don't make sense individually. Then you get to Patrolman Schirmer . . . they gave him almost the same exact warning as they did to me. Schirmer questioned them 'why,' and they actually came out, 'We want to confuse the people and prepare them for our invasion.' Schirmer himself interpreted that they meant this in a friendly way, but if so, why do they want to confuse the people?

"I'm not a religious fanatic. I like to see myself as a logical human being. I may be wrong, but I started comparing the Bible and the Cabala . . . 'the falling angel,' 'the angel of death,' 'the Beast,' etc. in Revelations. You find described not so much a spiritual happening but a logical, well-set invasion that will wipe out one-third of mankind and lead up to total world dominion.

"I'm still open for evidence that will point me in another direction. But everything in UFO research, back to the foofighters, is a logical progression building up to something. The contacts and communications are to confuse, to prime the people to trust them. It's almost like a religious thing, to have people almost worship these craft. My experience fits in as a little part—a warning, telling us to get rid of our nuclear arms. There's a possibility that our nuclear arms pose a viable threat to their ability to come in and take over. They seem definitely concerned with these warheads.

"The only reason I used the Bible, specifically Revelations, is because it seems to tie in. Eliminate the spiritual hocus-pocus and there's definitely a logical link. Specifically, the Beast

(AntiChrist) I would equate as the Number One Honcho above these things."

Leaving Hodges' interesting hypothesis and going back to the encounter on Dapple Gray Lane, it is important to reiterate that both Hodges and Rodriguez gave independent, identical accounts of their path from their friend's home to the car, the position of the car and the object(s) in the road. Both were puzzled by the fact that they walked over the very area where the creature(s) were seen a few seconds later in the glare of their headlights. Their independent sketches were similar. Details such as the time of year and weather conditions differed, but this does not change the basic agreement between the two accounts: Hodges' memory of a clear night was probably enhanced by regression. Rodriguez' memory of a misty night may have been caused because the object, to him, had a wet look. After hypnosis, Hodges remembered that the objects seemed to appear in a localized mist.

Both witnesses independently commented on the "block in memory" during the encounter on the road. It was described in different terms but nevertheless amounts to a conscious feeling in both witnesses that much more occurred than a five-to-ten-second look at the frightening creatures. It is unfortunate that Rodriguez declined to go ahead with hypnotic regression. Besides his memory block during the encounter, he has no clear memory of events after he and Hodges roared out of Dapple Gray Lane.

In the experience of the author and in that of Dr. McCall, who has regressed numerous UFO abduction witnesses, Rodriguez' reluctance seems to be part of a peculiar pattern. Time and again in various cases, a primary witness will be easily regressed, giving a vivid and full account of the experience; any corroborating witness to the same case will either resist hypnosis altogether or prove to be a very poor trance subject. Is this a significant factor in the UFO phenomenon? Whatever the phenomenon may be, is it purposely revealing itself only so far, and no further?

In conclusion, this case seems to be a rational, real experience of two reasonable witnesses. We cannot at this time find fault with Hodges' decision to remain anonymous. He remains available for selected researchers to continue investigation into the case. His main desire is to make sense of the experience, as it might aid the UFO field in general.

Rodriguez later consented to hypnotic exploration of the time-lapse period. Rodriguez' change of mind was brought about by a series of interviews with James Durkin, an investigator at that time for the Center for UFO Studies. I have worked closely with Durkin on other Southland UFO cases. He is acquainted personally with Rodriguez, and through his efforts, Rodriguez' curiosity about UFO research and his own experience on Dapple Gray Lane increased considerably. Durkin, however, avoided giving Rodriguez any details about information obtained from Hodges through hypnotic regression.

Since our original hypnotist, W. C. McCall, M.D., was not available, I became a qualified hypnotist in August, 1977, through a course of study with the American Institute of Hypnosis in Los Angeles. I regressed Rodriguez on January 29, 1978, with James Durkin as witness.

Rodriguez was a good subject, rather easily slipping into a light trance. In the first few minutes of the session, he shifted between past and present tense as he described his encounter. His statements regarding the reddish-gray rounded creature corroborated his conscious-memory statements. Added details, however, were numerous, and the emotional content and confusion expressed by the witness was plainly evident. Both emotion and confusion were almost absent in prior conscious-memory interviews with Pete.

PR: Everything looked wet. Maybe it was raining . . . I think I saw it first . . . on the side of the road, near the ivy.

It's a strange looking object almost as big as a volley ball . . . I didn't look at it probably as long as I would have wanted to . . . and hurriedly ran to the car . . . I jumped in . . . and he [Hodges] turned on the car . . . It's just like I couldn't turn my head and see . . . It's like it didn't want me to look at it too long and we were both nervous and kind of shaken. It seemed like it happened so fast, and then again it seemed like it *didn't* . . . As we were leaving, I looked back . . . but the whole area . . . kind of hazed or disappeared . . .

Then, even though it was misty or foggy or cool it was just like I was quite warm, and I'm sure I had a thin jacket on.

Slipping into a moderately deep trance, Rodriguez continued, reliving now, instead of remembering.

PR: I *have* a thin jacket on . . . I feel warm . . . yet outside it was cool . . . Yet after passing, or seeing, this object . . . I feel warm when I was running to the car. I feel warm now . . . the top part of my body, moving downward; my feet are cold.

When I got home . . . I got undressed to cool off, lay on the bed, and I was still thinking, wondering what had happened . . . I want to get cool, like when you're in . . . a hot room or something.

My mind is just wandering, what is going on, what did I see, what was . . . where's John! that's what I'm wondering. He dropped me off and it seems like I . . . like he could be somewhere else, but yet close.

Hodges was *not* close. He was miles away from Pete's house, sitting in his car in front of his own home. The statement seems illogical. Was Rodriguez psychically attuned to Hodges at this time when he described John like "he was somewhere else, but yet close?" For at the same time Rodriguez was attempting to cool off in his home, Hodges was experiencing a second encounter with the brainlike entity. He had seemingly been transported through blackness, then found himself in a "room" talking to the entity and viewing scenes of atomic destruction on a large screen. In the room, also, were seven or eight gray-skinned humanoids who seemed to be working with console-like, lighted panels. This second encounter seemed to Hodges like a "super-advanced hologram or projection."

Rodriguez continued, now in lighter trance, but still bringing out previously suppressed memories.

PR: I wanted to go to sleep, still thinking of what I'd seen and what I'd . . . felt and what I had . . . *heard!* As I passed the object I . . . heard a noise from the ground . . . It seemed like a combination of a hum . . . and a movement of two things together that were . . . soft and yet wet . . . kind of like a fish, almost. A fish makes noise when the gills open and close, with the wetness . . . I think harder and harder and I think that's what helped me go to sleep.

The noise Rodriguez heard might be very revealing. Did the sound have the purpose of hypnotizing the witnesses, so that the entity could help them *perceive* it? Much research has been done lately in the United States designed to test the validity of hypnosis in retrieving time-lapse memories of UFO encounters. *Some researchers such as James Harder and Bert E. Schwarz suggest that witnesses are hypnotized at the time of the encounter, and that these memories are later retrievable through hypnosis.* It is possible that the *hypnotized state is necessary* in order to perceive UFO close encounters.

If the memory of the "wet, soft" sound helped Rodriguez go to sleep after the frightening experience, it could well have been hypnotic in nature.

Rodriguez did not state that the barely audible sound came *from* the reddish, crevasse-lined entity. I tried subtly to *lead* him to say that the sound emanated directly from the creature, but failed. He contended that the sound came from the *vicinity* where the entity sat on the road. Rodriguez passed very near the creature. Could the sound have been directly stimulating his own brain?

Although Hodges remembered two entities, one quite small, Rodriguez' memory, even bolstered in trance, is that of only *one*, the large one described by Hodges. His sketch does not differ substantially from that drawn during the conscious-memory interview conducted on April 17, 1976. The main difference is that the "red spot" drawn on the left side of the rounded object is indicated as "sparkly" in the subsequent sketch. Was this "sparkly" appearance also a part of a subtle hypnotic technique perpetrated upon the witness by the entity?

Rodriguez' verbal description was greatly enhanced in hypnosis. He found it difficult to define precisely, carefully stating; "It's not very tall at all. Kind of . . . round on top . . . kind of rigid . . . crevasses or lines or something with depth . . . kind of flat on the bottom, reddish in color. I think maybe the crevasses or ridges . . . gave it its black, darker effect. Seems like . . . I couldn't see the back of it."

Rodriguez maintained that perhaps the object "did not have a back," and could not even picture or imagine what the back looked like. Was he seeing a holographic projection, instead of an actual physical object? This would fit in with Hodges' description of the holographic "room" which he saw a few minutes after dropping Rodriguez off. Perhaps *both* phases of the encounter were holographic in nature.

Rodriguez was closely questioned about any further view of the entity he may have had after he got into the car. This was in an attempt to corroborate Hodges' statements under regression that the entity floated above the hood of the car and spoke to him telepathically. Rodriguez, however, could not recall any such experience, although he did bring out the following:

> PR: I got in the car, slid over as fast as I could, then John was behind me . . . but it seemed like it only took me three or four seconds after seeing the object to get to the car, another second or two to slide in, but it seems like it took John longer than that . . . He's running toward the car . . . like he's not running too fast."

Later, Rodriguez stated that John seemed to be running in slow motion. Was the object causing a time abberation, creating two different rates of time-passage . . . one for Hodges, another for Rodriguez? Hodges does not remember running in slow motion to get to the car, but does remember the object floating up over the car's hood to communicate very briefly with him. The time element here . . . several seconds . . . is about the same as passed for Rodriguez while he was watching Hodges run slowly toward the car. This is a striking example of how proximity to UFOs and/or occupants can sometimes cause time aberrations for witnesses.

Rodriguez also described a beam of diffuse light coming from behind trees on the left hand side of the lonely road. It seemed hazy and was white in color, but all attempts to identify its source met with no success.

After the session, Rodriguez drew a diagram of the scene, including the beam of light shining down at an approximate 45 degree angle. There is an implication here that a UFO was in the sky behind the trees, possibly associated with the strange creature in the road, but Rodriguez would not embellish his statements to even suggest the possibility. The general lack of embellishment in Rodriguez' description seems to confirm him as a careful, honest witness.

Rodriguez, when questioned in hypnosis about the date of the encounter named a Friday night, but was uncertain about the date. He felt it was early winter, 1970. Hodges named August 17, 1971 with fair certainty.

Rodriguez had *never* referred, in conscious-memory statements, to the entity as "brain-like." Yet under hypnosis, when

asked what he thought the object in the road was, he paused, then said, "I think it just might be a brain."

He did not know *what kind of brain*, surely not human because of its large size, however. He said he did not think the brain was there to "talk" to him, but that it was "more or less looking, listening up there, more than anything else."

The encounter scene seemed "misty or wet" during the time Rodriguez was near the brain, but as he looked back from the speeding car, the same scene was encased in "dense fog" almost as wide as the street. This aberration of the atmosphere might be added evidence that the encounter did, indeed, take place in a kind of altered reality.

Rodriguez could not remember any subsequent visits by the entity in the road and did not think his life had been changed in any way by the encounter. There were no lasting effects from the strange feeling of "warmth" felt during and after the incident.

In general, Rodriguez' hypnotic session corroborated Hodges' statements to a considerable degree, adding strength and credibility to the case.

In view of the information which came out of Rodriguez' hypnosis session, Hodges was again regressed on February 9, 1978. Hodges suspected consciously that he had had a subsequent visit from *one of the gray-skinned entities* he had seen in the "room" to which he was somehow transported after the Dapple Gray Lane encounter.

It should be reiterated here that John Hodges himself is a Southern California UFO researcher with a major U.S. organization. For that reason, pseudonyms have been used for both witnesses at their request.

Under hypnosis, Hodges relived hearing the voice of the brain-like entity twice since the Dapple Gray incident. While sitting on a beach with a girlfriend in 1975, he heard the voice tell him that war was going to come soon and that the human race "had wasted too much time."

"I keep hearing these voices, and I don't even remember them after I hear them," recounted Hodges, showing great fear and strain. He remembered a mist enveloping the car at the time the voice spoke to him.

Hodges also recalled another time he heard the "brain's" voice. The date is uncertain, but before 1975 and *after* 1971. He was driving and talking with Pete Rodriguez near Royal Palm Beach.

"Suddenly I hear this voice and it says, 'We will meet soon.' I'm still talking to Pete, and I don't remember hearing it."

Hodges then relived hearing the *same voice* for the fourth time, on January 28, 1978, a few days before the second hypnotic session.

> JH: . . . I feel the buzz and I see one of the humanoids from the room. He seems to be telling me I have done well. I have been a good messenger. He tells me there are some things I should know.

Hodges went to describe, in an almost constant flow of memory, now *the gray-skinned humanoids* seen in the holographic "room" *were the intelligent entities* connected with his and Rodriguez' encounter. He explained that *the brain-like entity(s) were merely "translators"* . . . composed of living but essentially non-intelligent tissue . . . used by the humanoids to communicate with earth witnesses. He stated that in every UFO encounter, a similar "translator" is present whether visible to the witness or not. These translators can be any size, ranging from a single living cell, upward. The one on Dapple Gray Lane was an "old translator," which had grown large like living tissue.

Hodges then launched into a full range of prophecies, allegedly given him by the gray-skinned entity which had appeared to him in a holographic-type vision on January 28, 1978. These were all delivered in moderately deep trance and included the following:

> 1. The UFO phenomenon is building up to official worldwide contact. This will occur immediately after a world war, the general destruction of which will draw the human race together. The official UFO contact will be made in order to sustain peace and will be the start of our acceptance as "children of the galaxies." The date will be about 1987.
>
> 2. In the early 1980's the Middle East will erupt. Israel will break off diplomatic ties with the U.S. and the Arabs will ally with the Soviet Union. Around 1982, Saudi Arabia will cut off the oil supply to the U.S. and escalate the war. The actual fighting will be first between

Arabs and Israelis but will soon spread into the European bloc, and WW III will begin.

3. France and Italy will be hardest hit. The Soviet bloc will spread a limited missile bombardment around the East Coast of the U.S. But the missile-launched atomic warheads will not explode!

Questioning Hodges regarding this strange statement, he explained that no nuclear warhead can be dropped from more than 550 feet and reach critical mass . . . He contended that only ground-tested nuclear warheads will reach critical mass. Reminded of the atomic bombardment of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in WW II, he stated that the destruction had been caused by natural earthquakes and that the U.S. had sent out bombers using magnesium thermite to create a blinding flash and dispersed fissionable material over the cities to make it appear they had been devastated by nuclear blasts. No amount of debate on this point could shake John Hodges from his certainty on these points.

Continuing with his predictions, Hodges stated:

4. There will be extensive detonation of nuclear warheads on both continents, but these will be carried by terrorist groups into enemy territories and set off at ground level by remote control.

5. The widespread destruction will bring about fear on both sides that the entire earth would be destroyed, and diplomatic relations will be reopened by 1984. By 1985 world commerce will be common. By 1987 the entire nuclear armament of the U.S. and Soviet bloc will be disarmed. At that time, official contact will be made by the UFO's.

Hodges also alleged that the gray-skinned humanoid he saw in his bedroom on January 28th, 1978 told him that [Hodges] had been "given the seed of communicating with the galaxy."

JH: He says that "we have planted the seed in you, my son, that we may communicate! I think I see the seed . . . the translator, the brain! They're all the same! The means to communicate . . . I don't need the brain [en-

tity] . . . There is a mutation! . . . This biological mass, this translator, is now within me, and I can communicate at will . . . I remember now . . . Pete and I are walking toward the car. Pete sees the beam of light. I don't see it because it's hitting me and reflecting off the car, and this beam of light . . . impregnated the tissue . . . it doesn't hurt. But it's hot . . . all over my body!

Hodges clarified that the diffuse beam of light was probably coming from a UFO hidden behind the thick trees, but he, like Rodriguez, could not see the craft. The diffuse, white beam of light did not plant the "translator" in the brain. This was accomplished by a *momentary*, bright directed beam which came down in the middle of the diffuse beam of light.

Hodges described the translator in his own brain as a single-cell beam "synapse" or engram. This cell, once safely implanted had no need to grow larger. It completed a psychic link between his own brain (mind) and the brains (minds) of the gray-skinned humanoids.

He stated that the synapse or communicative link did not function immediately, and therefore, during his subsequent encounter that same evening in the holographic "room," the brain-like entity still seemed to be the intelligent entity, communicating directly with him, while the gray-skinned humanoids posed as background. But by January 28, 1978, the synaptic link was sufficiently workable to allow him to communicate directly with the gray humanoid.

In fact, Hodges stated that he was in constant touch with the humanoids. He said they were from "the region of Zeta Reticuli." During the 1½ hour session, the following information was brought out regarding this "extraterrestrial source":

1. The Zeta Reticuleans are our cultural ancestors. Millennia ago they participated in converting earth's apemen to homo sapiens, through gene manipulation.

2. Pete Rodriguez was also given a synaptic translator during the Dapple Gray Lane encounter, but he is not yet aware of it. There are thousands of people alive on earth today who have been given these translators in their brains. These include all genuine UFO contactees (abductees), psychically talented persons, and many others who are not yet aware.

3. These translators are an actual transfer of a single-cell brain synapse into the human brain, accomplished without surgery. These translators possessed by humans are not all from the same source as "there are many types of humanoids within our galaxy."

4. The translators supply a missing link in the human brain which allow psychic talents to blossom.

The hypnotic session ended, Hodges admitted that he felt as if the "translator" in his brain had been "nagging" at him ever since August 17, 1971. He felt it was the source of his ability to read and understand technical books, so that he had, in essence, the equivalent of a college education without having completed more than a few months of actual college training.

Hodges displayed a disturbing tendency to philosophize on metaphysical subjects such as creation, the nature of God, and the relationship of man with his Creator. These were not mere theoretical opinions; they were presented as unalterable Fact. I say "disturbing" because his verbosity reminded me of the early contactees of the 1950's who claimed encounters with benevolent, handsome blond-haired beings from Venus, etc. who discussed philosophical, religious, and socio-economic questions with them. I had distinguished, as had most, researchers, between these types of "contactees" whom I considered either deluded or psychotic, and the later rational "abductees" of the 1970's. The "abductees" for the most part, checked out as stable and honest citizens whose run-in with UFO occupants provided them anything but a charming afternoon aboard a visiting spacecraft. Yet here was John Hodges, a UFO researcher, seemingly on the brink of becoming a 1950-type "contactee."

I cautioned Hodges that the information obtained from UFO sources could not be trusted, and that often it checked out as completely fraudulent. He reiterated his belief that the synaptic link between himself and the extraterrestrial gray humanoids was real, and that the information being fed him seemed to be true.

In spite of this, Hodges maintained his normal, equable nature. He explained that the translator implant was one of the main reasons why some people are telepathic, but that some telepaths had actually mutated their own translators without the aid of UFO entities.

"A chemical reaction of too much DNA here, not enough DNA there, can cause mutation." A sudden spasm of the pituitary gland, sometimes a blow on the head, can cause cerebral fluid to penetrate the convolutions of the brain, and this cerebral fluid reacting with the DNA can easily cause the necessary requirements to mutate the synapse.

He claimed the mutation—the single-cell synaptic translator—can be found by using a sophisticated brain-scan instrument called the EMI. It is his opinion that the translator cell would be somewhat larger, more complicated and having more connections and protrusions than the other cells of the brain. He also thinks it is connected to the frontal lobal area, using the frontal lobes as antennae.

I am not competent to judge the scientific validity of the above, but feel that it should be presented as a new idea which has come from a reliable individual deeply involved in UFO research himself.

A few weeks after the February 9th, 1978 session, John Hodges called. He had come to the conclusion that the UFO entities could not be trusted, and he was trying to suppress the information which he could have "fed" into him at will. The main reason for his distrust was that the entities had told him that frozen bodies of aliens and remains of a crashed saucer were stored at Edwards Air Force Base in California. Checking into his files, Hodges found that the rumors of such retrievals, currently being investigated by U.S. researchers, concerned storage facilities at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in *Ohio*. Realizing that this part of his information was erroneous, he decided that he could not trust *any* of the entities' statements, or at least he was unable to distinguish which facts he was receiving, and had received, were true and which were false. He still maintained, however, that the translator in his brain does exist and that it was implanted at the time of his 1971 encounter in Dapple Gray Lane.

As a follow-up, a check of Hodges' hypnotic statements regarding the inability of nuclear warheads to detonate if delivered from an altitude above 550 feet ground level was discussed with a MUFON physics consultant. The information, as suspected, proved erroneous, as were also his statements regarding the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

It has proved impossible to this date to attempt verification of Hodges' statements regarding his single-cell translator, because of the expense of an EMI brain scan. However, I am continuing efforts to find a source for an EMI scan on

Hodges' brain. If the translator cell can, indeed, be found and verified, this would add greatly to our knowledge of the UFO phenomenon and of the nature of psychic talents.

At present, Hodges is still deeply involved in UFO research in Southern California.

In spite of the erroneous nature of some of the facts brought out with the aid of Hodges' "translator," this case has been presented in detail because it is an excellent example of how witnesses and particularly UFO "abductees" can be deluded and even harmed by their experiences. Many cases exist of seemingly reliable witnesses who report encounters and then experience disintegration of personality and disruption of their lives. Is it possible that Hodges' claim of synaptic translator implantation is factual? Is it possible that some witnesses, after undergoing this brain mutation, are incapable of effectively handling the flow of information received? Hodges luckily realized the UFO entities are capable of misleading and deluding witnesses, and was able to catch himself before becoming a fully-fledged Messianic contactee.

PART III

Psychic Abductions

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

D. Scott Rogo

Peter, the victim of the Rhodesian car-napping case recounted in Part I, made an astonishing admission during his hypnotic regression. When asked if he had been "abducted" aboard the UFO that had latched onto his car, he denied the suggestion. But he admitted that his mind or his "spiritual" body had been taken aboard the craft at one point during the encounter.

This curious assertion will introduce the topic of the upcoming section. We have seen that the abduction experience is a threefold phenomenon. First, there is the physical abduction of the victim. Second, there is the psychological dimension of the experience, since the ordeal seems to reflect the victim's personal idiosyncrasies. Third, the UFO investigator must confront the psychic aspects of the abduction mystery.

As pointed out earlier, UFO occupants seem to be telepathically aware of their victims' inner minds and concerns; and the abduction experience itself tends to focus on psychic people. The abduction experience is to some degree linked to the mind of the victim. In this section we will examine two cases in which UFO victims were not physically abducted at all, but were *psychically* abducted by a UFO.

The first case was originally reported by Jerome Clark in 1977, though the incident occurred in 1969. At least one of the victims clearly claimed under hypnosis that her mind, not her body, had been abducted by the UFO that had taken possession of the car in which she was riding. This case is one of the best attested reports in the present volume. Both subjects experienced a time lapse as part of their ordeal, yet neither of them had any idea that an abduction had taken place until

they contacted Clark, who happened to be a friend of theirs. They entered into the hypnotic sessions at Clark's request, with no predilection about what they might recall. Both individuals were such good hypnotic subjects that they relived their experience at a deep level of trance, retaining no knowledge of what they had revealed after being brought out of the state. Both independently remembered an out-of-body abduction. (One witness alluded directly to it; the other intimated that such a process had been used.) It was only months later, when they listened to the tapes of their own regression sessions, that they learned the whole story of their UFO encounter.

Unless they really had this genuine and very frightening experience, it is hard to fathom any other (i.e., psychological) reason why the two witnesses would have come up with such an unlikely story.

Nor is this case unique. Other reports similar to it are now beginning to find their way into print. In *Messengers of Deception*, Jacques Vallee briefly summarizes a parallel account. The victim's name is given only as Helen, an attractive young musician who was abducted while driving between Lompoc and Los Angeles in the summer of 1968. Helen was only one of four young people who shared in the experience. They were driving at 3:00 A.M. to Los Angeles after finishing an engagement, when a bright light suddenly flew out from some nearby hills. It flew erratically and began to pace the car, eventually hovering in front of it and over the road ahead. A white glare radiating from it illuminated the inside of the automobile.

"I remember leaving my body in the seat of the car and being three or four feet out of the car," the victim told Vallee. "All four of us did the same thing; off we went."

The subject blacked out after that and only later recalled more about the abduction. "Then I began to realize that something might have happened," she went on, "because the next thing I remember was coming back to the car. I looked around and saw the light shimmer around Barbara and Dave and we were slowly dissipated back into our bodies."

The UFO finally flew away. However, after she had recovered from her ordeal Helen suddenly began to develop a compulsive urge to build a peculiar type of motor. It became a literal obsession with her. When she relived her experience under hypnosis months later, she learned that she had seen this very motor while aboard the UFO.

This type of obsession is often reported by UFO abductees, who will not immediately realize the connection between their UFO experience and their *idée fixe*. The purpose served by these peculiar obsessions is a matter of debate. In 1978 I investigated a case in which an abduction victim developed a compulsive urge to study medicine, gave up her current employment, and entered into paramedical training. Later she had a "vision" in which she saw a cure for cancer. It was only years later that the witness underwent hypnotic regression and recalled that the aliens had described this "cure" to her during her abduction. Yet the "cure" had no medical efficacy. Vallee similarly noted that his victim's motor could "never run, physically, the way she explains it." Here, once again, we have evidence that UFO occupants will deliberately feed their victims false information.

It may be that these bits of apparently erroneous data are really symbolic messages. Like dreams, perhaps they are meant to be interpreted and not taken literally. For instance, the abductee who was given the "cancer cure" was kidnapped along with a close friend who *subsequently developed cancer.* The message may have been a symbolic warning about her friend's future medical problem.

I have pointed out the similarities between Vallee's case and my own investigation to emphasize that no matter what *mode* the experience takes—psychic or physical—*all* UFO abductions seem to share similar characteristics.

Can the mind be physically or psychically extracted from the body and taken to some distant location? There is some evidence that this phenomenon is possible—and it has even been demonstrated in the laboratory!

Parapsychologists have long been familiar with an eerie phenomenon called the *out-of-body experience*, during which a person will feel as though his mind has left his body. The experience often occurs when one is either falling or coming out of sleep. It also occurs as the result of an accident, such as when a person is in danger of drowning or is the victim of an automobile wreck. It is commonly reported as well by people who have "died" on operating tables but later recovered. In all these instances the individual will report that he suddenly found himself free from his physical body and was able to view it from a separate point in space. He will typically find himself hovering above his body, looking down at it. The experiencer may perceive himself as enveloped in an

apparitional (or "astral") body, or may experience himself as a mere point in space.

Parapsychologists hold two schools of thought on the subject. Some believe that the phenomenon is psychological and is actually an hallucination. Other researchers contend that this phenomenon represents the *physical* separation and withdrawal of the mind or consciousness from the body.

Considerable data support either of these theories. In particular, there is strong evidence that the out-of-body experience does represent a physical release of the mind from the body. Dr. Charles Tart, a psychologist at the University of California, Davis, attempted to demonstrate this with an experiment that he conducted in 1966 and published in 1968 in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Tart reports that he made the acquaintance of a young lady, whom he calls Miss Z, who claimed that she often had out-of-body experiences while she slept and felt that she could demonstrate the phenomenon in the psychologist's own laboratory. Tart designed an experiment that lasted several consecutive nights. Each night Miss Z would induce sleep in Tart's laboratory after being hooked up to a host of psychophysiological monitoring devices. (The readings from these devices would allow Tart to determine exactly what was happening to his subject's brain and body should she successfully induce a mind-body separation.) The lab consisted primarily of a sleep chamber furnished with a single bed, and an adjoining room where an experimenter could monitor the equipment and keep tabs on the sleeping subject. Above the bed was positioned a ledge, too high to be seen from a reclining position. Miss Z's job was to induce an out-of-body experience, float up over the ledge, see and memorize a six-digit number written on a piece of paper placed there, return to her body, and report the number over an intercom to the monitor.

Tart's subject was able to succeed at this task. While she was "out of body," Tart was also able to determine that his subject's brain waves were of neither a clear-cut state of sleep nor of waking.

Perhaps Miss Z was just using ESP to gain access to the number hidden on the ledge. But this theory cannot explain the odd brain-wave readings she produced while in the disembodied state. In 1973 a number of researchers in Durham, North Carolina, conducted another series of experimental ex-

plorations into the out-of-body state. Their results are even harder to explain away as simple ESP.

The tests were conducted at the Psychical Research Foundation, a privately endowed parapsychology laboratory housed in three small buildings near Duke University. Dr. Robert Morris, then the director of research for the foundation, headed the experimental team. The subject was a young Duke undergraduate named Blue Harary, who claimed that he had had the ability to voluntarily induce out-of-body experiences since childhood.

The tests were designed to see if Harary could significantly affect the behavior of animals by projecting his mind to them while he himself was sealed in a building some distance away. Harary's main job was to enter a sealed chamber at either Duke University or Duke Hospital and send his mind to the Psychical Research Foundation's lab building. There an experimenter was stationed, along with a kitten that was placed on a shuffleboard-shaped apparatus (divided into several squares) for the duration of the test. The experimenter's sole duty was to count how many squares of the apparatus the kitten walked over per minute, and how often it vocalized. The upshot of the experiment was that each time Harary projected himself to the lab, the kitten would cease moving around and would stop meowing. It just sat there and purred complacently. This was observed time and time again.

Other surprises occurred during the Harary experiments. Sometimes the experimenters themselves saw his apparition, or saw odd sparkling lights or darting shadows in the rooms to which he was projecting. One experimenter even saw Harary's apparition over a TV monitor that had been installed in one of the lab rooms.

While parapsychologists are still debating about what conclusions can be drawn from these experiments, I feel that the Tart and Harary experiments demonstrate that the mind can actually release itself from the confines of the physical body.

That brings us back to the issue of the UFO abduction syndrome. *If* the mind can leave the body, UFO occupants may well be equipped with the psychic power to *extract* their victim's mind from his body in order to examine it. This idea is inherently plausible. If some alien intelligence is interested in studying us, wouldn't it be just as interested in our minds? And if UFO abductions fulfill some esoteric psychological purpose, why would the aliens bother with the victim's body at all?

The second case reported in Part III describes a similar abduction. The case of Lori Briggs was accidentally uncovered by Ann Druffel and myself in 1979 while we were investigating quite a different case. (This case is an example of a UFO abduction par excellence—complete with time-lapse amnesia, a weird light shining through the window of the victim's home, alien beings, and a host of other phenomena.) The more we looked into the case, the more we became convinced that our witness—despite the fact that another young woman was involved in the abduction—could not have undergone a physical kidnapping. Yet this abduction experience seems to have been every bit as "real," as far as the victim is concerned, as any of the other cases reported in this book. Since I questioned Lori Briggs very carefully after her first hypnotic regression, I can vouch for the fact that she did not expect to recall an abduction experience. In fact, she had never really associated her initial experience with a UFO at all!

For years ufologists have been arguing that genuine physical UFO-instigated kidnappings do not exist. They claim instead that UFO occupants may possess the ability to *implant* false memories and experiences directly into the mind of someone who comes into close contact with them—perhaps to misguide the victim about the nature of their mission on our pianet. If abductions are vehicles used by UFO intelligence to impart cosmic and personal messages to us, it is plausible that the alien beings might rely on an implanted experience rather than bother with a true abduction.

Lori Briggs's experience may just be such a case. If nothing else, if alerts us to the possibility that some abduction cases exist solely within the mind of the witness.

In any event, the two cases included in Part III represent perhaps the most mystifying aspect of the UFO abduction syndrome: the possibility that the UFO intelligence can manipulate our minds as adroitly as they can our bodies.

THE ULTIMATE ALIEN ENCOUNTER

Jerome Clark

Their names are not Bill McGuire and Nora Johnson but that's what we'll call them here. They are ordinary people who do not care to have their lives disrupted by an association with a bizarre experience which all supposedly "rational" individuals believe cannot happen. Their identity is known to several reputable ufologists, among them psychologist Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle, who at my request called on the couple in December 1975 to assure them that others had had more or less similar encounters, that they were not crazy and—most of all—that there was nothing more to fear.

I had known both of them slightly when Bill, Nora and I attended the same college in western Minnesota. Nora's ex-husband was a friend of mine and we had met on several occasions. She knew of my interest in UFOs, for which I was rather notorious among my friends and acquaintances, but we were not so close that, when she and her new boyfriend (along with her two-and-a-half-year-old son Alan) returned from a trip west during the summer of 1969, she sought me out to tell me about a spectacular and terrifying UFO experience they had undergone in Utah.

She and Bill, however, did tell others about it and it was through mutual acquaintances that I obtained word of the incident. When I called on the two not long after, they described to me one of the strangest UFO encounters I have ever heard. Just *how* strange I was not to realize until over four years later, when a whole new dimension of the story was revealed.

From the very first I was not quite satisfied with what they told me. Not that I thought they were lying, for if they were, what was the point? To deceive all their friends? That certainly would have been out of character for them, since in the past they had never given evidence of a taste for practical jokes. They certainly weren't interested in publicity. They had

no particular fascination with UFOs, the occult, or science fiction. And the story they told was so bizarre that I found it difficult to believe that, if they had wanted to fool anybody, they would have chosen so implausible a yarn.

They had left western Minnesota one morning in mid-June 1969 on their way to Los Angeles. That night they entered the Dakota Badlands and pulled off into a rest area to sleep. In the middle of the night it started raining and they were forced back into the car. They resumed their driving and went on into Wyoming. While one drove, the other slept. All the while Alan rested comfortably in the back seat.

By the time they reached Salt Lake City, it was midnight of the following day. On the passenger side Nora was dozing. On the driver's side Bill, exhausted, looked for a place to turn off so that he could get some sleep. Suddenly the steering wheel refused to turn and as Bill sat helpless, the car plowed into a white roadpost.

Shaken but unhurt, Bill got out of the car to inspect the damage. One of the front tires was flat and the bumper was slightly dented. The turn signals were broken as was a shock absorber. Not good, but not bad either—especially considering that Bill, a habitually fast driver, had been zipping down the highway at 90 miles per hour. In fact Bill thought it was downright strange that the damage hadn't been greater.

As Bill prepared to change tires, he got an uneasy but distinct feeling that somebody was watching him; and not only that, but somebody was *ordering* him to fix the tire. Strange. But then he was tired, just imagining things. Finished, he got back into the car and took up Nora's offer for her to drive. Neither of them had any way of knowing at that moment that the most frightening ordeal of their lives was about to begin.

Almost as soon as they started up again—they were traveling southwest of Salt Lake City—Nora began to feel uneasy, as if they were being followed. She glanced into the rear view mirror and saw a light. At first she thought nothing of it, assuming it was from a motorcycle. But then what was it doing on the wrong side of the highway?

She called it to Bill's attention. He watched it for a few moments, then said, "Oh, it's nothing—a car with one headlight or something. Nothing to worry about. See, now it's turning off to the left . . ." But there wasn't any turnoff.

"It's in the air now," Bill added lamely. And it was heading toward them.

Nora said it first. "Could it be a—a UFO?" she stammered.

"Of course not," Bill snapped. "It's a plane or something." It wasn't.

By the time it got to within a hundred feet of them, they could see it was unlike anything they had ever encountered before. Emitting a strange humming sound "like an electronic wail in a flying saucer movie," the object was somewhat fish-shaped—with a "fin" rising up on the back, a flat bottom, and a red light on top of the front hump. A sort of dome light shone along the "mouth."

The terrified couple felt "strange vibrations" running through their bodies. (It would not be until several years later that any of us—they or I—would realize the significance of this particular detail.) In the back seat little Alan started crying. Then, incredibly, the back window opened an inch, seemingly on its own, and then closed again. As it did so, Alan ceased crying.

By now Bill and Nora were nearly hysterical. Bill screamed at Nora to put the accelerator to the floor. "I am!" she shouted. "But it's not doing anything!" In fact, the car, which had been traveling at 70 miles per hour, was slowing down. Nora could not get it to go above 55.

Bill refused to believe her. He had her pull the car over to the side of the road and they quickly changed places. He quickly learned Nora had been right. There *was* something wrong with the way the car was operating. Something else, it appeared, was in control.

They couldn't shake the UFO. For reasons they were too frightened to guess at, it was interested in them, following them as a cat stalks a mouse. Every time they turned around or glanced into the rear view mirror, it was there.

Were they going crazy? Did they need help from others? Maybe if they were with someone else it would go away . . .

They came to a little town and saw an open gas station. As they drove toward it, the UFO backed off and ascended until it looked like just another star in the sky.

When they told the station attendant about what they had seen, he just laughed. "Some drunk shot at a flying saucer around here yesterday," he said.

They drove on. The UFO came out of the sky once more and continued to pace them. Nora was driving now and she

was almost sick with fear. They had to do something. But what? The minutes dragged by until finally they saw a roadside rest area. Inside it was a parked—and lighted—camper.

Nora pulled in and stopped so that they were facing the camper. Off to their right and several hundred feet away the UFO hovered silently.

Bill had planned to go over to the camper and knock on the door to alert its occupants to the presence of the UFO but suddenly changed his mind when he saw someone—or something—peering out the window. The face was bony, peculiar, not quite human; *yet it looked oddly familiar.*

"Bill, don't leave the car," Nora whispered.

"I wasn't intending to," Bill replied.

Then he noticed something else standing near the camper. Stunned, almost unable to comprehend what was happening to him, Bill observed a figure dressed in a white rubbery suit as it proceeded to walk toward him. In the darkness it looked almost like a "snowman," he thought, with roundish head and arms and legs without apparent joints.

For some reason Nora couldn't see it. (Later she speculated that some mental mechanism prevented her from observing it because "I was just trying so hard to keep my sanity.") But when they switched on the headlights, Bill couldn't see it either.

Desperately seeking some kind of rational explanation, however unlikely, Bill suggested he had seen a sign post or some similarly mundane object which in his unsettled state he had imagined to be something far more frightening. Nora turned off the lights again.

There it was again, only closer this time. As Bill watched it, he felt somehow as if time had stopped. He drifted into a kind of daze and everything around him, except for the strange advancing figure, felt "different," out of joint. His brain, for a few moments, seemed to go blank.

Once more Nora switched on the lights. The thing was gone. Then on again, and it reappeared. Bill felt increasingly disoriented.

Nora couldn't stand it any longer. She backed the car up and they roared away, hitting the highway. The UFO was on their tail again and in some bizarre fashion it was preventing the car from going over 55 miles per hour.

Soon Nora, who had been wide awake from the fear and excitement, got tired. It was a sudden, overwhelming exhaustion, so total that she could scarcely function. Wearily she

stopped the car and let Bill take over. Soon Bill was nodding off and they had to switch again.

They saw two cars up ahead on the highway. Figuring that if they positioned their vehicle between the other two they would be safe, they passed the first. In the meantime the UFO had dropped back into the distance and now was assuming its star-like appearance. Maybe it would stay that way if they kept their present secure position.

But that was impossible. The rumbling exhaustion overtook them again and they had to stop. The cars vanished in the distance and the UFO reappeared and resumed the chase.

Finally, after what seemed a long, long time dawn broke. As it did so, the UFO lagged farther and farther behind until finally it flew across the desert to disappear in the mountains. Bill and Nora watched it go with amazement and relief. Drained of all energy, strained mentally and physically, they fell asleep on the side of the road. Two hours later, at 8:30 A.M., they resumed their journey, unaware that the worst was yet to come.

They had been driving along peacefully for some time when they spotted it.

"Bill," Nora asked, *"isn't that the camper we saw?"*

Bill agreed that it certainly appeared to be. In the daylight it didn't look nearly so threatening: just an ordinary Ford camper with an ordinary license plate. "I'll pass it," he said, "and you look into the cab to see who's inside it."

He passed it on a curve and was so intent on negotiating the turn that he did not get a chance to glance at the occupants of the vehicle. That was left to Nora, who looked, saw, and screamed. She couldn't stop screaming.

On the other side of the curve, the camper obscured momentarily from view, Bill pulled off the road and waited. He had to see for himself. But the camper, which had no road on which it could have turned off, never came around the curve. They went back to look for it but it was gone. For all intents and purposes it had vanished from the face of the Earth.

What Nora had seen inside the cab she would never forget. There were two of them. They were dressed in what looked like black leather suits, with black leather gloves covering their hands. They were looking at her. Only something was wrong. Very wrong.

They didn't have heads.

Where there should have been heads, there were dim outlines of heads. Where there should have been mouths, there

were Cheshire cat-like impressions of leering "evil grins." That was all.

It was enough.

Five years later I found a way to satisfy my nagging suspicion that there was even more to the story than Bill and Nora had told me—or perhaps knew themselves. Through my friend Dr. James Ulness, a psychology professor at Concordia College in Moorhead, Minn., I was able to meet with a psychiatrist skilled in the techniques of regressive hypnosis.

Dr. Warren Kelly (a pseudonym) had no particular interest in UFOs and in fact was rather skeptical of them. But when Dr. Ulness and I told him Bill and Nora's story and explained that in the past hypnosis had been used to uncover UFO episodes of which the witnesses had no conscious memory, Dr. Kelly became interested almost in spite of himself.

Soon after that I talked with Bill and Nora to find out if they were willing to undergo hypnosis in an effort to ferret out new details of their experience. They responded enthusiastically.

Dr. Kelly insisted that he work alone and separately with Bill and Nora. After each session the subject would be given a posthypnotic suggestion to forget what he or she had revealed. That way there would be no possibility of their influencing each other's story. At the same time the psychiatrist made it clear, without actually coming out and saying so, that he doubted we would gain any significant further information.

There were six sessions spread over a period of several months between 1974 and 1975. As they progressed, Bill and Nora grew increasingly less cooperative—partly because they realized something about which they consciously knew nothing was coming out of them, and partly because they saw that, whatever it was, it was scaring the hell out of the normally unflappable Dr. Kelly.

In fact, after one particularly traumatic session Kelly told Bill, who of course was unaware of what he was saying, "I don't want anything more to do with this. I don't want to wreck anybody's life." Kelly did perform one final hypnosis session, however.

Nora underwent hypnotic repression twice. She was the first

and it was her terrified account that alerted us to the hidden dimension of the UFO experience.

Unfortunately the tape which described all of this disappeared before it could be transcribed. I had kept it in my apartment and knew exactly where it was. It was not in an open spot where anyone could take it, even if my friends who visited me at my place were thieves, which they aren't. I searched diligently for it for months but couldn't find it. Finally I told myself that I would find it when I moved, when I'd have to clean the apartment from top to bottom. But it didn't show up then either.

Naturally I thought that was odd but didn't think too much more about it until later, after other investigators involved in hypnotic regression cases had told me that *they* had mysteriously lost their first tapes.

I don't pretend to know what any of this means but I mention it for whatever it's worth.

Nora related the following account:

When the UFO first approached them, her body became "numb," almost as if it had gone to sleep. (In her earlier, conscious testimony she had compared the sensation to "strange vibrations.") Then something which she had difficulty describing occurred.

She felt suddenly disoriented, as if in some incredible way she were actually *moving.* She said excitedly, "It's like a shadow of myself is going up into the air!" Nora was astounded and frightened but most of all confused. If she had been schooled in the literature of the paranormal, she would have realized she was undergoing what parapsychologists call an "out-of-the-body experience" and what occultists term "astral projection." Not knowing this, she found the sensation virtually incomprehensible, especially when she saw their car *below* her.

To her considerable alarm she found herself drifting toward the UFO. Suddenly she was looking through the window of the object, where she saw a curved instrument panel full of gauges and levers.

At this point panic overtook her. Under hypnosis she grew greatly agitated, almost to the point of complete hysteria, and screamed, "My God! Oh, help, help, help . . . They look like . . . like insects—grasshoppers! Their eyes. . . ."

Dr. Kelly struggled to calm her down. He was able to do so only for a short while. She told him she was suddenly inside the UFO lying or sitting on a sort of chair and

looking—with considerable revulsion—at about 20 short humanoid creatures with oversized white heads and large green insect-like eyes. They appeared to be communicating with each other with a kind of buzzing or steady mumbling sound.

When she started screaming and crying again, Dr. Kelly, by now quite shaken himself, brought her out of the hypnotic state.

A second hypnosis session three or four months later elicited only one new detail: that after the episode aboard the UFO, which again she was too terrified to recount in any detail, she found herself floating through the air and back into her body. The moment she had done so, the memory of the abduction experience faded. Bill's story, recovered in four sessions, was considerably more detailed but no less puzzling than Nora's had been. It almost exactly complemented Nora's, which disposes of any notion that their accounts were a fantasy concocted in the unconscious mind (unless the fantasy was shared telepathically, but parapsychologists tell me telepathy doesn't work that way).

The first hidden detail to emerge in Bill's hypnosis testimony concerned the initial sighting of a ufonaut. It developed that he first saw one when the UFO approached the car during the very earliest stages of the episode.

Kelly: What does it look like? Tell me what it looks like.

Bill: It's got a dome on the front—near the front . . . It's got a bright light near the front. It's got fins on the back . . . I can see something—shadows . . .

Kelly: Look carefully.

Bill: It looks like some kind of person inside the dome.

Kelly: Describe this person.

Bill: I can't tell. It's in the shadow. It looks like someone standing up inside the dome.

Kelly: Someone—a person?

Bill: I don't know what it is . . .

Kelly: A human person?

Bill: That's what I want it to be. [Bill described what happened next in a later session.]

Kelly: What is the feeling?

Bill: A kind of tingly feeling, like something's not right.

Kelly: Are you driving?
Bill: No.
Kelly: No. Nora's driving?
Bill: Yes.
Kelly: Do you feel tingling? On the passenger side?
Bill: Yes.
Kelly: What else? You said all over your body?

Bill: Yes. A tingling . . . Really strange . . . Strange tingle. Getting ready to pull me away . . . It's pulling me . . . It's trying to lift me.

Kelly: Lift you? And you see it? Do you have seat-belts on?

Bill: Yes.

Kelly: Does it feel like hands or force?

Bill: Strange feeling all over. And yet no one's really touching me. It's pulling . . .

Kelly: Now what? What do you feel? Tell me everything that comes to mind. Let it all out.

Bill: (heavy breathing, panic, inaudible): It's getting harder to stay . . . I think I'm floating . . . I can't believe it.

Kelly: Yes, you can believe it. What is it?

Bill: I'm looking down at the car.

Kelly: Down at the car? That's strange. Where are Nora and Alan?

Bill: They must be in the car.

Kelly: Yes? You're floating in the air and looking down. You see the top of the car. How did you get there? What's holding you there?

Bill: I don't know. I feel like I'm being set down somewhere . . . I'm sitting down but I'm not in the car.

Kelly: Where are you sitting?

Bill: I'm sitting alone.

Kelly: Alone? Is there no one with you?

Bill: It's a dome . . . a round, white room.

Kelly: A round room? And a dome above you?

Bill: A clear dome. (After a long pause.) It's a circular room . . .

Kelly: What else do you see or feel while you're sitting there?

Bill: It's hard to see. Like gauges . . .

Kelly: Gauges on what?

Bill: It's like a slanted disc all around the circle. Gauges . . . Something, something is moving.

Kelly: What is it?
Bill: (pause) Can't tell. (Inaudible.)
Kelly: You see what?
Bill: White . . . little . . .
Kelly: What? What do you see? White little . . .
Bill: Like people. (Panic.) Everything's white . . .
Kelly: Everything's white.
Bill: They have their backs to me. Their heads are big for their body . . . Their heads are round. No hair.
Kelly: Now, what is happening now?
Bill: (no response).
Kelly: Do they turn around?
Bill: (whispers) Yeah. Two. Two of them walking by.
Kelly: Now what's happening?
Bill: They look strange . . . They're like insects.
Kelly: Insects? Like maybe—
Bill: Their eyes are very big. They're all white except eyes and nose and small mouth. It's all green.
Kelly: Their mouths are green and their eyes are green?
Bill: A very light green . . .
Kelly: Are they looking at you?
Bill: Yeah. They just walked by me. They turn and look at me.
Kelly: What?
Bill: They looked at me and they looked back.
Kelly: Two of them? Where are the others?
Bill: Just the two of them standing there with their backs to me. They turn and look me over.
Kelly: They're working the dials?
Bill: (nods) . . . I want to get up but I can't . . . Something's holding me. I can't get up. (Long pause.)
Kelly: Now what's happening? What is it?
Bill: (voice shaking) I don't know. I get the feeling . . . the two whatever-they-are—are doing something to me.
Kelly: What are they doing? Are they touching you?
Bill: It's like they don't have to touch me.
Kelly: Now what's happening to you? . . .
Bill: (long pause during which he does not answer questions).
Kelly: Are they saying anything?
Bill: Just a quiet hum.
Kelly: A quiet hum. Is it a high hum or a low hum?

Bill: Low hum . . . I'm getting tired.

Kelly: Are you tired? Can you still see yourself in the domed room?

Bill: (heavy breathing).

Kelly: You're finding your way back? Are you in the car now?

Bill: I'm trying to stay awake.

Kelly: Where are you?

Bill: I'm sitting on a chair.

Kelly: A chair. You're in the domed white room?

Bill: (groggily) Yeah.

Kelly: Do you feel very, very tired? Do you want to go to sleep? Do you feel anything else?

Bill: Just tired. Scared to go to sleep.

Kelly: You don't want to go to sleep? What happens? Do you go to sleep?

Bill: Yes.

Kelly: What is the next thing you remember?

Bill: Sitting in the car.

Kelly: You're sitting in the car now. Back in the car. Where are Nora and Alan?

Bill: Nora's driving the car.

Kelly: It's moving now, right?

Bill: (inaudible) Sleep.

Kelly: You've slept. Is that right? Felt as if you've slept?

Bill: I'm too scared to.

Kelly: You're back in the car now moving down the highway. Do you say anything to Nora or Alan?

Bill: No.

Kelly: Is there anything strange, different about the car?

Bill: No. Everything is the same.

During the next hypnotic session Bill described in more detail what he had seen aboard the UFO and what had happened to him there.

Kelly: Did the creatures speak with you at all? Gesturing, anything? . . .

Bill: No, they don't need to speak. It's like they're telepathic or they just, look at me and each other and they, they know what your thoughts are.

Kelly: How do you know that?

Bill: 'Cause they look at each other and they move around and they just seem to know what they're doing and I get the feeling they're trying to pick at my brain or something. I get very strange feelings when they turn their heads in my direction . . . It's like every time one of them looks at me I get the feeling that they're picking up on my thoughts and I get more tired every time.

Kelly: What kind of room are you in?

Bill: I see in, uh, kind of a funny position. What I see is to the left but I can't see directly to the left. It's more like to the left front. The room, what I can see of it, looks to be pretty much circular and it has a slanted desk, only it's not a desk. Its like a slanted desk top that goes around. It's got like a clear dome top—I can look out and see the sky. I'd imagine it's a clear dome top 'cause I can't see the whole thing. The clear top starts at the top of the slanted desk. . . .

Kelly: Is the desk in the center of the circular room?

Bill: No, it's on the walls slanted toward me . . . It follows the pattern of the wall . . . that's basically how the room is until you get off to the right front. I can't see directly off to my left or directly off to the right but when I get to the right front, then something is there that breaks the pattern but I don't know—I don't know how to describe it.

Kelly: Is it another desk?

Bill: No, it's very large.

Kelly: Against the wall?

Bill: It appears to be . . . The beings that are in the room—they're around it a lot . . . They, um (drowsy voice).

Kelly: What are they doing to you now?

Bill: (speaking slowly, as if exhausted) They—they are—I'm getting very tired, uh—

Kelly: Very tired. But you can hang on and tell me what's happening now.

Bill: They seem to be, aware that I'm concentrating on what they're doing. I get the feeling that they dislike this. . . .

Kelly: They dislike it?

Bill: Yeah, that I'm watching them by whatever this is.

Kelly: They dislike *it*? The thing they're crowding around?

Bill: No, they dislike me watching them over by whatever the thing is that's there. They keep coming over, staring, and I get very tired and things get very blurry.

Kelly: Tired and blurry? You feel as though you're going to sleep in the craft? You're going to be unconscious there?

Bill: Yeah, it feels like it.

Kelly: But you don't get unconscious. You stay awake. What's happening?

Bill: They just keep looking and I keep getting more tired.

Kelly: Go on.

Bill: I just remember being back in the car.

Kelly: But between the times you were getting more tired and they were coming closer and you were back in the car—between that space of time, can you tell me anything?

Bill: I remember having, the feeling that they were going to do something that involved touch but then that was when I started getting really tired.

Kelly: When you were back in the car, did you feel anything then? Anything different?

Bill: A very lightheaded feeling, kind of, just kind of tingly-like when your foot's waking up from being asleep. Somehow I seemed to feel a certain amount of time lapse.

Kelly: How many minutes or hours would you estimate that time to be?

Bill: It doesn't seem like that long a time.

Kelly: A few seconds?

Bill: Maybe like 20 or 30 minutes. Everything looks, pretty much like it did before but I just feel like I missed a certain part of something.

Kelly: Now concentrate on those 20 to 30 minutes. What was the last thing you remember?

Bill: I was in what seemed to be some form of couch but it was like I was seated in a chair that was tipped back, only it felt more like a couch except, I couldn't move my body. The only way I could see different parts of where I was, was to rotate my eyes.

Kelly: But your body, your head and neck cannot move?

Bill: No, it was as if I was being paralyzed.

Kelly: You're lying on this recliner. Do you have an impression of color? Sound?

Bill: Everything seems to be a fluorescent very bright white, there seems to be what I would call an electronic hum . . .

Kelly: Are these creatures dressed? . . .

Bill: It's like a uniform. They're basically white in color and seem to blend with most everything in the room.

Kelly: They have arms? Hands?

Bill: They appear to have hands. They have arms.

Dr. Kelly had Bill recall the events that occurred in the roadside rest area:

Bill: Kept going and getting tired, kept switching driving. Stopped in a rest area. We were going to get out but the hum started again.

Kelly: The hum? Do you see anything?

Bill: Yeah. It's those things again. Only it's too far away to see any face. It's walking on the ground. But it doesn't look the same.

Kelly: How is it different?

Bill: Everything's so much more round.

Kelly: Rounder?

Bill: See him walking.

Kelly: Color?

Bill: It's white.

Kelly: Eyes?

Bill: Can't see any face.

Kelly: Clothes?

Bill: I almost think it's in a suit of some kind . . . it's all white.

Kelly: Is it carrying anything?

Bill: No. Just feels strange in here . . . Just a feeling like I want to go but everything has stopped. It's like my whole mind is blank except for images. I'm just aware of myself and that's all.

Kelly: Now you told us once you saw a camper. Is this the place?

Bill: Yeah. That was before everything stopped.

Kelly: Oh. You saw the camper and then everything stopped?

Bill: I think so. It was like one of those people was in the camper and then after I saw that I just froze. I became aware that Nora's sitting there. I asked her if she sees the thing coming towards the car. She said no. She turned the lights on and I couldn't see it. Then she shut the lights off again and I could see it still walking towards the car. We did that a few more times and then started wondering what was really going on, if we were crazy or what. I told Nora to just take the car and go but it just followed us and kept getting further away the closer it got to dawn; the more light there was, the further it got away. And finally it just went into the mountains . . .

In the next session Dr. Kelly brought Bill back to the episode at the roadside rest area.

Kelly: A creature appears stepping out of the camper?

Bill: No, it doesn't come out of the camper.

Kelly: Does it come out of the camper? Where is the creature?

Bill: It's just there . . . Like we were looking at the camper and I turned around on the seat of the car and it was just there.

Kelly: It didn't come out of the camper?

Bill: Uh, I don't know where it came out of.

Kelly: Where is it? Describe it to me. What does it look like?

Bill: I don't like it.

Kelly: You don't like this creature? Why don't you like it?

Bill: (long pause) It's just different. It's really very strange.

Kelly: . . . Does it walk?

Bill: Yes.

Kelly: Is it on the ground?

Bill: Yes . . . It's walking in the direction of the car . . .

Kelly: What does the creature look like? . . . In your mind's eye can you see it now?

Bill: I can see it without having a hard time to focus on it.

Kelly: A hard time focusing?

Bill: It's something that makes me very nervous. It's very frightening . . . It's distant enough that . . . I can't tell real well but its head seems to be much wider at the top . . . than by the chin. Its eyes seem to be very large, like it just might be like a picture that's just shadow and bright lines that cross in. Something strange.

Kelly: It's like a picture with shadow lines across it?

Bill: Where they take lines that are perpendicular to each other.

Kelly: You mean vertical and horizontal lines that are crossed?

Bill: Yeah, except it's like there's—it's not just one line of each, it's that there's all kinds of lines.

Kelly: O.K. And there are two eyes?

Bill: Yeah.

Kelly: Are they eyes where we ordinarily expect to see eyes?

Bill: (pause) Generally except that they're much bigger and they are kind of egg-shaped . . . They seem to slant like they cross part of the side.

Kelly: Around the side of the head?

Bill: It's like our eyes are just, just smaller and just planted in our head for looking straight ahead.

Kelly: Yes.

Bill: But theirs seem to—their head is much larger in the back, as compared to the front, too . . .

Kelly: You don't seem to be frightened now. Do you feel more comfortable with this creature?

Bill: I feel more relaxed myself. I've got a very strong fear of what it might do to Nora or Alan. But for myself I don't feel anything. I think I've seen it before.

Kelly: You've seen this creature before?

Bill: Earlier in the night.

Kelly: Where might that be?

Bill: (pause) That all seems strange, too.

Kelly: Awhile back you said "they," as though there were more than one.

Bill: No, I don't remember more than one. . . . Somehow I feel that—I have the feeling that I was in whatever it is that's following us and I was in the car, how could I be in that, too? It doesn't seem to make sense.

Kelly: If you were in the car, how could you be in what?

Bill: In, in the UFO. I don't—everything is confusing. It's the same creature that was in the ship . . . there's more than one and they were very close to me then.

Kelly: Was this before or after seeing this creature in the rest area?

Bill: This was quite a while before. They don't appear to have any ears . . . Their noses are very strange. It seems it's below the eyes but it doesn't protrude like the human nose . . . It stays much closer to the surface of the face. It's pretty much flat. There are nostrils but they're not what I conceive to be nostrils. They're two of them, about half the size of the human nostril.

Kelly: Mouth?

Bill: There appears to be a mouth but I'm not sure. It's extremely small.

Kelly: Is it shaped like a human mouth?

Bill: No, it's just like a really small circle but it doesn't seem to have the function of communication.

Dr. Kelly led both Bill and Nora through a recounting of the entire UFO experience, from the initial sighting to the final encounter with the camper on the highway. We learned nothing significantly new about the latter. Apparently their memories of at least this much of the incident were full and accurate.

Obviously mysteries still remain. I am not satisfied that we have the whole story of what took place at the roadside rest area when "everything stopped." Perhaps that part of the incident is irretrievable.

We can also speculate that the hidden—and forever lost—part of the incident is its most important element, that something happened during the lapse that the UFO intelligences wanted no one to know under any circumstances. Consequently they made sure even hypnosis would be useless.

Dr. Kelly, Bill and Nora declared themselves finished with the hypnosis sessions. Afterwards I asked the couple if they were interested in listening to the tapes so that they could find out what they had revealed. They said no, they simply wanted to forget about it and get on with their lives. Bill was in the process of preparing himself for graduate study in experimental psychology. A committed behaviorist, he had no

place in his intellectual system for paranormal occurrences; while he couldn't deny his own experiences (those parts of them he recalled), he could make an effort not to think about them.

But that didn't work. Underneath it all they were upset, concerned that somehow they had been put in some sort of danger. Unfortunately they never explained that to me; all I knew was that suddenly they had grown suspicious of me, uncommunicative.

Finally, one Sunday afternoon in December 1975, Dr. Leo Sprinkle and I called on them. Sprinkle explained to them that he had worked with many people who had had frightening UFO experiences. He thought that in most cases it was actually good for the psychological well-being of witnesses to have the memories suppressed in the unconscious mind brought into the open. And there was certainly no danger from the UFO intelligences.

Sprinkle, a professional, was able to reassure them when I wasn't. Visibly relieved, they asked him a number of questions which he answered to their satisfaction.

"You know," Sprinkle said, "in many ways you're lucky to have had a UFO experience. Many people would envy you."

When we left, they were smiling. And not long after that they finally listened to the tapes.

Jacques Vallee has remarked on the "absurdity" of many close encounters with UFOs. Certainly Bill and Nora's experience can be called "absurd"—so much so that even some veteran ufologists may find it incredible.

Yet it is this very element in the story that makes it so fascinating to me. It is not just another abduction. After all, abductions make a certain sort of sense, with the ufonauts coming on as extraterrestrial scientists studying our planet's leading life form. That is a concept a thousand science fiction stories have prepared us for. If anything it is almost *too* sensible—why should visitors from outer space behave just as we expect them to?

But here we are dealing with what appears to be a truly alien force which manifests in utterly bizzare ways, manipulates time and space, and assumes both a psychic and a physical reality. It works to stage an event which seems absolutely senseless to our limited human perceptions. One does not have to be a paranoid to feel a certain sense of uneasiness, even fear, in the face of events like these.

Something awfully strange is happening to people all over this planet—something which our governments are unable to stop and which our reason is unable to comprehend. What is it? What can we do about it? And what happens next?

THE STRANGE ABDUCTION OF LORI BRIGGS

D. Scott Rogo

I first met Lori Briggs, an attractive UCLA graduate in her early twenties, on May 5, 1979. Her case had been brought to my attention by Ann Druffel, the veteran Los Angeles UFO investigator, who had learned of it through another UFO witness whose case we were studying. This witness, Emily Cronin, had experienced a close encounter of the third kind several years before; it had led to a full-scale abduction shortly afterward. Since these encounters, Emily has been plagued by weird nocturnal visitations during which little, whitish, dome-headed entities would suddenly appear in her room, urging her to go with them. Their appearances were invariably accompanied by "whining noises." It was while studying her case that Emily told Ann, and later me, that she had a young friend who had experienced a similar nocturnal visitation in 1975. We, of course, were eager to talk with Lori and hear about this incident directly from her. Little did we know what we were about to uncover.

Our first meeting with Lori took place at Emily's lovely Tujunga Canyon home, an inviting but secluded house nestled in the desertlike canyons just outside the Los Angeles megalopolis. Lori turned out to be a very intelligent young woman, currently working in the field of computer technology. Although we were primarily interested in discussing her 1975 experience, Lori opened the interview by telling us that she had undergone *two* different experiences. The first occurred in 1970, she said, when she was living in Redondo Beach, California. She was sixteen years old at the time, and the visitation occurred late at night.

"I just remember that it was an extremely strange experience," she began. "I was dead asleep and I was dragged out

of sleep. I don't know how to describe it exactly, but—and I've never experienced *that* since—it was as if some force came in and just dragged me out of sleep."

When she awoke, Lori found herself paralyzed and with her eyes closed. But she was overcome by the intuitive feeling that entities of some sort were in the room with her. They kept mentally telling her, she believed, to "prepare herself" because some special being was about to make his presence known. Moments later Lori opened her eyes to see this creature by her bed. She could only see a dim outline of the being, but could clearly see its long, thin, whitish fingers and its red, glowing eyes.

"I don't even know the power the eyes had," Lori told us, "but they were extremely intense—almost as if they were lights or something. They held me, and it seemed as if I was held in that gaze for eternity. And then everything broke—as if everything were gone."

Lori could remember precious little more about the experience, although at the time she felt that it was associated with something religious.

She went on to tell us that her next experience occurred in the summer of 1975. She had recently graduated from UCLA and was living in an apartment building facing a busy street in Panorama City, a suburb of Los Angeles situated in the middle of the San Fernando Valley. This area is a rather crowded extension of Los Angeles itself which, despite its rather bucolic name, is populated by about two million people. Lori was living with a roommate, Jo Maine, and was sharing a bedroom, when the incident occurred.

On this occasion, though, Lori was "tipped off" that something unusual was about to happen. Jo, Lori explained to us, was a chronic insomniac who often spent hours trying to get to sleep. On this fateful night, however, Lori noted with interest that Jo fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. It was about midnight, and Lori sensed that her roommate had fallen into an abnormal sleep. It was too deep and too sudden; almost as if she had been drugged.

Lori gave a little shiver as she went on recounting that night's adventures.

"The next thing I remember was voices again," she explained to Ann, Emily, and me. "The next thing I remember was that I was communicating with some one or some beings. But I was talking to them by mental telepathy. I knew be-

cause I was conversing with them, but no sounds were being made. It was through my mind. It was happening, and I knew that I talked for a long while. And then it started telling me that I should 'go with them,' and I said I didn't want to go. And all of a sudden this high-pitched sound started and I knew it was coming from them."

After engaging in a battle of wills with the beings, Lori discovered that Jo was out cold. She had to shake her hard to get her awake. It was at that time that she realized that a considerable amount of time had passed . . . more than she could remember or calculate passing. Apparently a time lapse had occurred, she admitted to us with a little embarrassment. This claim, though, was later verified by Jo, who told us some weeks later that, upon awakening, it felt as if a "chunk of her life" had been taken from her. This time-lapse experience, then, must have been very obvious to both women.

Lori and Jo were terrified by now, and called Emily in Tujunga—after they had fled from the bedroom. That's when Emily first heard the story, but she never told either of the other women that she had experienced similar visitations.

It took Lori about twenty minutes to tell us this story. Unfortunately, we were a bit disappointed in it for several reasons. Everything Lori reported to us was consistent with Emily's own experiences, which had resulted from her two UFO close encounters. Although this, in itself, was strikingly impressive, it seemed as if Lori was undergoing some mental block about precisely what had happened that eerie night, and that concerned us no end. When we first learned of the case, Emily had told us about Lori's frightened call to her. Although Lori had described to Emily how she actually saw a group of small, white, large-headed entities in her room, she now could not recall actually *seeing* them in the room that night. Her experience seemed to be solely mental. Emily had also told us that it was *not* the time lapse that had provoked Lori's call, but that it had been prompted by some bizarre experiences that occurred in the apartment *after* her friends had been aroused from their paralysis or trance. According to Emily, Lori and Jo had fled from the bedroom and gone into the kitchen, where they were trying to figure out what had happened to them, when suddenly they heard a high-pitched whining noise in the apartment. A bright light, which apparently emanated from a large vacant field next to their apartment complex, had then illuminated the room.

As we sat in Emily's house, we gradually reminded Lori of her phone conversation with Emily. And as Emily carefully told her of the light and the sounds, and gently went over the evening's events with her, Lori became tremendously excited. It seemed as if her mental block was finally lifting, and a look of astonishment came over her face.

"Wait a minute! That's right," she began shouting. "And there was a light. It came shining through the window in the back. Now I'm remembering it. And it really scared me to death. I'm really remembering it!"

Interestingly, though, Lori did not associate her experience *with a UFO at all.* Ann and I, on the other hand, began to realize that there was probably more to Lori's story than met the eye. Our suspicions were verified later that evening when I began questioning her about the experiences she had had, and whether she could relate them to any life problems or changes she was undergoing at the time. I was also curious about any dreams she might have had that seemed to tie in with her experiences. Lori, though, couldn't associate her experiences with any life crises, so my line of enquiry seemed headed for a dead end. But later that evening, after we had concluded our interview with her, something very strange happened.

By this time, Ann and I were talking to Emily about *her* UFO experiences, while Lori was busying herself with a little sketch pad Ann had given to her. (Earlier we had asked her to sketch the being she had seen in her room during her first experience in 1970.) As Emily was talking about her close encounters, I glanced over to Lori and noticed that she was sketching a picture of a young woman suspended over a table. A light from underneath the table was illuminating it. The picture piqued my interest, since it showed what was virtually identical to the type of "examination tables" and "examinations" that many UFO abductees have described being subjected to during their kidnappings. In fact, this sketch was very similar to a drawing made by another UFO abductee whose case Ann and I were studying at the time.

I kept this all to myself, of course, and merely asked Lori what her drawing represented. I carefully avoided any mention of UFOs and asked no leading questions.

"I'm not really sure," Lori explained, "but you were asking me about my dreams and I started thinking about it. And I seemed to have an awareness suddenly—it happened in my

brain—of being suspended, not by anything physical, but by a force just *above* a very long, flat table. There's a light underneath it. And what I think it really did was to shine through my body and you saw the skeleton of it."

These comments excited me even more. Lori, who had read very little on UFOs in general, could not have known that many abductees have found themselves *hovering over* examination tables instead of *lying* on them.

Lori went on to explain that this picture just "popped" into her mind spontaneously as she thought about her 1975 experience. She felt that this drawing—or rather the experience depicted within it—related to that episode, but she didn't know how. Neither did she relate her experience, even at this point, to a UFO encounter. To us, however, it seemed clear what *may* have happened. The time lapse she experienced after making contact with the voices, the whining noises, the bright light from the vacant field, and the examination all suggested that Lori might have been abducted from her apartment that night by aliens. We further surmised that they had entered her apartment from a UFO, which had landed in the field next to her building. We kept our suspicions from Lori, though, but did tell her that hypnosis might be a tool we could use to help her more clearly remember what happened to her that night. Since Lori had no fear of hypnosis, and knew full well that she was "blocking out" some of what had occurred, she was happy to undergo an exploratory hypnotic session.

Our first session took place on May 30. Ann drafted W. C. McCall, an Anaheim physician, to act as hypnotist. Bill, as his friends call him, is interested in UFOs as well as in hypnosis, and has served as president of the American Institute of Hypnosis and as Secretary of the American College of Medical Hypnotists. The regression was held in a lounge at the hospital where Bill is on call. Ann and I taped the session, while Emily Cronin came along to give Lori moral support. Lori turned out to be an exemplary subject and had no trouble entering into hypnosis.

After being regressed back to 1975, Lori began reliving her nightmarish ordeal in vivid detail. She began to telling us how the arrival of alien beings into her room was presaged by odd noises. "They're strange noises," she told us, "like frequency noises." She then relived the experience of seeing the beings right in the room with her. Her description of them

was the same as the one she had given Emily over the phone four years before. One of the beings, she reported, was standing right next to her. He was only three or four feet tall, very thin, and possessed a large head. The other—the creature—had only a hole for a mouth, Lori went on to say, and its head looked too large for its body.

"I get the idea I'm supposed to come with them," she mumbled. "It wants to show me something."

But Lori explained, talking in the present tense all along, that she didn't want to go with the beings. Nonetheless, the aliens proceeded to give her a demonstration of their power. In vivid detail and with excitement, Lori told us how the beings were able to float about the room and levitate objects with light which they projected from their hands. Finally, they levitated *her* off the bed and enveloped her in their light. She found herself outside the apartment moments later, after passing through the solid walls of her room, and moving toward a dark, dome-shaped object resting in the field next to her apartment house. Jo had apparently been left behind. Once in the dome, Lori found herself being examined.

"I'm staring at myself," she explained. "In this mirror I see myself . . . It's almost as if my veins and arteries are tubes in which the blood seems as if it's light going through them . . . I think I'm being studied . . . I'm really not sure what they're finding out, exactly . . ."

Lori also told us how, to implement the examination, the beings had floated her above the table, which seemed composed of some substance resembling stone. The obvious similarity of Lori's report and the spontaneous drawing she had previously made for us was self-evident. It seemed as though our suspicions about the meaning of this drawing were being confirmed.

"They do so many things with light," Lori went on to say, as she described the examination she was undergoing. "That's their power. It's all light and they have these different kinds of stone that act as different kinds of shields with the light and filters. It allows light to do a lot of different things. Also takes imprints of the light. That creates certain records for them."

All this talk about the use of light didn't make much sense to us. Lori seemed to be catching hold of vague recollections more than telling us about something that was happening to her. She seemed to realize, too, that her descriptions of what she was observing and experiencing were cryptic at best.

"I don't really understand it, but I *do*. That's what's so weird," she explained.

Lori had no way of knowing that, at a subsequent hypnotic session, she would clarify these remarks and give us a detailed description of how the aliens examined her with various lights.

We, of course, were very interested in how the aliens were communicating with her and with one another. Lori recalled that they made rapid clicking and guttural sounds when talking with one another, though they spoke to her through telepathy. She also seemed to understand that her abduction experience was well planned. The dome in which she found herself was only a module, she sensed, which had been sent to Earth from a UFO still out in space.

"They want to take me along because I was really a good subject," she told us. They wanted to take her to a "mother ship," she went on to explain, so that she could be trained for something, or for some purpose, but she couldn't understand what.

It was at this point that the aliens tried telepathically, to coerce her into complying with their wishes, but Lori put up a mental fight against them. She then found herself back in her apartment, paralyzed. But before we could explore her memories in depth, something startling happened. Lori suddenly popped out of the hypnosis! With eyes wide open, she looked like a little child who has been awakened from a deep slumber and doesn't quite know where she is.

"I've lost it," she exclaimed apologetically as she continued to look around the room, and at Bill in particular. She looked totally bewildered by what she had revealed.

Under the circumstances the only thing Bill could do was rehypnotize Lori and try picking up the narrative at the critical moment where it had left off. But Lori had another little surprise in store for us. After reentering hypnosis at Bill's suggestions, Lori suddenly began reliving her 1970 experience, but added no new light on it. The session was ended soon afterwards.

As far as Ann and I were concerned, the regression had been a curious mixture of success and failure. We had indeed uncovered a previously "hidden" abduction case, of which even the witness had been unaware. Lori's story also fit neatly into the types of experiences other abductees have come up with. This fact impressed us, since Lori has read nothing on

UFO abductions. On the other hand, there were many puzzles relating to her experiences, which we wanted to explore. Just how had she gotten out of her apartment, right through solid walls, and to the UFO? How had she returned? Why did the aliens want to train her? And why had Jo been left behind? All these questions needed answering, and since none of them had been resolved during this session, we decided to conduct a second regression with Lori as soon as it would be convenient.

Even Lori seemed perplexed by what she had revealed while hypnotized. And since she had been in only a light trance, she remembered everything that she had described while reliving her experience. If anything, Lori was as intrigued with following up the session as we were. She didn't seem frightened by her revelations, only more or less bewildered by them. It appeared that she was having as much difficulty accepting what had happened as we were, and as we left McCall's lounge that night, I noticed that she was unusually quiet.

"Did you expect to remember an abduction?" I asked her softly as we were walking through the hospital parking lot to my car.

"I didn't know what to expect," she answered. Then she paused, and looked at me for a moment.

"How much of all this is real?" she asked. Unfortunately, I couldn't give her a solid answer . . . or even a tentative one, for that matter.

Our next session with Lori was scheduled for June 12. Once again Lori, Ann, Emily, and I all joined together to explore our subject's newfound memories. This time, though, we decided to conduct the session at Ann's Pasadena home. These less formal surroundings might help relax Lori, we thought. I acted as hypnotist, while Ann monitored the tape recorder. Now that Bill had helped Lori recall most of the missing moments of her 1975 time lapse, my job was merely to help her fill in the gaps that marred her total recall of the events. Emily Cronin was once again on hand to give Lori reassurance.

After being hypnotized by a mixture of verbal suggestion and progressive muscular relaxation, Lori began recounting her abduction experiences in more detail than she had done during the McCall session. She now noticed that the being who had stood by her bed did not seem to be wearing cloth-

ing, but didn't appear naked. The creature seemed to be sexless. Once again she described how the whitish, spindly alien with the oversized head urged her to come with him.

"Lights, light, I'm surrounded by light," she explained as she told of being transported to the aliens' UFO. I tried to make Lori relive this experience by asking her to decelerate the action to slow motion, but my suggestion did no good. It seems that Lori was somehow teleported almost directly to the UFO in such a flash that she really didn't know exactly what had happened to her. Despite our disappointment in not being able to trace the exact method the aliens used to get her to their craft, our subject *was* able to give us a much more comprehensive description of the medical examination she had undergone at the hands of her abductors. She began by again describing the curious stonelike table with the bright light under it.

"The light that's down below me . . . makes certain imprints on this stone," she told us. "It's really kind of a strange X ray. They shine different kinds of light through this type of stone [table] . . . There's a slot where they put these long, like slabs . . . They slide it through, then it's *in* the stone that I'm lying on, and they shine the light up from where it comes out from the bottom of the floor, and the whole thing gets transparent, and that makes me kind of an imprint on the thing, and they take it [the slab] out."

Lori went on the describe how the aliens repeated this procedure several times, eventually amassing a large number of the "slabs." She also looked around the interior of the UFO at our suggestion, and noticed that there was no specific light source illuminating the room. The light seemed to emanate directly from the walls of the craft. She also saw a strange machine in the room and felt that it somehow converted sound into light, but couldn't give us a specific accounting of how this process was carried out. Lori was also able to remember in more detail how she returned to her apartment.

After having been given the examination, and finding herself drained by the ordeal, Lori decided to leave the craft. She then started to walk toward a doorway. Finding a button by it, she pressed it and a door opened. But at this point the aliens stopped her, and told her that it would be best for her "to go back the way she came." She again found herself wrapped in light, and zoomed instantaneously back to her apartment bedroom.

The abduction experience became a little more sinister now. Lori found herself paralyzed, and the aliens were trying to persuade her to go back with them. Her only defense was to fight them off mentally, and by generating an "internal sound," as she described it, through which she nullified the whining noises that the aliens were using to manipulate her. Having lost, the aliens turned into balls of light and left the apartment. This was probably the experience that she vaguely remembered *consciously* and had told us about during our first meeting. It also contradicted her previous hypnotic remembrances. During the McCall session she had recalled that this mental struggle had taken place on board the UFO and not in her apartment. Lori now seemed to be revising her story in minor ways as more memories began to surface.

Despite the fact that Lori had now been successfully regressed on two separate occasions by two independent hypnotists, the interpretation of the Briggs case still struck Ann Druffel and me as an open issue. Lori's story was certainly credible enough, since her memories tallied very well with what other UFO abductees have recalled while under hypnosis. The dome-headed beings she saw, the whining noises that accompanied their appearances, the light-emanating walls of the UFO, and the levitations and teleportations are all elements and patterns that crop up time and time again as one studies the abduction syndrome. Yet despite these positive aspects of the case, there were still parts of it that just didn't make sense. According to Lori's story, for instance, the UFO would have had to land initially in a vacant lot next to her apartment building. Yet this building is situated on one of the San Fernando Valley's busiest streets; even at midnight it is well traveled. No passersby had reported seeing anything unusual to the police that night, and a UFO landing in the midst of such a densely populated area would invariably have been seen by at least someone! We were also puzzled by the light that Lori and Jo saw beaming through their window. This light had allegedly been so bright as to illuminate the entire apartment, but was apparently not seen by *anyone else* in the complex. This, too, we found hard to accept at face value. Yet there was little more Lori could do to help us resolve these enigmas.

In order to assist us further in exploring the Briggs case, Ann got in touch with Jo Maine, who, according to Lori and Emily, had witnessed the aftermath of the abduction even

though she was unconscious during its critical phases. But we at least hoped she could verify, as she had to Emily over the phone four years earlier, the lights and whining noises that played so prominent a role in Lori's narrative.

Jo Maine turned out to be a highly intelligent young woman, also in her twenties, who is at present working as a fashion designer. She moved out of Lori's apartment after their 1974 experience and is now living alone in North Hollywood, another community within the San Fernando Valley. She was more than willing to meet with us and tell us all she could remember about that weird night, and seemed eager to cooperate with us in any way possible.

When Ann and I met with Jo on June 28 it was clear that, like Lori, she had blocked out much of the experience. She did remember many aspects of it, such as going to bed, blacking out, and awakening to see Lori in an agitated state. She even recalled Lori telling her about the "beings" who had urged her to "go with them if she chose to," and about the high-pitched noise that had accompanied their appearance. Oddly enough, she couldn't remember anything about going into the kitchen after the incident, or about seeing the lights and hearing the noises herself—even though she had told Emily about this bizarre episode on the phone that same night.

Before holding our meeting with Jo, Ann and Emily had already suggested that hypnosis might be a tool we would want to use to help explore this eerie incident. Jo had no objection to being hypnotized, so we held a brief session after we had talked to her for about an hour. Jo was, unfortunately, not as good a subject as Lori had been, and had considerable difficulty maintaining the hypnotic state. But during the course of our session a few intriguing bits of information snapped back into Jo's mind. For instance, she now recalled seeing an odd light enter her bedroom before she blacked out, although she couldn't remember anything else about the episode until I moved her forward in time to the moment she apparently "awoke." She seemed to *recall* rather than actually *experience* these critical moments, and couldn't remember much of the conversation that transpired between Lori and herself. For the first time, though, Jo remembered going into the kitchen after getting out of bed and *seeing a strange light there*. She could recall nothing else other than attempting to go back to bed, and being overcome by an unspeakable terror at the prospect of going into the bedroom.

This session was obviously not too successful, partly because Jo just couldn't relax into the hypnosis. The room was filled with people, and Jo was highly sensitive to tiny noises about her, which invariably result when several people huddle together in a small room. I was almost ready to consider the session a washout, since the only new detail Jo had come up with was sensing that a mysterious light had played some sort of role in the aftermath of Lori's experience, and since this was only a tentative corroboration of the story at best. However, after the session was over and we were "debriefing" Jo, our subject hit us with quite a surprise. While under hypnosis, she explained, she had seen an *image of a dome with lights around it* but she had no idea what it meant. As Jo had not spoken to her former roommate since Lori's session, she did not know that Lori too had seen a similar dome during her abduction experience. Ann and I kept this information to ourselves, as it now appeared that Jo's role in Lori's experience might have been more involved than any of us had realized. So, being hopeful that a further regression would generate more information, we encouraged Jo to undergo a second hypnotic session.

Ann, unfortunately, was soon leaving for Europe and couldn't attend my next attempt at regressing Jo. And since Ann was caught up in making preparations for her trip, Jo met with me privately at my home in Northridge. This community is only a few short miles from the scene of Lori's alleged abduction.

I used the same procedure for this session as I had used during the previous one. I employed a very slow and thorough induction technique that included strong verbal suggestions and muscular relaxation. Only when Jo was actively responding to hypnotic suggestion did I consider the hypnosis properly implemented. Gradually Jo began to relive her 1975 experience, and I guided her through it step by step. I was hoping to clarify the aftermath of Lori's abduction, hoping to prompt Jo into recalling the episode in the kitchen when she allegedly heard the whining noises and saw the light to which she had alluded during the previous session. To my surprise, Jo now seemed to remember some sort of simultaneous abduction, which had occurred at the same time Lori was being subjected to her own kidnapping! This really was a shocker, since Lori had always maintained that Jo played no part in her experience.

As she spoke, it became clear that Jo *had* undergone some sort of strange experience paralleling Lori's. She began by reporting that an odd light had appeared in the room, and explaining how she merged with it. All the while she heard what she described as a "medium-pitched" wave tone. All this information exactly parallels Lori's claims. She, too, merged with a light projected by her alien visitors, to the accompanying sounds of whining noises. Jo next remembered being in a large, dark room with triangular-shaped objects rising from the floor, engaged in an "intense conversation" with some invisible intelligence. Despite my promptings, though, she couldn't recall anything about the content of this conversation.

The rest of the regression focused on the aftermath of the Briggs abduction. Jo's memories were still confused, but she clearly recalled going into the kitchen with Lori and also phoning Emily. She also remembered "something about a sound," but couldn't elaborate further. Even the hypnosis could not break through her mental block, but her dim recollections were indeed gradually validating Emily's claim that both Lori and Jo had heard a strange noise in their apartment after waking up. I ended this session after unsuccessfully exploring these memories in some depth.

I had not originally planned to conduct a third session with Jo. Now, though, I had to modify my plans, since Jo seemed to be vaguely remembering an abduction experience of her own. Double UFO abductions are somewhat rare in UFO literature, so I realized that this case might be more important than Ann or I had originally deemed it. Unfortunately, we were bedeviled by several delays before I could complete my hypnotic work with Jo. Ann wasn't back from Europe yet, and Jo wanted her to be present at any further sessions. And it didn't help any when Jo injured her back shortly after her second session with me. We therefore had to wait until July 30 before our final session could be held. That evening, Jo, Ann, and I met at my home for what was to be the most enlightening session of all.

Under hypnosis, Jo once again described the light that had suddenly entered her room that eerie summer night. Next, she recalled finding herself in a huge tubelike construction, where she was resting on a platform as lights danced about her. A prominent light was below her, and she suddenly felt her teeth being manipulated. The parallels, once more, to Lori's

experiences struck us as self-evident. Needless to say, even at this point we had told our subject nothing about what Lori had recalled under hypnosis.

We were especially intrigued with the mysterious platform on which Jo had found herself after merging with the light in her room.

"I felt like being on an operating table and being inspected," Jo told us later. "Like when I described the lights going over me, it was like scanner lights. Then, there was a light, I remember saying, down below and to the left, which came up. I felt that these were more directed lights, and that it was a method of scanning . . . I had the feeling of being inspected. The sensations I felt through my teeth probably had to do with it. I was being inspected in a relatively painless manner by some sort of light. It wasn't threatening to me."

It was also during this session that Jo was finally able to relive the critical moments after her roommate's abduction and their frantic phone call to Emily.

"I remember saying hello to Emily," she reported. "And I think I said some words like, 'Something weird has happened.' Afterwards I let Lori do the talking, since I can't remember what went on anyway, and Lori seems to remember everything."

For the first time, too, Jo remembered Lori describing the beings she had seen in the room.

"I don't know what she's telling her [Emily] . . . something about short, short beings in white . . . That she could have gone, but didn't. That she didn't want to go with them."

But despite our promptings, Jo couldn't remember anything at all about the whining noises and the odd light in the kitchen, though she had vaguely alluded to these incidents during her previous regressions.

By this time it was clear to all of us that our investigation of the Briggs case was just about over. It didn't seem that Jo was going to remember much more about her experience that night, nor about her quasi-abduction experience. Nonetheless, we were heartened by the results of our sessions with her, since her memories did serve provisionally to corroborate Lori's narrative. Despite the problems Jo confronted while trying to relive what happened, during the course of our three sessions she recalled five distinct occurrences that *directly parallel Lori's experiences*. Both witnesses described lights en-

tering the room, becoming engulfed in light, seeing a dome-like object after leaving the apartment, and being examined on a platform; and both said that this examination was performed by lights.

Despite these parallels, though, the Briggs-Maine case is still baffling in one major respect. It does not seem that our witnesses had a double UFO abduction at all. While Lori and Jo had *parallel* abductions, they did not seem to have a *shared* one. Jo played no part in Lori's abduction scenario, and quite explicitly she told us that Jo had been left behind when she was kidnapped. Likewise, Lori played no role in Jo's account. These two women, then, had *equivalent* abductions, but not a *mutual* one. The case is unique in the annals of ufology.

So just how can we explain the Briggs-Maine case in the light of this obvious paradox?

I have some tentative thoughts about this matter, which I began to formulate when I was investigating the site of the alleged abduction. As I noted earlier, it is hard for me to believe that a UFO could land in Panorama City (and just off a busy thoroughfare) without causing an enormous commotion. Yet, Lori and Jo seemed to have undergone a real experience . . . real enough, that is, to make them phone Emily in the middle of the night in stark terror. As I pondered this problem I remembered what John Keel, the veteran UFO author, wrote in his book *UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse*. He argued that UFO abductions are not truly physical events, but are false memories directly implanted into the witness's mind by an alien intelligence. Jacques Vallee, who has long maintained that UFOs have a psychic as well as physical basis, makes a similar argument in his recent book, *Messengers of Deception.*

Could Lori's experience have been a mind implant? And could this implant have either been extended to Jo or had she somehow been infected by it?

On the other hand, could the parallels between Lori's and Jo's stories have been an unintentional artifice resulting from telepathy between them . . . or even from me? As a parapsychologist by profession, I am keenly aware that the hypnotic state makes a person particularly open to telepathic impressions. There is a great deal of experimental as well as anecdotal evidence to this effect. While regressing Jo, could she have picked up telepathic cues from my own mind, which

she elaborated into false memories of a UFO abduction?

To date, both of these theories strike me as equally attractive. Perhaps both of them are true to some extent. I, for one, just do not know.

CONCLUSION: TOWARD AN EXPLANATION

D. Scott Rogo

To the uninitiated, the UFO abduction syndrome may appear to be an impenetrable mystery—or slightly ridiculous. Here we have all sorts of little beings running around—some dwarfish, some more humanoid, and others robotlike—delivering absurd speeches and often engaging in absurd acts. They tell conflicting stories about themselves, and deliver rather banal messages to their victims. Then they try to erase these messages from their victims' minds, instructing them to forget everything that has happened to them. These attempts are so (deliberately?) shallow that abduction victims can usually recall what has happened to them when asked to relive their experiences under light hypnosis. The information usually uncovered is often so self-evidently silly or blatantly erroneous that UFO abductees run the risk of making total fools of themselves by revealing it!

Despite the symbology and obfuscations that cloud the abduction phenomenon, some ufologists still support the idea that UFOs and their occupants are the denizens of distant planets. Raymond Fowler, who investigated the Andreasson affair in considerable depth, holds their view. He argues that UFO victims are perhaps randomly selected human beings whom the aliens are tagging for surveillance. He even suggests that a wild animal being pursued by an ecologist would perceive its experience somewhat the way we experience the abduction syndrome:

> A black bear is out rummaging for food in a heavily wooded area that he shares with a goodly number of other wild creatures. Sniffing the air cautiously, he cuts across a large field on the way to a river to fish for salmon. Suddenly, a foreign noise coming from above causes him to look up. Terrified, he sees a strange, noisy,

whirring, birdlike thing hovering directly above him. He starts to run back to the woods with the huge "bird" in hot pursuit. Suddenly, a sharp, brief pain stabs into his side. He continues to run, but an inexplicable feeling of drowsiness overwhelms him. The bear slumps to the ground in a sound sleep.

The "bird" lands. It is a helicopter, and out of it step several scientists. One still holds the rifle that has just fired a tranquilizer-filled dart into the fleeing bear. Carefully, a wildlife biologist tags the bear and places a radio transmitter collar and temperature probe about the sleeping bear's neck. The scientists then board the helicopter and depart.

Later, the bear stirs. Perhaps vague images of the frightening chase still linger in his mind. Most likely they are dismissed as a bad dream brought on by eating decayed rabbit meat earlier that morning. He is hungry. So he lumbers off to the river, where there are fat migrating salmon just waiting to be caught.

Seven hundred miles above him, a highly sophisticated satellite dubbed *Nimbus* wheels around the planet in a predetermined course. It signals the radio transmitter attached to the bear. It, in turn, begins to transmit data gathered by special sensors. *Nimbus* then retransmits the signals to a ground radio station in Fairbanks, Alaska.[1] Then the data is sent to Goddard Space Flight Center at Maryland, where it emerges as a computer readout.

Meanwhile, the bear continues to fish, hunt, sleep, and hibernate. He remains completely oblivious to the fact that his bodily functions and exact whereabouts are being monitored by a superintelligent species—man.

How could a bear even begin to comprehend how a superintelligent race might similarly monitor man's doings?[2]

Fowler goes on to suggest that the religious overtones of the Betty Andreasson abduction may have been staged specifically for her. The aliens might have extracted religious sym-

[1] "Studying Wildlife by Satellite," *National Geographic*, January 1973, pp. 120–23.

[2] From the book, *The Andreasson Affair* by Raymond Fowler, copyright © 1979 by Raymond E. Fowler and Betty Andreasson. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

bols from her mind and used them to structure her experiences as a reward for her cooperation. Or perhaps they couched her abduction in a religious context in order to disguise their actions, deliberately giving her a familiar "frame of reference" to better manipulate her.

This theorizing may sound logical, but it is also highly superficial. If the aliens had wanted to reward their victim by way of a religious experience, they could have done better than dredge up ancient metaphysical symbols and archetypes from her unconscious! And since they told her to "forget" what had happened to her, why did they bother in the first place?

Nor can an extended version of Fowler's theory explain other abduction cases. Take the Dapple Gray Lane enigma, for instance. The sole purpose of the abduction was apparently for John Hodges to "understand himself," and the aliens took considerable pains to show him visions of world cataclysms. Why would they have bothered with all this showmanship unless the *message* imparted or symbolized in these visions was the primary purpose behind the abduction? The medical examination he underwent at the beginning of his ordeal may have been totally inconsequential. In fact, most abduction experiences seem to follow a two-stage process. At first the victim is given a physical examination. Then he or she is shown either a series of visions or is given a message or a series of communications. Most ufologists have assumed that these physical examinations are the purpose behind UFO abductions. The visionary scenes and/or messages, they argue, are merely attempts to make the witnesses draw false conclusions about the nature of their experiences.

However, the exact opposite may be true. It may be that the vital part of the abduction syndrome is the visionary or message-relating part of the experience—such as the visions Betty Andreasson saw, or the picture shows La Rubia and Hodges were made to watch. The medical examinations may actually be stage-shows, put on for their benefit as a familiar and understandable experience. It is my own feeling that these medical examinations serve no functional purpose whatsoever, and are merely meant to prepare the abductee for a more important part of the abduction. Physical examinations may be employed to "kill time," so to speak, allowing the abductee to adjust to his predicament and realize that no harm

will come to him. He is then subjected to the more important part of his abduction, during which some piece of information—*often disguised in symbolic terms*—is given to him. This is why so many UFO communications seem silly. They are not meant to be taken seriously at all. They are metaphors.

This may be why some abductions are purely mental experiences. The UFO intelligence may never bother to carry out a true kidnapping at all. In fact, a few ufologists have argued that physical UFO abductions *never* take place, and that *all* such experiences are merely false experiences directly implanted into the individual's mind when he has come into close contact with a UFO. Jacques Vallee holds this view. He suggests that the UFO phenomenon has nothing to do with alien life-forms, but is produced by a "control system" linked with our planet that is gradually guiding the evolution of human consciousness. The UFO abduction syndrome, Vallee believes, helps program the mind to think in terms of new potentials and possibilities. This is perhaps why UFO abductees develop psychic abilities. In the long run, Vallee thinks that through the UFO mystery the whole intellectual level of the human race is being manipulated. The UFO phenomenon is a psychic one and the abduction syndrome is visionary in nature.

In writing on Helen's out-of-body abduction, which is summarized in the introduction to Part III, Vallee suggests:

> If we are not dealing with space visitors at all, but with powerful imagery projected in order to alter individual belief systems, then the dream-like, hallucinatory nature of the experience begins to make more sense. We could even imagine that the object [the UFO] is a form of natural energy: that close exposure to it triggered the vision; and that the most important question to ask is, what effect do such visions have on the society around the witnesses? Let us not forget that the society in question is badly in need of "space brothers," and has lost much of its faith in the scientific genius of mankind.

Such is the social matrix within which we must consider an experience like Helen's abduction. Certain factors combine to suggest we should believe that she was interviewed by space creatures, but *all* the facts taken together suggest a different, more subtle interpretation:

what she thought was a "contact" may have been a symbolic manifestation or a trap. Her "spacemen" may have been messengers of deception.

Witnesses to close encounters with UFO's give reports similar to this one in case after case. The phenomenon involves more than a simple craft using an advanced form of propulsion; it involves a technology that can distort the observer's sense of reality.[3]

A related view was put forward by Jerome Clark and Loren Coleman in their book *The Unidentified*, in which they argued that UFO abductions are subjective events (like visions) which occur when an individual enters into close contact with a UFO. They even argued that perhaps UFOs are visions as well! The important part of their theory was that they realized that the *content* of the abduction experience is often a symbolic message meant to educate either mankind or the victim. A confrontation with a UFO, suggest the authors, causes what might be called an existential crisis in the life of the observer. The result is a "vision" couched in terms of a UFO abduction during which the victim is forced to confront cosmic and metaphysical issues presented to him by his own mind in the form of psychological archetypes and symbols. Clark and Coleman also suggested in their book that these visions occur when the victim is in the state of trance. That explains why UFO abductees seem to disappear during the duration of their experience.

If you and I were hiking in the woods and witnessed a UFO abduction, for instance, what we would see would be very different from what the victim was experiencing. We would probably see a UFO come out of the sky and hover near by. The witness might be transfixed by the sight and remain immobile for hours despite our attempt to rouse him. When he eventually came to, he would tell us that he had been aboard the UFO, underwent a physical examination, and so on.

Working from this theory, Clark and Coleman went on to propose that by studying abductions reports from a psychological perspective, we might be able to translate the symbolic

[3] Extract from *Messengers of Deception: UFO Contacts and Cults*, reprinted by permission of And/Or Press, Inc., P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, California 94702, copyright © 1979 by Jacques Vallee.

language in which the experience is couched. They cite the experience of José Higgins, who encountered a UFO and its occupants in 1947 in Brazil. This incident reads like a typical UFO alien encounter and is complete with many absurd elements. But by applying depth psychology to the case, Clark and Coleman show how the encounter is rich in metaphysical symbols that communicated a vital message to Higgins. Although not an abduction case per se, it is a close-encounter incident very similar to one.

Higgins was working as a surveyor in some open country in Brazil when the UFO appeared and landed near him. His co-workers ran away in fright, but Higgins watched as three seven-foot beings, dressed in "transparent suits" and with "metal boxes" attached to their backs, emerged from the craft. They seemed to be neither male nor female, but Higgins found them "strangely beautiful." The aliens approached the surveyor and surrounded him, but because they were uncomfortable in the bright daytime light, Higgins was able to elude them and hide in a nearby thicket. The aliens meanwhile put on quite a show for their human onlooker by jumping about and throwing stones around. They also poked a circle of holes in the ground, pointed to one in the middle, and then reentered their craft and flew away.

At first glance, the whole encounter seems ridiculous. Yet Clark and Coleman believe that this incident may actually have been a psychologically meaningful vision. They translate it something like this:

EVENT	SYMBOL
Beings arrive in a round object.	Symbol of psychic wholeness; balance between conscious and unconscious mind.
Object has three occupants.	The number three represents (according to ancient symbology) pure abstract spirit—i.e., three messengers from the sky whose purpose is to resolve an interpsychic conflict disturbing the witness.
They are sexless, but beautiful.	Spiritual bisexuality.

They surround Higgins.	A conversion of the "three unit" into a unit for "four"—a symbol of pure spirit taking on the attributes of corporeality.
Threaten to take Higgins into their UFO, but he evades them when they indicate a fear of light.	As symbols of the unconscious, the beings cannot enter into the light of conscious experience. Higgins tries to hide from being overwhelmed by the unconscious.
They poke holes in the ground.	They create a mandala—a symbol of psychic unity and the merging of all aspects of the mind into a psychic whole.
They jump and throw stones.	They play; showing that the earth is to be enjoyed and not merely measured.

Based on these symbols, Clark and Coleman offer the following interpretation of the Higgins encounter:

> What this incident tells us, then, takes us to the core of the UFO myth. As a warning to the human race from the collective unconscious, it speaks in the symbolic language of the psyche. It says that modern man is dangerously out of balance (we will be hearing that word *balance* again, by the way); he is out of touch with his soul, and by denying his capacity for mystery and wonder he has endangered his very existence. Ignoring the needs of the unconscious, he has busily constructed a machine-dominated world which values only the logical, thinking function. In his grotesquely sterile existence he has lost even the survival instinct—his machines, products of the brain, untouched by the heart, threaten to engulf him, and ultimately to reduce the planet to radioactive ash or total environmental decay.
>
> The "spacemen," as "sentinels of [psychic] law and order," show a way back. Salvation is to be achieved through a balancing of the conscious and the unconscious minds, a bonding of male and female, science and

magic. The story's moral is an old one: We have gained the world but lost our soul.

Clark later revised certain elements of his original theory. After the Walton case made nationwide headlines, he rejected the idea that UFO-occupant encounters are subjective events. While maintaining that the basic nature of the UFO phenomenon is symbolic, he began to argue that UFO abductions are indeed physical events. This led him to propose a new theory, linked to Vallee's idea of a control system, about the source of the UFO mystery in general. It was first presented in our joint book *Earth's Secret Inhabitants* (1979), where he stated:

> Let's begin by supposing that somewhere in the universe there is an intelligence or force—we'll call it *The Phenomenon* for want of a better word—that's beaming projections of various kinds into our world. We don't have any idea where the ultimate source of these projections or this intelligence is. (Perhaps it is even unguessable at our present level of knowledge.) It may be extraterrestrial or interdimensional, or it may be nothing more than some automatic natural mechanism connected to our world, which possesses no particular intelligence or awareness of its own existence. It may act as routinely as, say, a clock. Whatever its nature, it has some deep sense of what human beings are *thinking* and it provides us with visions that reflect the concerns of the human mind. Of course when we use the word "visions" we're talking quite loosely, since, as we have seen, these "visions" are not exactly the same as dreams or hallucinations. Dreams and hallucinations, after all, do not leave marks on the ground, appear to more than one person at a time, or kill livestock. These "visions" obviously have certain physical qualities.

Clark suggests that UFOs are physical devices sent to us—or materialized for us—by *The Phenomenon* for any number of psychological reasons. They may represent visions of the future or symbols of man's social and emotional concerns. He writes:

> Perhaps *The Phenomenon* is a medium through which these "imaginary" entities and forces can become briefly

"real" under certain circumstances. In the last part of the nineteenth century, for example, human imagination and ingenuity become obsessed with the idea of flight, and numerous would-be inventors occupied themselves with frustrating and unsuccessful attempts to develop the first heavier-than-air flying machine. Many people, including some prominent scientists, became convinced that such vehicles could never fly. Finally, of course, one famous day in December 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright had their date with destiny at Kitty Hawk. Yet in 1896 and 1897, thousands of Americans swore they had seen "airships" hovering over cities, towns, and farms from California to Pennsylvania. Some even claimed that they had talked with the occupants, who identified themselves as American inventors! Yet no such thing could possibly have happened. We just didn't have the technology to construct such vehicles. Had *The Phenomenon* provided human beings with visions of the very things in which they wanted to believe? Had it, in effect, helped plant the idea in our minds that controlled flight *was* possible?

"Flying saucers" came on the scene in great numbers soon after World War II, just at a time when people began to think seriously about space travel and the possibility that intelligent life existed on other planets. Astronomers and biologists discussed these ideas openly, and science fiction suddenly became wildly popular as imaginative writers spun out yarns about spaceships and little green men. One year before most people had ever heard of flying saucers, in fact, the August 1946 issue of *Amazing Stories* carried on its back cover an illustration depicting alien spacecraft *exactly* like the disc-shaped objects that would descend on an unsuspecting world from June 24, 1947 to the present.

In 1947, when the UFOs arrived, several commentators remarked that the objects could not possibly be extraterrestrial craft because it was too big a "coincidence" that space visitors should arrive just as we had begun to think about them. Had *The Phenomenon* once again given us what we wanted? Where once our minds had been filled with visions of spaceships, now our skies were virtually full of them.

It was only after Clark presented this theory that I began my own personal study of UFO abduction cases. The result of my investigation was to develop a whole new concept of the nature of the UFO abduction experience. This theory is built on the fabric of Clark's germinal supposition about *The Phenomenon*, with several revisions.

The case that led me to develop my ideas was Sara Shaw's, which I co-investigated in 1978 and 1979. This case is fully described in *The Tujunga Canyon Contacts*, and was cited in the introductory notes to Part II. At this time, a fuller summary of the case is in order.

The date of the incident was March 22, 1953. It was late at night and Sara and her roommate, Jan Whitley, were asleep in the bedroom of a small cabin located in a desolate canyon outside of Los Angeles. Suddenly the two young women awoke when a mysterious light entered through the bedroom window. Sara got up on the bed to look out the window, while Jan got out of bed and walked toward a closet to grab a robe. Then the two women found themselves paralyzed. They came to moments later; but Sara was now seated in a different position on the bed and a quick glance at a clock shocked her into the realization that two hours and twenty minutes had elapsed. Their household pets were acting oddly, too. They seemed morose, almost drugged. The witnesses were terrified and fled from the cabin, though they had no idea what had happened. Over the next several months, Jan began to develop a neurotic fear of the dark and later began to feel presences in her bedroom at night—intent upon taking control of her mind. Sara, on the other hand, suddenly developed a compulsive desire to study medicine. She entered into paramedical training, and eventually had a "presentiment" during which she envisioned a cure for cancer.

It wasn't until 1975, when she saw a TV news report on the subject, that Sara began to understand that her experience might be UFO related. She finally made the acquaintance of Ann Druffel and, from 1975 to 1979, underwent a series of hypnotic regressions.

Under hypnosis Sara was able to recall what had happened to Jan and herself after they first became paralyzed. She told how a group of black-garbed aliens entered the bedroom by teleporting through a closed window, took hold of them, and floated them along a path to a UFO that had landed near a stream by the cabin. Jan resisted, but Sara explained that she went with them willingly and sensed that they were friendly.

In the UFO Jan was kept tranquilized while the "male" entities had Sara undress and then examined her. She described the experience as "kind of fun." The female entities merely watched. After the examination was over, Sara was taken to a conference room where the aliens told her that in another life she had been a "body technician." And before returning her to the cabin they informed her about a cure for cancer.

When I first began studying the case I couldn't help but feel that Sara's abduction story was nothing but a hypnotically induced fantasy, and not too difficult to interpret. At the time of her abduction, Sara was a young woman who was having trouble dealing with her self-identity. She had cut herself off from any idea of sexual relationships with men and was living with a friend who made independence a virtue. Unconsciously Sara viewed Jan as a sort of surrogate husband. It was only later, after the abduction and considerable counseling, that she was able to get in touch wih herself and enter into comfortable relationships with men. I believed that when she relived her "abduction" under hypnosis she relived a fantasy that represented the ambivalent feelings she had about herself at the time. The scenario of her abduction experience seemed to reflect the unconscious realization that her life was not fulfilling. Some basic themes in her story led me to this conclusion:

In her story, masked figures entered her *bedroom*, abducted her *over Jan's protestations*, and then the *male entities undressed and examined her* (i.e., symbolically raped her), while the female entities *merely looked on*. During the experience Sara found that the aliens *were her friends* and that the experience was "*kind of fun.*"

The whole story initially struck me as a rape fantasy, alerting Sara to the fact that her life with Jan was not right, and that she had to break away and develop social and sexual ties with men.

Later, though, as Ann and I delved into the case further, I had to change my mind about the meaning of this story. It soon became apparent to us that Sara had indeed participated in a very real UFO abduction. We learned that Jan, though resistant to hypnosis, recalled the paralysis and several other events that culminated in the abduction. We also discovered that she had begun to develop cancer at the time Sara, with whom she had lost contact, was having her obsession with the cancer cure. We further learned that many details Sara re-

called about her abduction exactly matched elements found in similar abduction reports. (Refer, for example, to the comparison between the Sara Shaw and Andreasson cases, as outlined in the introductory remarks to Part II.)

I was left in a considerable quandary. How could Sara have had an "alien" abduction experience that seemed so perfectly to reflect typical Freudian principles? It was this puzzle that led me back to Clark's theory about *The Phenomenon.* Could it be that UFO abductions are beamed to us by *The Phenomenon* just as the UFO phenomenon is in general? Clark had suggested that *The Phenomenon* is inherently linked to the collective human mind. After studying the Shaw case I came to realize that, on certain occasions, a *single mind* could enter into direct contact with *The Phenomenon,* and that his nexus might lead to a UFO close encounter or abduction, perhaps specifically designed to fulfill the psychological needs of the victim. The psychologically vital messages imparted may not be universal or cosmic in meaning as Clark suggested in *The Unidentified,* but could be of a highly personal nature.

Why then are so many UFO abduction reports similar in detail? This puzzle led me to suggest further that the UFO abduction represents a prototypical experience, which is merely *molded* for each victim who experiences it. As I proposed in *The Tujunga Canyon Contacts:*

> UFO abductions occur when the witness is in a state of psychological need, and when the unconscious mind needs to impart an important message to the conscious mind. Once contacted by a human mind in such a state, the supermind [*The Phenomenon*] creates an abduction experience for the witness by drawing upon information and preoccupations buried deep within his mind. It structures this information as part of the abduction scenario and presents it to the witness in objectified form. The supermind does all this by relying upon a prototypical experience, which it then individually molds to best communicate a vital message in symbolic form to the witness. This is the reason why so many abduction reports seem to share many common characteristics. The UFO and abduction experiences are somewhat independent of the witness's mind in that they are materialized in 3-dimensional form and into our dimension by the su-

> permind. But they are meant to reflect preoccupations buried within the mind that has initially made contact with it.[4]

This theory might make more sense if I compare the process to a psychological phenomenon everyone reading this volume will be familiar with—dreaming. According to one school of dream theory, a dream is a psychological event during which the unconscious mind isolates a life-problem of vital concern to the sleeper and proceeds to build a story around it. The dream is a mechanism by which our unconscious mind attempts to help the conscious mind deal with the issue by making us more aware of it and placing it in proper perspective. Sometimes a dream will even provide the solution to the problem it is concerned with. Unfortunately, the language of the unconscious mind is a vocabulary of symbols and metaphors that are hard for us to understand. As well, the conscious mind doesn't like to be made aware of psychologically threatening information buried in the unconscious, and constantly tries to protect itself from these intrusions. That's why most of us forget our dreams upon waking. We are constantly repressing them.[5]

One might say that a UFO abduction experience is a "dream," which has been extracted from the unconscious mind of the UFO witness by *The Phenomenon*, and which is then beamed back to him in the form of a UFO abduction! The events actually take place. That is, UFO abductions are physically real events. But they are dramas materialized into three-dimensional space for us by *The Phenomenon*. They are dreams that *The Phenomenon* has made come to life in very frightening vividness.

This general theory can explain many aspects of the abduction syndrome that conventional explanations cannot. For example:

(1) It can explain the apparent absurdity of UFO abduction experiences. Dreams speak to us in symbols, contradictions, time and space discontinuities, and other metalogical

[4] From the book, *Tujunga Canyon Contacts* by Ann Druffel and D. Scott Rogo, copyright © 1980 by Ann Druffel and D. Scott Rogo. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632

[5] See Montague Ullman and Nan Zimmerman, *Waking with Dreams* (New York: Delacorte, 1979).

processes. UFO abductions express themselves in these same ways. These experiences are so absurd because they speak in the language of the unconscious.

(2) It can explain why some abductions are physical events while others are only mental implantations. *The Phenomenon* could well rely on either form to get its message across.

(3) It can explain why the victim's memory of the experience is so often blocked out, but can be retrieved by hypnosis. The conscious mind continually tries to protect itself by blocking out threatening messages from the unconscious. *The Phenomenon* would be aware of the psychological damage resulting from a potentially traumatic self-confrontation. So it makes sure that the abduction victim initially forgets his experience at a conscious level, but makes sure that it can still be retrieved when the conscious mind is better prepared to handle it.

(4) This theory also explains why abduction victims seem to be plagued by alien contacts and visitations for years to come. Once someone has entered into psychic contact with *The Phenomenon,* the link may become permanent and reactivate periodically.

(5) Finally, this model can account for the fact that abduction victims are either psychic to begin with or develop psychic talents as a result of their experiences. *The Phenomenon* is probably a storehouse of psychic power. A psychic person may be naturally attuned to this intelligence. Similarly, contact with it may endow the witness with psychic powers.

The most advantageous thing about this theory is that it is a predictive model. In most areas of science, a theory can only be considered viable if one can make predictions on the basis of it. Many theories about UFO abductions fall short here. Let's say you develop a theory that birds navigate by picking up directional cues from the sun's position. You could then predict that birds would not be able to navigate during rainstorms when the sun is totally obscured by clouds. Thus you have developed a testable theory. The theory I have proposed about the nature of the abduction experience is equally predictive. It could be tested in the following way:

Each time an abduction experience is uncovered, a psychological inquiry into the life of the witness should indicate that he or she was undergoing a life-crisis at the time or was recovering from a psychological trauma.

Unfortunately we have very little information of this kind about most UFO abductions. Ufologists have, in the past, been more concerned with studying *abduction events* than the *people* involved in them. The Andreasson case is an exception. We know that this kidnapping occurred during an especially traumatic period in the victim's life, brought on by her husband's near-fatal automobile accident. Lori Briggs, we discovered, had her abduction just after completing college and moving to a new area in order to begin her professional career. Similarly, Betty and Barney Hill's abduction experience came at a time when the civil rights movement was becoming a major social issue. This may have deeply affected the way they viewed their interracial marriage.

What, then, should all this be telling us about the way we should be studying UFO abduction reports? First, it seems obvious to me that such incidents should not be studied solely by ufologists. They should be examined by teams of researchers comprised of ufologists, psychologists, and parapsychologists. Second, we should stop focusing our attention on the UFO events surrounding the abduction experience, and begin taking detailed looks at the victims involved. We should try to learn everything we can about them through psychological as well as physical examinations. Third, we should realize that the UFO experience is here because *we* have brought it into existence. It is not alien; it is part of us. So perhaps we should start educating the public about how to act when confronting a UFO or a UFO occupant, or when in the face of an abduction experience. The UFO phenomenon is guiding us, and we should seek to understand the message *behind* the communications UFO abductees deliver to us. They might be vital for our psychological and social survival.

In short, when we confront the UFO abduction phenomenon we are actually looking at a hidden part of our own minds. Let's do our best to learn from these encounters.

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